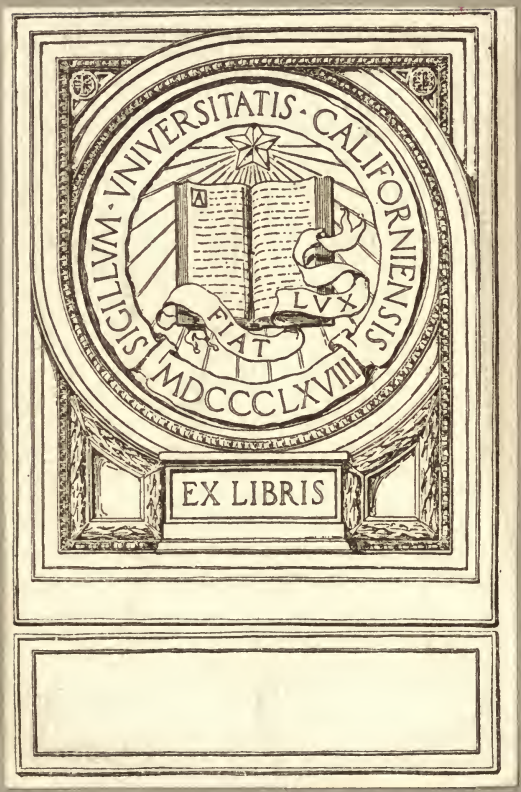
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Little Journeys

TO THE HOMES OF EMINENT ORATORS

MARAT

Vol. XIII. JULY, 1903. No. 1

By ELBERT HUBBARD



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GIFT

LITTLE JOURNEYS

TO THE HOMES OF

EMINENT ORATORS

By ELBERT HUBBARD

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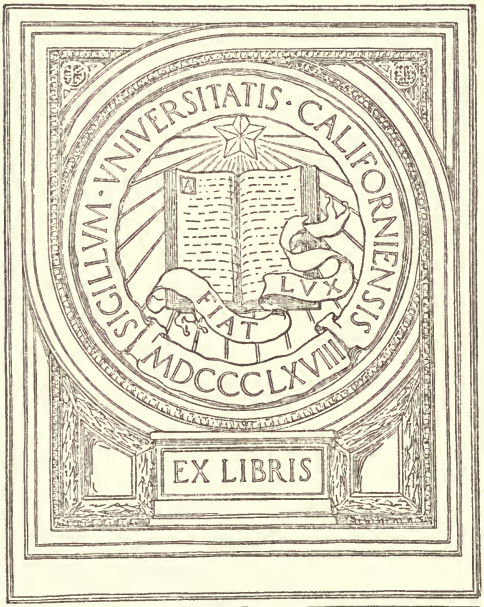
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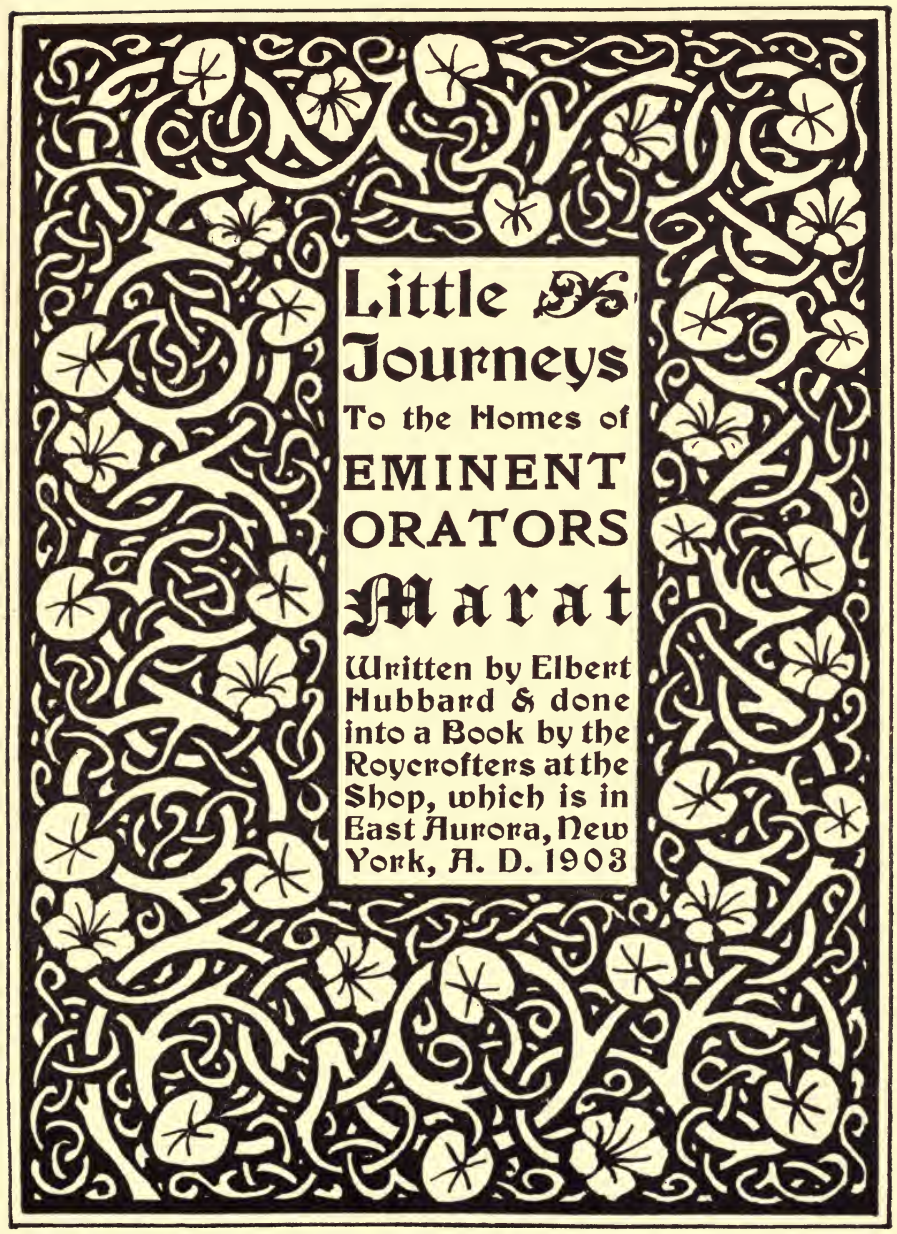
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Little Journeys
To the Homes of
EMINENT
ORATORS
Marat
Written by Elbert Hubbard & done into a Book by the Roycrofters at the Shop, which is in East Aurora, New York, A. D. 1903

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JEAN PAUL MARAT

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CITIZENS: You see before you the widow of Marat. I do not come here to ask your favors, such as cupidity would covet, or even such as would relieve indigence,—Marat's widow needs no more than a tomb. Before arriving at that happy termination to my existence, however, I come to ask that justice may be done in respect to the reports recently put forth in this body against the memory of at once the most intrepid and the most outraged defender of the people. * * * * *

—SIMONNE EVRARD MARAT, to the Convention.



HE French Revolution traces a lineal descent direct from Voltaire and Jean Jacques Rousseau. These men were contemporaries; they came to the same conclusions, expressing the same thought, each in his own way, absolutely independent of the other. And as genius seldom recognizes genius, neither knew the greatness of the other.

Voltaire was an aristocrat—the friend of kings and courtiers, the brilliant cynic, the pet of the salons and the center of the culture and brains of his time.

¶ Rousseau was a man of the people, plain and unpretentious—a man without ambition—a dreamer. His first writings were mere debating-society monologues, done for his own amusement and the half dozen or so cronies who cared to listen.

But, as he wrote, things came to him—the significance of his words became to him apparent. Opposition made it necessary to define his position, and threat made it wise to amplify and explain. He grew through exercise, as all men do who grow at all; the spirit of the times acted upon him, and knowledge unrolled as a scroll.

The sum of Rousseau's political philosophy found embodiment in his book, "The Social Contract," and his ideas on education in "Lavania." "The Social Contract" became the bible of the Revolution, and as Emerson says all of our philosophy will be found in Plato, so in a more exact sense can every argument of the men of the Revolution be found in "The Social Contract." But Rousseau did not know what firebrands he was supplying. He was essentially a man of peace—he launched these children of his brain, indifferently, like his children of the flesh, upon the world and left their fate to the god of Chance.



OUT of the dust and din of the French Revolution, now seen by us on the horizon of time, there emerge four names: Robespierre, Mirabeau, Danton and Marat.

Undaunted men all, hated and loved, feared and idolized, despised and deified—even yet we find it hard to gauge their worth, and give due credit for the good that was in each.

Oratory played a most important part in bringing about the explosion. Oratory arouses passion—fear, vengeance, hate—and draws a beautiful picture of peace and plenty just beyond.

Without oratory there would have been no political revolution in France, nor elsewhere.

Politics, more than any other function of human affairs,

turns on oratory. Orators make and unmake kings, but kings are seldom orators, and orators never secure thrones. Orators are made to die—the cross, the torch, the noose, the guillotine, the dagger awaits them. They die through the passion that they fan to flame—the fear they generate turns upon themselves, and they are no more.

But they have their reward. Their names are not writ in water, rather are they traced in blood on history's page. We know them, while the ensconced smug and successful have sunk into oblivion; and if now and then a name like that of Pilate or Caiphas or Judas comes to us, it is only because fate has linked the man to his victim, like unto that Roman soldier who thrust his spear into the side of the Unselfish Man.

¶ In the qualities that mark the four chief orators of the French Revolution, there is much alloy—much that seems like clay. Each had undergone an apprenticeship to Fate—each had been preparing for his work; and in this preparation who shall say what lessons could have been omitted and what not! Explosions require time to prepare—revolutions, political and domestic, are a long time getting ready. Orators, like artists, must go as did Dante, down into the nether regions and get a glimpse of hell.

JEAN PAUL MARAT was exactly five feet high, and his weight when at his best was one hundred and twenty pounds—just the weight of Shakespeare. Jean Paul had a nose like the beak of a hawk, an eye like an eagle, a mouth that matched his nose, and a chin that argued trouble. Not only did he have red hair, but Carlyle refers to him as "red-headed."

¶ His parents were poor and obscure people, and his relationship with them seems a pure matter of accident. He was born at the village of Beaudry, Switzerland, in 1743. His childhood and boyhood were that of any other peasant boy born into a family where poverty held grim sway, and toil and hardship never relaxed their chilling grasp.

His education was of the chance kind—but education anyway depends upon yourself—colleges only supply a few opportunities, and it lies with the student whether he will improve them or not.

The ignorance of his parents and the squalor of his surroundings acted upon Jean Paul Marat as a spur, and from his fourteenth year the idea of cultivating his mental estate was strong upon him.

Switzerland has ever been the refuge of the man who dares to think. It was there John Calvin lived, demanding the right to his own belief, but occasionally denying others that precious privilege; a few miles away at beautiful Coppet resided Madame de Stael, the daughter of Necker; at Geneva, Rousseau wrote, and to name that beautiful little island in the Rhone

after him, was not necessary to make his fame endure; but a little way from Beaudry lived Voltaire, pointing his bony finger at every hypocrite in Christendom. ¶But as in Greece, in her days of glory, the thinkers were few; so in Switzerland, the land of freedom, the many have been, and are, chained to superstition. Jean Paul Marat saw their pride was centered in a silver crucifix, "that keeps a man from harm," their conscience committed to a priest; their labors for the rich; their days the same, from the rising of the sun to its going down. They did not love, and their hate was but a peevish dislike. They followed their dull routine and died the death, hopeful that they would get the reward in another world which was denied them in this. ¶And Jean Paul Marat grew to scorn the few who would thus enslave the many. For priest and publican he had only aversion.

Jean Paul Marat, the bantam, read Voltaire and steeped himself in Rousseau, and the desire grew strong upon him to do, and dare, and to become.

Tourists had told him of England, and like all hopeful and child-like minds, he imagined the excellent to be far-off, and the splendid at a distance: Great Britain was to him the Land of Promise.

In the countenance of young Marat was a strange mixture of the ludicrous and terrible. This, with his insignificant size, and a bodily strength that was a miracle of surprise, won the admiration of an English gentleman; and when the tourist started back

for Albion, the lusty dwarf rode on the box, duly articled, without consent of his parents, as a valet. ¶ As a servant he was active, alert, intelligent, attentive. He might have held his position indefinitely, and been handed down to the next generation with the family plate, had he kept a civil tongue in his red head and not quoted Descartes and Jean Jacques. ¶ He had ideas, and he expressed them. He was the central sun below-stairs, and passed judgment upon the social order without stint, even to occasionally argufying economics with his master, the Baron, as he brushed his breeches.

This Baron is known to history through two facts—one, that Jean Paul Marat brushed his breeches, and second, that he evolved a new breed of fices.

Now the master was rich, with an entail of six thousand acres and an income of five thousand pounds, and very naturally he was surprised—amazed—to hear that any one should question the divine origin of the social order ❧ ❧

Religion and government being at that time not merely second cousins, but Siamese twins, Jean Paul had expressed himself on things churchly as well as secular. ¶ And now, behold, one fine day he found himself confronted with a charge of blasphemy, not to mention another damning count of contumacy and contravention ❧ ❧

In fact, he was commanded not to think, and was cautioned as to the sin of having ideas. The penalties

were pointed out to Jean Paul, and in all kindness he was asked to make choice between immediate punishment and future silence.

Thus was the wee philosopher raised at once to the dignity of a martyr; and the sweet satisfaction of being persecuted for what he believed, was his.

The city of Edinburgh was not far away, and thither by night the victim of persecution made his way. There is a serio-comic touch to this incident that Marat was never quite able to appreciate—the man was not a humorist. In fact, men headed for the noose, the block, or destined for immortality by the assassin's dagger, very seldom are jokers—John Brown and his like do not jest. Of all the emancipators of men, Lincoln alone stands out as one who was perfectly sane. An ability to see the ridiculous side of things marks the man of perfect balance.

The martyr type, whose blood is not only the seed of the church, but of heresy, is touched with madness. To get the thing done, Nature sacrifices the man.

¶ Arriving in Edinburgh, Marat thought it necessary for a time to live in hiding, but finally he came out and was duly installed as bar-keep at a tavern, and a student in the medical department of the University of St. Andrews—a rather peculiar combination.

Marat's sister and biographer, Albertine, tells us that Jean Paul was never given to the use of stimulants, and in fact, for the greater part of his career, was a total abstainer. And the man who knows somewhat

of the eternal paradox of things can readily understand how this little tapster, proud and defiant, had a supreme contempt for the patrons who gulped down the stuff that he handed out over the bar. He dealt in that for which he had no use; and the American bartender to-day who wears his kohinoor and draws the pay of a bank cashier, is one who "never touches a drop of anything." The security with which he holds his position is on that very account.

Marat was hungry for knowledge and thirsty for truth, and in his daily life he was as abstemious as was Benjamin Franklin, whom he was to meet, know, and reverence shortly afterward.

Jean Paul was studying medicine at the same place where Oliver Goldsmith, another exile, studied some years before. Each got his doctor's degree, just how we do not know. No one ever saw Goldsmith's diploma—Dr. Johnson once hinted that it was an astral one—but Marat's is still with us, yellow with age, but plain and legible with all of its signatures and the big seal with a ribbon that surely might impress the chance sufferers waiting in an outer room to see the doctor, who is busy enjoying his siesta on the other side of the partition.

IF it is ever your sweet privilege to clap eyes upon a diploma issued by the ancient and honorable University of St. Andrews, Edinburgh, you will see that it reads thus:

"Whereas: Since it is just and reasonable that one who has diligently attained a high degree of knowledge in some great and useful science, should be distinguished from the ignorant-vulgar," etc., etc.

The intent of the document, it will be observed, is to certify that the holder is not one of the "ignorant-vulgar," and the inference is that those who are not possessed of like certificates probably are.

A copy of the diploma issued to Dr. Jean Paul Marat is before me, wherein, in most flattering phrase, is set forth the attainments of the holder, in the science of medicine. And even before the ink was dry upon that diploma, the "science" of which it boasted, had been discarded as inept and puerile, and a new one inaugurated. And in our day, within the last twenty-five years, the entire science of healing has shifted ground and the materia medica of the "Centennial" is now considered obsolete.

In view of these things, how vain is a college degree that certifies, as the diplomas of St. Andrews still certify, that the holder is not one of the "ignorant-vulgar!" Is n't a man who prides himself on not belonging to the "ignorant-vulgar" apt to be atrociously ignorant and outrageously vulgar?

Wisdom is a point of view, and knowledge, for the

most part, is a shifting product depending upon environment, atmosphere and condition. The eternal verities are plain and simple, known to babes and sucklings, but often unseen by men of learning, who focus on the difficult, soar high and dive deep, but seldom pay cash. In the sky of truth the fixed stars are few, and the shepherds who tend their flocks by night, are quite as apt to know them as are the professed and professional Wise Men of the East—and Edinburgh



BUT never mind our little digression—the value of study lies in study. The reward of thinking is the ability to think, and whether one comes to right conclusions or wrong, matters little, says John Stuart Mill in his essay "On Liberty."

Thinking is a form of exercise, and growth comes only through exercise; that is to say, expression. ¶ We learn things only to throw them away: no man ever wrote well until he had forgotten every rule of rhetoric, and no orator ever spake straight to the hearts of men until he had tumbled his elocution into the Irish Sea

To hold on to things is to lose them. To clutch is to act the part of the late Mullah Bah, the Turkish wrestler, who came to America and secured through his prowess a pot of gold. Going back to his native country, the steamer upon which he had taken passage

collided in mid-ocean with a sunken derelict. Mullah Bah, hearing the alarm, jumped from his berth and strapped to his person a belt containing five thousand dollars in gold. He rushed to the side of the sinking ship, leaped over the rail, and went to Davy Jones' Locker like a plummet, while all about frail women and weak men in life preservers bobbed on the surface and were soon picked up by the boats. The fate of Mullah Bah is only another proof that athletes die young, and that it is harder to withstand prosperity than its opposite.

But knowledge did not turn the head of Marat. His restless spirit was reaching out for expression, and we find him drifting to London for a wider field.

England was then as now the refuge of the exile. There is to-day just as much liberty, and a little more free speech, in England than in America. We have hanged witches and burned men at the stake since England has, and she emancipated her slaves long before we did ours. Over against the home-thrust that respectable women drink at public bars from John O'Groat's to Land's End, can be placed the damning count that in the United States more men are lynched every year than Great Britain legally executes in double the time.

A too ready expression of the Rousseau philosophy had made things a bit unpleasant for Marat in Edinburgh, but in London he found ready listeners, and the coffee-houses echoed back his radical sentiments.

¶ These underground debating clubs of London started more than one man off on the oratorical transverse. Swift, Johnson, Reynolds, Goldsmith, Garrick, Burke—all sharpened their wits at the coffee-houses. I see the same idea is now being revived in New York and Chicago: little clubs of a dozen or so will rent a room in some restaurant, and fitting it up for themselves, will dine daily and discuss great themes, or small, according to the mental calibre of the members.

During the latter part of the eighteenth century these clubs were very popular in London. Men who could talk or speak were made welcome, and if the new member generated caloric, so much the better—excitement was at a premium.

Marat was now able to speak English with precision, and his slight French accent only added a charm to his words. He was fiery, direct, impetuous. He was a fighter by disposition and care was taken never to cross him beyond a point where the sparks began to fly. The man was immensely diverting and his size was to his advantage—orators should be very big or very little—anything but commonplace. The Duke of Mantua would have gloried in Jean Paul, and later might have cut off his head as a precautionary measure ✍ ✍

Among the visitors at one of the coffee-house clubs was one B. Franklin, big, patient, kind. He weighed twice as much as Marat: and his years were sixty, while Marat's were thirty.

Franklin listened with amused smiles at the little man, and the little man grew to have an idolatrous regard for the big 'un. Franklin carried copies of a pamphlet called "Common Sense," written by one T. Paine. Paine was born in England, but was always pleased to be spoken of as an American, yet he called himself "A Citizen of the World."

Paine's pamphlet, "The Crisis," was known by heart to Marat, and the success of Franklin and Paine as writers had fired him to write as well as orate. As a result, we have "The Chains of Slavery." The work to-day has no interest to us excepting as a literary curiosity. It is a composite of Rousseau and Paine, done by a sophomore in a mood of exaltation, and might serve well as a graduation essay, done in F major. It lacks the poise of Paine, and the reserve of Rousseau, and all the fine indifference of Franklin is noticeable by its absence.

They say that Marat's name was "Mara" and his ancestors came from County Down. But never mind that—his heart was right. Of all the inane imbecilities and stupid untruths of history, none are worse than the statements that Jean Paul Marat was a demagogue, hotly intent on the main chance.

In this man's character there was nothing subtle, secret, nor untrue. He was simplicity itself, and his undiplomatic bluntness bears witness to his honesty.

¶ In London, he lived as the Mayor of Boston said William Lloyd Garrison lived—in a hole in the ground.

His services as a physician were free to all—if they could pay, all right, if not, it made no difference. He looked after the wants of political refugees, and head, heart and pocket-book were at the disposal of those who needed them. His lodging place was a garret, a cellar—anywhere, he was homeless, and his public appearances were only at the coffee-house clubs, or the parks where he would stand on a barrel and speak to the crowd on his one theme of liberty, fraternity and equality. His plea was for the individual. In order to have a strong and excellent society, we must have strong and excellent men and women. That phrase of Paine's, "The world is my country: to do good is my religion," he repeated over and over again.

IN the year 1779, Marat moved to Paris. He was then thirty-six years old. In Paris he lived very much the same life that he had in London. He established himself as a physician, and might have made a decided success had he put all of his eggs in one basket and then watched the basket.

But he did n't. Franklin had inspired him with a passion for invention: he rubbed amber with wool, made a battery and applied the scheme in a crude way to the healing art. He wrote articles on electricity and even foreshadowed the latter day announcement that electricity is life. And all the time he discussed economics, and gave out through speech and written

word his views as to the rights of the people. He saw the needs of the poor—he perceived how through lack of nourishment there developed a craving for stimulants, and observed how disease and death fasten themselves upon the ill-fed and the ill-taught. To alleviate the suffering of the poor, he opened a dispensary as he had done in London, and gave free medical attendance to all who applied. At this dispensary, he gave lectures on certain days upon hygiene, at which times he never failed to introduce his essence of Rousseau and Voltaire.

Some one called him "the people's friend." The name stuck—he liked it.

In August, 1789, this "terrible dwarf" was standing on his barrel in Paris haranguing crowds with an oratory that was tremendous in its impassioned quality. Men stopped to laugh and remained to applaud.

¶ Not only did he denounce the nobility, but he saw danger in the liberal leaders, and among others, Mirabeau came in for scathing scorn. Of all the insane paradoxes this one is the most paradoxical—that men will hate those who are most like themselves. Family feuds, and the wrangles of denominations that, to outsiders, hold the same faith, are common. When churches are locked in America, it is done to keep Christians out. Christians fight Christians much more than they fight the devil.

Marat had grown to be a power among the lower classes—he was their friend, their physician, their

advocate. He feared no interruption and never sought to pacify. At his belt, within easy reach, and in open sight, he carried a dagger.

His impassioned eloquence swayed the crowds that hung upon his words to rank unreason.

Marat fell a victim to his own eloquence, and the madness of the mob reacted upon him. Like the dyer's hand, he became subdued to that which he worked in. Suspicion and rebellion filled his soul. Wealth to him was an offense — he had not the prophetic vision to see the rise of capitalism and all the splendid industrial evolution which the world is to-day working out. Society to him was all founded on wrong premises and he would uproot it

In bitter words he denounced the Assembly and declared that all of its members, including Mirabeau, should be hanged for their inaction in not giving the people relief from their oppressors.

Mirabeau was very much like Marat. He, too, was working for the people, only he occupied a public office, while Marat was a private citizen. Mirabeau and his friends became alarmed at the influence Marat was gaining over the people, and he was ordered to cease public speaking. As he failed to comply, a price was put upon his head.

Then it was that he began putting out a daily address in the form of a tiny pamphlet. This was at first called "The Publiciste," but was soon changed to "The

People's Friend." ¶ Marat was now in hiding, but still his words were making their impress.

In 1791, Mirabeau, the terrible, died—died peacefully in his bed. Paris went in universal mourning, and the sky of Marat's popularity was darkened.

Marat lived in hiding until August of 1792, when he again publicly appeared and led the riots. The people hailed him as their deliverer. The insignificant size of the man made him conspicuous. His proud defiance, the haughtiness of his countenance, his stinging words, formed a personality that made him the pet of the people

Danton, the Minister of Justice, dared not kill him, and so he did the next best thing—he took him to his heart and made him his right-hand man. It was a great diplomatic move, and the people applauded. Danton was tall, powerful, athletic and commanding, just past his thirtieth year. Marat was approaching fifty, and his suffering while in hiding in the sewers had told severely on his health, but he was still the fearless agitator. When Marat and Danton appeared upon the balcony of the Hotel de Ville, the hearts of the people were with the little man.

But behold, another man had forged to the front, and this was Robespierre. And so it was that Danton, Marat and Robespierre formed a triumvirate, and ruled Paris with hands of iron. Coming in the name of the people, proclaiming peace, they held their place only through a violence that argued its own death.

¶ Marat was still full of the desire to educate—to make men think. Deprivation and disease had wrecked his frame until public speaking was out of the question—the first requisite of oratory is health. But he could write, and so his little paper, "The People's Friend," went fluttering forth with its daily message.

So scrupulous was Marat in money matters that he would accept no help from the government. He neither drew a salary nor would he allow any but private citizens to help issue his paper. He lived in absolute poverty with his beloved wife, Simonne Evrard.

They had met about 1788, and between them had grown up a very firm and tender bond. He was twenty years older than she, but Danton said of her, "She has the mind of a man."

Simonne had some property and was descended from a family of note. When she became the wife of Marat, her kinsmen denounced her, refused to mention her name, but she was loyal to the man she loved.

The psalmist speaks of something "that passeth the love of woman," but the psalmist was wrong—nothing does

Simonne Evrard gave her good name, her family position, her money, her life—her soul into the keeping of Jean Paul Marat. That his love and gratitude to her were great and profound, there is abundant proof. She was his only servant, his secretary, his comrade, his friend, his wife. Not only did she attend him in sickness, but in banishment and disgrace she never

faltered. She even set the type, and at times her arm pulled the lever of the press that printed the daily message

Let it stand to the eternal discredit of Thomas Carlyle that he contemptuously disposes of Simonne Evrard, who represents undying love and unflinching loyalty, by calling her a "washerwoman." Carlyle, with a savage strain of Scotch Calvinism in his cold blood, never knew the sacredness of the love of man and woman—to him sex was a mistake on the part of God. Even for the sainted Mary of Galilee he has only a grim and patronizing smile, removing his clay pipe long enough to say to Milburn, the blind Preacher, "Oh, yes, a country lass elevated by Catholics into a wooden image and worshipped as a deity!"

Carlyle never held in his arms a child of his own and saw the light of love reflected in a baby's eyes; and nowhere in his forty-odd volumes does he recognize the truth that love, art and religion are one. And this limitation gives Taine excuse for saying, "He writes splendidly, but it is neither truth nor poetry."

When Charlotte Corday, that poor deluded rustic, reached the rooms of Marat, under a friendly pretence, and thrust her murderous dagger to the sick man's heart, his last breath was a cry freighted with love, "A moi, chere amie!"

And death-choked, that proud head drooped, and Simonne, seeing the terrible deed was done, blocked the way and held the murderess at bay until help

arrived. ¶ Hardly had Marat's tired body been laid to rest in the Pantheon, before Charlotte Corday's spirit had gone across the Border to meet his—gone to her death by the guillotine that was so soon to embrace both Danton and Robespierre, the men who had inaugurated and popularized it.

All Paris went into mourning for Marat—the public buildings were draped with black, and his portrait displayed in the Pantheon with the great ones gone. A pension for life was bestowed upon his widow, and lavish resolutions of gratitude were laid at her feet in loving token of what she had done in upholding the hands of this strong man.

But Paris, the fickle, in two short years repudiated the pension, the portrait of Marat was removed from the Pantheon, and his body taken by night to another resting place

Simonne the widow, and Albertine the sister, sisters now in sorrow, uniting in a mutual love for the dead, lived but in memory of him.

But Carlyle was right—this was a "washerwoman." She spent all of her patrimony in aiding her husband to publish and distribute his writings, and after his death, when friends proved false and even the obdurate kinsmen still considered her name pollution, she took in washing to earn money that she might defend the memory of the man she loved.

She was a washerwoman.

I uncover in her presence, and stand with bowed head

in admiration of the woman who gave her life for liberty and love, and who chose a life of honest toil rather than accept charity or all that selfishness and soft luxury had to offer. She was a washerwoman, but she was more—she was a Woman.

Let Carlyle have the credit of using the word "washerwoman" as a term of contempt, as though to do laundry work were not quite as necessary as to produce literature.

The sister and widow wrote his life, republished very much that he had written, and lived but to keep alive the name and fame of Jean Paul Marat, whose sole crime seemed to be that he was a sincere and honest man, and was, throughout his life—often unwisely—the People's Friend.

The portrait with this number is from a drawing made especially for the author by his friend, Otto J. Schneider. The remaining five portraits for this year will also be by Mr. Schneider.

SO HERE ENDETH THE LITTLE JOURNEY TO THE HOME OF JEAN PAUL MARAT: WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUBBARD. THE BORDERS, INITIALS AND ORNAMENTS DESIGNED BY SAMUEL WARNER, PRESSWORK BY LOUIS SCHELL, & THE WHOLE DONE INTO A BOOK BY THE ROYCROFTERS AT THEIR SHOP, WHICH IS IN EAST AURORA, IN THE MONTH OF JULY, IN THE YEAR MCMIII

From the Glenwood Tavern, Riverside, California.

WELL, well, well! We have traveled about eight thousand miles on this trip, but we never saw a hotel to equal this. It is built on the plan of the old Mission Monastery or hospice. There were a line of these Missions, a hundred years ago, skirting the coast from San Diego to San Francisco, just a day's journey apart. These Missions were a refuge and a home for the worn traveler—he could stay as long as he wished and pay what he could afford, and when he went away he took with him the blessing of these men of God.

And if they served mankind and made the world better, were they not truly Men of God? I think so, and any man who does the same now, is too.

This hotel is built and furnished after the general style of the Mission. Its mission is to serve mankind and benefit humanity. And surely if one of those good old monks could drop in here he would think he was in Paradise. The place is really most luxurious, yet the luxury is so subdued and unobtrusive that you do not notice it—it ministers to your every want.

When we were shown to these rooms there was that great half-bushel basket of roses—the morning dew still on them—upon the dresser, and baskets of fruit—oranges, bananas, peaches and plums—on the table. A pitcher of ice water is at hand, and in the funny little corner cupboard are sugar and lemons galore. And if we run short of lemons, why, we can just lean out of the casement and pick a few from that tree where a mocking bird warbles us welcome. No servants seem to be in sight—they move with soft-slippered feet—and everywhere we find this same quiet courtesy and good-cheer and loving attention. What is beautiful is right. One man's spirit seems to run thru the place—that man is Frank M. Miller, Royal Roycrofter, fit successor to the Men of God who looked after the Mission that once stood on this same spot. Only Frank has Mrs. Frank to help him! And is n't every man who does things in a masterly way backed up by a good woman? Yes, and that is why Frank surpasses any mortal monk who ever wore a cowl and chimed matin bells. Well, well, it is good to be here. What a beautiful world it is!

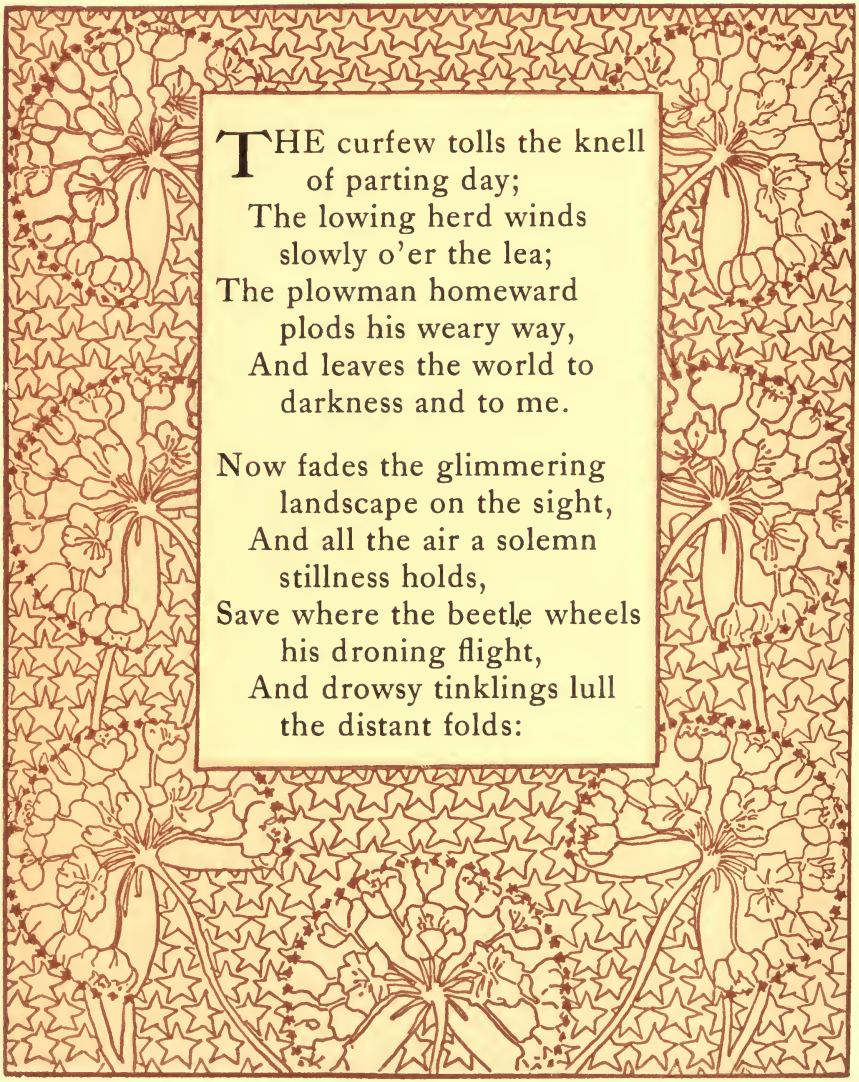
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The Roycrofters EAST AURORA NEW YORK



THE curfew tolls the knell
of parting day;
The lowing herd winds
slowly o'er the lea;
The plowman homeward
plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to
darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering
landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn
stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels
his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull
the distant folds:

This is to announce the Roycroft Edition of

GRAY'S ELEGY

Written in a Country Churchyard

OPPOSITE this is a page from the Roycroft Edition of *Gray's Elegy*. There may have been better, more unique, and more artistic books than this printed in America, but we do not just remember what they are. The sample page shown does not reveal the beauty of the book, for of course it is not hand-illumined, and the paper is not equal to that used in the book. It just kind of gives you a chance to let your inward eye behold the wondrous beauty of a book, which might have been made in heaven, to use the language of Charles Lamb.

The volume contains twelve different special border designs, all hand-illumined. Bound in limp chamois, silk lined. Very suitable for a wedding or anniversary present.

Price of the book is Three Dollars, sent to the Faithful on suspicion.

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EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

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for sale at our Shop

Below is a list of books, some of which have almost disappeared from mortal view. The volumes are all bound roycroftie, and are offered to the Discerning at the prices quoted. The Roycrofters are always glad to send their wares for inspection. Therefore, no matter where you reside, drop us a postal saying what books you would like to see, and they will go forward at once.

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Will o' the Mill,	2.00	Golden River,	2.00
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Garcia and Thirteen,	2.00	Lodging for the Night,	2.00
Little Journeys, according to binding, $2, $3 &	5.00	Philistine, Vols. XI to XVI, inclusive, each,	1.00

The Roycrofters East Aurora, New York.

Pocket 1 34

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

Little Journeys

TO THE HOMES OF EMINENT ORATORS

INGERSOLL

Vol. XIII. AUGUST, 1903. No. 2

By ELBERT HUBBARD



Single Copies, 25 cents By the Year, $3.00

LITTLE JOURNEYS

TO THE HOMES OF

EMINENT ORATORS

By ELBERT HUBBARD

SUBJECTS AS FOLLOWS:

1 Pericles
2 Mark Antony
3 Savonarola
4 Martin Luther
5 Edmund Burke
6 William Pitt
7 Marat
8 Robert Ingersoll
9 Patrick Henry
10 Thomas Starr King
11 Henry Ward Beecher
12 Wendell Phillips

One booklet a month will be issued as usual, beginning on January 1st.

The LITTLE JOURNEYS for 1903 will be strictly de luxe in form and workmanship. The type will be a new font of antique blackface; the initials designed especially for this work; a frontispiece portrait from the original drawing made at our Shop. The booklets will be stitched by hand with silk.

The price—25 cents each, or $3.00 for the year.

Address THE ROYCROFTERS at their Shop, which is at East Aurora, New York

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Little Journeys

To the Homes of

EMINENT ORATORS

Ingersoll

Written by Elbert Hubbard & done into a Book by the Roycrofters at the Shop, which is in East Aurora, New York, A. D. 1903

M64299

LOVE is the only bow on life's dark cloud. It is the morning and the evening star. It shines upon the babe, and sheds its radiance on the quiet tomb. It is the Mother of Art, inspirer of poet, patriot and philosopher. It is the air and light to tired souls—builder of every home, kindler of every fire on every hearth. It was the first to dream of immortality. It fills the world with melody—for music is the voice of love. Love is the magician, the enchanter that changes worthless things to joy, and makes right royal kings and queens of common clay. It is the perfume of that wondrous flower, the heart, and without that sacred passion, that divine swoon, we are less than beasts; but with it, earth is heaven and we are gods.



Robert Ingersoll



E was three years old, was Robert Ingersoll. There was a baby boy one year old, Ebon by name, then there was John, five years, and two elder sisters. ¶ Little Robert wore a red linsey-woolsey dress, and was a restless, active youngster with a big head, a round face and a pug nose. No one ever asked, "What is it?"—there was "boy" written large in every baby action, and every feature from chubby bare feet to the two crowns of his close-cropped tow head.

It was a morning in January, and the snow lay smooth and white over all those York State hills. The winter sun sent long gleams of light through the frost covered panes upon which the children were trying to draw pictures. Visitors began to arrive—visitors in stiff Sunday clothes, altho it was n't Sunday. There were aunts, and uncles, and cousins, and then just neighbors. They filled the little house full. Some of the men went out and split wood and brought in big armfuls and piled it in the corner. They moved on tiptoe and talked in whispers. And now and then they would walk softly into the little parlor by twos

and threes and close the door after them. ¶ This parlor was always a forbidden place to the children—on Sunday afternoons only were they allowed to go in there, or on prayer meeting night.

In this parlor were six hair-cloth chairs and a sofa to match. In the center was a little marble-top table, and on it were two red books and a blue one. On the mantel was a plaster-of-Paris cat at one end and a bunch of crystallized flowers at the other. There was a "what-not" in the corner covered with little shells and filled with strange and wonderful things. There was a "store" carpet, bright red. It was a very beautiful room, and to look into it was a great privilege. ¶ Little Robert had tried several times to enter the parlor this cold winter morning, but each time he had been thrust back. Finally he clung to the leg of a tall man, and was safely inside. It was very cold—one of the windows was open! He looked about with wondering baby eyes to see what the people wanted to go in there for!

On two of the hair-cloth chairs rested a coffin. The baby hands clutched the side—he drew himself up on tiptoe and looked down at the still, white face—the face of his mother. Her hands were crossed just so, and in her fingers was a spray of flowers—he recognized them as the flowers she had always worn on her Sunday bonnet—a rusty black bonnet—not real flowers, just "made" flowers.

But why was she so quiet? He had never seen her

hands that way before—those hands were always busy: knitting, sewing, cooking, weaving, scrubbing, washing!

"Mamma! Mamma!" called the boy.

"Hush, little boy, hush! Your Mamma is dead," said the tall man, and he lifted the boy in his arms and carried him from the room.

Out in the kitchen, in a crib in the corner, lay the "Other Baby," and thither little Robert made his way. He patted the sleeping baby brother, and called aloud in lisping words, "Wake up, Baby, your Mamma is dead!"

And the baby in the crib knew quite as much about it as the toddler in the linsey-woolsey dress, and the toddler knew as much about death as we do to-day. This wee youngster kept thinking how good it was that Mamma could have such a nice rest—the first rest she had ever known—and just lie there in the beautiful room and hold her flowers!

Fifty years passes. These children, grown to manhood, are again together. One, his work done, is at rest. Standing by his bier, the other voices these deathless words:

"Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We call aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in

the night of death, hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing.

"He who sleeps here, when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his latest breath, 'I am better now.' Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas, of fears and tears, that these dear words are true of all the countless dead."



THE mother of Ingersoll was a Livingston—a Livingston of right royal lineage, tracing to that famous family of Revolutionary fame. To a great degree she gave up family and social position to become the wife of Reverend John Ingersoll of Vermont, a theolog from the Academy at Bennington.

He was young and full of zeal—he was called "a powerful preacher." That he was a man of much strength of intellect, there is ample proof. He did his duty, said his say, called sinners to repentance and told what would be their fate if they did not accept salvation. His desire was to do good, and therefore he warned men against the wrath to come. He was an educated man, and all of his beliefs and most of his ideas were gathered and gleaned from his college professors and Jonathan Edwards.

He loved his beautiful wife and she loved him. She loved him just as all good women love, with a complete abandon—with heart, mind and strength. He at

first had periods of such abandon, too, but his conscience soon made him recoil from an affection of which God might be jealous. He believed that a man should forsake father, mother, wife and child in order to follow duty—and duty to him was the thing we did n't want to do. That which was pleasant was not wholly good. And so he strove to thrust from him all earthly affections, and to love God alone. Not only this, but he strove to make others love God. He warned his family against the pride and pomp of the world, and the family income being something under four hundred dollars, they observed his edict.

Life was a warfare—the devil constantly lay in wait—we must resist. This man hated evil—he hated evil more than he loved the good. His wife loved the good more than she hated evil, and he chided her—in love. She sought to explain her position. He was amazed at her temerity—what right had a woman to think—what right had any one to think!

He prayed for her.

And soon she grew to keep her thoughts to herself. Sometimes she would write them out, and then destroy them before any eyes but her own could read. Once she went to a neighbor's and saw Paine's "Age of Reason." She peeped into its pages by stealth, and then put it quickly away. The next day she went back and read some more, and among other things she read was this, "To live a life of love and usefulness—to benefit others—must bring its due reward, regardless

of belief." ¶ She thought about it more and more and wondered really if God could and would damn a person who just went ahead and did the best he could. She wanted to ask her husband about it—to talk it over with him in the evening—but she dare not. She knew too well what his answer would be—for her even to think such thoughts was a sin. And so she just decided she would keep her thoughts to herself, and be a dutiful wife, and help her husband in his pastoral work as a minister's wife should.

But her proud spirit began to droop, she ceased to sing at her work, her face grew wan, yellow and sad. Yet still she worked—there were no servants to distress her—and when her own work was done she went out among the neighbors and helped them—she cared for the sick, the infirm, she dressed the newborn babe, and closed the eyes of the dying.

That this woman had a thirst for liberty, and the larger life, is shown in that she herself prepared and presented a memorial to the President of the United States praying that slavery be abolished. So far as I know, this was the first petition ever prepared in America on the subject by a woman.

This minister's family rarely remained over two years in a place. At first they were received with loving arms, and there were donation parties where cider was spilled on the floors, doughnuts ground into the carpets, and several hair-cloth chairs hopelessly wrecked. But the larder was filled and there was

much good cheer. ¶ I believe I said that the Rev. John Ingersoll was a powerful preacher—he was so powerful he quickly made enemies. He told men of their weaknesses in phrase so pointed that necks would be craned to see how certain delinquents took their medicine. Then some would get up and tramp out during the sermon in high dudgeon. These disaffected ones would influence others—contributions grew less, donations ceased, and just as a matter of bread and butter a new "call" would be angled for, and the parson's family would pack up—helped by the faction that loved them, and the one that did n't. Good-byes were said, blessings given—or the reverse—and the jokers would say, "A change of pastors makes fat calves."

At one time the Rev. John Ingersoll tried to start an independent church in New York City. For a year he preached every Sunday at the old Lyceum Theatre, and here it was on the stage of the theatre, in 1834, that Robert G. Ingersoll was baptized.

But the New York venture failed—starved out, was the verdict, and a country parish extending a call, it was gladly accepted.

Such a life, to such a woman, was particularly wearing. But Mrs. Ingersoll kept right at her work, always doing for others, until there came a day when kind neighbors came in and cared for her, looked after her household, attending this stricken mother—tired out and old at thirty-one, unaware that she had blessed the world by giving to it a man-child who was to make

an epoch. ¶ The watchers one night straightened the stiffening limbs, clothed the body in the gown that had been her wedding dress, and folded the calloused fingers over the spray of flowers. ¶ "Hush, little boy—your Mamma is dead!" said the tall man, as he lifted the child and carried him from the room.

FROM the sleepy little village of Dresden, Yates County, New York, seven miles from Penn Yan, where Robert Ingersoll was born, to his niche in the Temple of Fame, was a zigzag journey. But that is Nature's plan—we make head by tacking. And as the years go by, more and more, we see the line of Ingersoll's life stretching itself straight. Every change to him meant progress. Success is a question of temperament—it is all a matter of the red corpuscle. Ingersoll was a success—happy, exuberant, joying in life, reveling in existence, he marched to the front in every fray.

As a boy he was so full of life that he very often did the wrong thing. And I have no doubt but that wherever he went he helped hold good the precedents that preachers' boys are not especially angelic. For instance, we have it on good authority that Bob, aged fourteen, once climbed into the belfry of a church and removed the clapper, so that the sexton thought the bell was bewitched. At another time he placed a washtub over the top of a chimney where a prayer

meeting was in progress, and the smoke broke up the meeting and gave the good people a foretaste of the place they believed in. In these stories, told to prove his depravity, Bob was always climbing somewhere—belfries, steeples, housetops, trees, verandas, barn-roofs, bridges. But I have noticed that youngsters given to the climbing habit usually do something when they grow up.

For these climbing pranks Robert and Ebon were duly reproved with a stout strap that hung behind the kitchen door. Whether the parsonage was in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, or Illinois—and it dodged all over these states—the strap always traveled, too. It never got lost. It need not be said that the Rev. John Ingersoll was cruel or abusive, not at all,—he just believed with Solomon that to spare the rod was to spoil the child. He loved his children, and if a boy could be saved by so simple a means as "strap oil," he was not the man to shirk his duty. He was neither better nor worse than the average preacher of his day. No doubt, too, the poverty and constant misunderstandings with congregations led to much irritability—it is hard to be amiable on half rations.

When a step-mother finally appeared upon the scene, there was more trouble for the children. She was a worthy woman and meant to be kind, but her heart was n't big enough to love boys who carried live mice in their pockets and turned turtles loose in the pantry.

¶ So we find Bob and his brother bundled off to his

Grandfather Livingston's in St. Lawrence County, New York. Here Bob got his first real educational advantages. The old man seems to have been a sort of "Foxy Grandpa": he played, romped, read and studied with the boys and possibly neutralized some of the discipline they had received.

Of his childhood days Robert Ingersoll very rarely spoke. There was too much bitterness and disappointment in it all, but it is curious to note that when he did speak of his boyhood, it was always something that happened at "Grandfather Livingston's." Finally the old Grandpa got to thinking so much of the boys that he wanted to legally adopt them, and then we find their father taking alarm and bringing them back to the parsonage, which was then at Elyria, Ohio.

The boys worked at odd jobs, on farms in summer, clerking in country stores, driving stage—and be it said to the credit of their father, he allowed them to keep the money they made. Education comes through doing things, making things, going without things, taking care of yourself, talking about things, and when Robert was seventeen he had education enough to teach a "Deestrick School" in Illinois.

To teach is a good way to get an education. If you want to know all about a subject, write a book on it, a wise man has said. If you wish to know all about things, start in and teach them to others.

Bob was eighteen—big and strong, with a good nature and an enthusiasm that had no limit. There were spell-

ing-bees in his school, and a debating society, that had impromptu rehearsals every night at the grocery. Country people are prone to "argufying"—the greater and more weighty the question the more ready are the bucolic Solons to engage with it. And it is all education to the youth who listens and takes part—who has the receptive mind.

This love of argument and contention among country people finds vent in lawsuits. Pigs break into a man's garden and root up the potatoes, and straightway the owner of the potatoes "has the law" on the owner of the pigs. This strife is urged on by kind neighbors who take sides, and by the "setters" at the store, who fire the litigants on to unseemliness. Local attorneys are engaged and the trial takes place at the railroad station, or in the school house on Saturday. Everybody has opinions, and over-rules the "jedge" next day, or not, as the case may be.

This petty strife may seem absurd to us, but it is all a part of the Spirit of the Hive, as Maeterlinck would say. It is better than dead level dumbness—better than the subjection of the peasantry of Europe. These pioneers settle their own disputes. It makes them think, and a few at least are getting an education. This is the cradle in which statesmen are rocked. ¶ And so it happened that no one was surprised when in the year 1853, there was a sign tacked up over a grocery in Shawneetown, Illinois, and the sign read thus: "R. G. & E. C. Ingersoll, Attorneys and Counselors at Law."

SHAWNEETOWN, Illinois, was once the pride and pet of Egypt. It was larger than Chicago, and doubtless it would have become the capitol of the state had it been called Shawnee City. But the name was against it, and dry rot set in. And so to-day Shawneetown has the same number of inhabitants that it had in 1855, and in Shawneetown are various citizens who boast that the place has held its own.

Robert Ingersoll had won a case for a certain steamboat captain, and in gratitude the counsel had been invited by his client to go on an excursion to Peoria, the head of navigation on the Illinois River. The lawyer took the trip, and duly reached Peoria after many hairbreadth 'scapes on the imminently deadly sand-bar. But a week must be spent at Peoria while the boat was reloading for her return trip.

There was a railroad war on in Peoria. The town had one railroad, which some citizens said was enough for any place; others wanted the new railroad.

Whether the new company should be granted certain terminal facilities—that was the question. The route was surveyed, but the company was forbidden to lay its tracks until the people said "Aye."

So there the matter rested when Robert Ingersoll was waiting for the stern-wheeler to reload. The captain of the craft had meanwhile circulated reports about the eloquence and legal ability of his star passenger. These reports coming to the ears of the manager of

the new railroad, he sought out the visiting lawyer and advised with him.

Railroad Law is a new thing, not quite so new as the Law of the Bicycle, or the Statutes concerning Automobiling, but older still than the Legal Precedents of the Aeromotor. Railroad Law is an evolution, and the Railroad Lawyer is a by-product: what Mr. Mantinelli would call a demnition product.

It was a railroad that gave Robert Ingersoll his first fee in Peoria. The man was only twenty-three, but semi-pioneer life makes men early, and Robert Ingersoll stood first in war and first in peace among the legal lights of Shawneetown. His size made amends for his cherubic face, and the insignificant nose was more than balanced by the forceful jaw. The young man was a veritable Greek in form, and his bubbling wit and ready speech on any theme made him a drawing card at the political barbecue.

"Bob" at this time did n't know much about railroads —there was no railroad in Shawneetown—but he was an expert on barbecues. A barbecue is a gathering where a whole ox is roasted and where there is much hard cider and effervescent eloquence. Bob would speak to the people about the advantages of the new railroad; and the opposition could answer if they wished. Pioneers are always ready for a picnic—they delight in speeches—they dote on argument and wordy warfare. The barbecue was to be across the river on Saturday afternoon.

The whole city quit business to go to the barbecue and hear the speeches.

Bob made the first address. He spoke for two hours about everything and anything—he told stories, and dealt in love, life, death, politics and farming—all but railroading. The crowd was delighted—cheers filled the air

When the opposition got up to speak and brought forward its profound reasons and heavy logic, most everybody adjourned to the tables to eat and drink.

¶ Finally there came rumors that something was going on across the river. The opposition grew nervous and started to go home, but in some mysterious way the two ferry boats were tied up on the farther bank, and were deaf and blind to signals.

It was well after dark before the people reached home, and when they got up the next morning they found the new railroad had a full mile of track down and engines were puffing at their doors.

Bob made another speech in the public square, and cautioned everybody to be law-abiding. The second railroad had arrived—it was a good thing—it meant wealth, prosperity and happiness for everybody. And even if it did n't, it was here and could not be removed excepting by legal means. And we must all be law-abiding citizens—let the matter be determined by the courts. Then there were a few funny stories, and cheers were given for the speaker.

.

On the next trip of the little stern-wheeler the young lawyer and his brother arrived. They had n't much baggage, but they carried a tin sign that they proceeded to tack up over a store on Adams Street. It read thus: "R. G. & E. C. Ingersoll, Attorneys and Counselors at Law." And there the sign was to remain for twenty-five years.

AT Peoria, the Ingersoll Brothers did not have to wait long for clients. Ebon was the counselor, Robert the pleader, and some still have it that Ebon was the stronger, just as we hear that Ezekiel Webster was a more capable man than Daniel—which was probably the fact.

The Ingersolls had not been long at Peoria before Robert had a case at Groveland, a town only a few miles away, and a place which, like Shawneetown, has held its own.

The issue was the same old classic—hogs had rooted up the man's garden, and then the hogs had been impounded. This time there was tragedy, for before the hogs were released the owner was killed.

The people for miles had come to town to hear the eloquent young lawyer from Peoria. The taverns were crowded, and not having engaged a room, the attorney for the defense was put to straits to find a place in which to sleep. In this extremity 'Squire Parker, the first citizen of the town, invited young Ingersoll to

his house. ¶ Parker was a character in that neck of the woods—he was an "infidel," and a terror to all the clergy 'round about. And strange enough—or not—his wife believed exactly as he did, and so did their daughter Eva, a beautiful girl of nineteen. But 'Squire Parker got into no argument with his guest—their belief was the same. Probably we would now call the Parkers simply radical Unitarians. Their kinsman, Theodore Parker, expressed their faith, and they had no more use for a "personal devil" than he had. The courage of the young woman in stating her religious views had almost made her an outcast in the village, and here she was saying the same things in Groveland that Robert was saying in Peoria. She was the first woman he ever knew who had ideas.

It was one o'clock before he went to bed that night—his head was in a whirl. It was a wonder he didn't lose his case the next day, but he didn't.

He cleared his client and won a bride.

In a few months Robert Ingersoll and Eva Parker were married.

Never were man and woman more perfectly mated than this couple. And how much the world owes to her sustaining love and unfaltering faith, we cannot compute; but my opinion is that if it had not been for Eva Parker—twice a daughter of the Revolution, whose ancestors fought side by side with the Livingstons—we should never have heard of Robert Ingersoll as the maker of an epoch. It is love that makes

the world go 'round—and it is love that makes the orator and fearless thinker, no less than poet, painter and musician.

No man liveth unto himself alone: we demand the approval and approbation of another: we write and speak for some One; and our thought coming back from this One approved, gives courage and that bold determination which carries conviction home. Before the world believes in us we must believe in ourselves, and before we fully believe in ourselves this some One must believe in us. Eva Parker believed in Robert Ingersoll, and it was her love and faith that made him believe in himself and caused him to fling reasons into the face of hypocrisy and shower with sarcasm and ridicule the savage and senseless superstitions that paraded themselves as divine.

Wendell Phillips believed in himself because Ann never doubted him. Without Ann he would not have had the courage to face that twenty years' course of mobs. If it had ever occurred to him that the mob was right he would have gone down in darkness and defeat, but with Ann such a suspicion was not possible. He pitted Ann's faith against the prejudice of centuries —two with God are a majority.

It was Eva's faith that sustained Robert. In those first years of lecturing she always accompanied him, and at his lectures sat on the stage in the wings and gloried in his success. He did not need her to protect him from the mob, but he needed her to protect him

from himself. It is only perfect love that casteth out fear.

THERE is a little book called, "Ingersoll as He Is," which is being circulated by some earnest advocates of truth.

The volume is a vindication, a refutation and an apology. It takes up a goodly list of zealous calumniators and cheerful prevaricators and tacks their pelts on the barn-door of obliquity.

That Ingersoll won the distinction of being more grossly misrepresented than any man of his time, there is no doubt. This was to his advantage—he was advertised by his rabid enemies no less than by his loving friends. But his good friends who are putting out this vindication should cultivate faith, and know that there is a God, or Something, who looks after the lies and the liars—we need n't.

A big man should never be cheapened by a defense. Life is its own excuse for being, and every life is its own apology. Silence is better than wordy refutation. People who want to believe the falsehoods told of this man, or any other, will continue to believe them until the crack o' doom.

Most accusations contain a certain basis of truth, but they may be no less libels on that account. One zealous advocate, intent on loving his supposed enemy, printed a thrilling story about Ingersoll's being taken

prisoner during the war, while taking refuge in a pig-pen. To this some of Bob's friends interposed a fierce rejoinder declaring that Bob stood like Falstaff at Gads Hill and fought the rogues in buckram to a standstill

Heaven forfend me from my friends—I can withstand mine enemies alone!

I am quite ready to believe that Bob, being attacked by an overwhelming force, suddenly bethought him of an engagement, and made a swift run for safety. The impeccable man who has never done a cowardly thing, nor a mean thing, is no kinsman of mine! The saintly hero who has not had his heels run away with his head, and sought safety in a friendly pig-pen—aye! and filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat—has dropped something out of his life that he will have to go back for and pick up in another incarnation. We love men for their limitations and weaknesses, no less than their virtues. A fault may bring a man very close to us. Have we, too, not sought safety in pig-pens! The people who taunt other people with having taken temporary refuge in a pig-pen are usually those who live in pig-pens the whole year 'round

The one time in the life of Savonarola when he comes nearest to us is when his tortured flesh wrenched from his spirit a recantation. And who can forget that cry of Calvary, "My God, my God! Why hast thou forsaken me!" That call for help coming to us across

twenty centuries, makes the man, indeed, our Elder Brother

And let it here be stated that even Bob's bitterest foe never declared that the man was a coward by nature, nor that the business of his life was hiding in pig-pens. The incident named was exceptional and therefore noteworthy; let us admit it, at least not worry ourselves into a passion denying it. Let us also stipulate the truth that Bob could never quite overcome the temptation to take an unfair advantage of his opponent in an argument. He laid the fools by the heels and suddenly, 'gainst all the rules of either Robertson or Queensbury.

To go after the prevaricators, and track them to their holes is to make much of little, and lift the liars into the realm of equals. This story of the pig-pen I never heard of until Ingersoll's friends denied it in a book. ¶ Just one instance to show how trifles light as air are to the zealous confirmation strong as holy writ. In April, 1894, Ingersoll lectured at Utica, New York. The following Sunday a local clergyman denounced the lecturer as a sensualist, a gourmand—one totally indifferent to decency and the feelings and rights of others. Then the preacher said, "At breakfast in this city last Thursday, Ingersoll ordered everything on the bill of fare, and then insulted and roundly abused the waiter-girl because she did not bring things that were not in the hotel."

I happened to be present at that meal. It was an

"early train breakfast," and the bill of fare for the day had not been printed. The girl came in, and standing at the Colonel's elbow, in genuine waiter-girl style, mumbled this: "Ham and eggs, mutton chops, beefsteak, breakfast bacon, codfish balls and buckwheat cakes."

And Bob solemnly said: "Ham and eggs, mutton chops, beefsteak, breakfast bacon, codfish balls and buckwheat cakes."

In amazement the girl gasped, "What?" And then Bob went over it backward: "Buckwheat cakes, codfish balls, breakfast bacon, beefsteak, mutton chops, and ham and eggs."

This memory test raised a laugh that sent a shout of mirth all through the room, in which even the girl joined.

"Have n't you anything else, my dear," asked the great man in a sort of disappointed way.

"I think we have tripe and pig's feet," said the girl.

"Bring a bushel," said Bob, "and say, tell the cook I 'd like a dish of peacock tongues on the side." The infinite good nature of it all caused another laugh from everybody.

The girl brought everything ordered excepting the peacock tongues, and this order supplied the lecturer and his party of four. The waitress found a dollar bill under Bob's plate, and the cook who stood in the kitchen door and waved a big spoon, and called, "Good-bye, Bob!" got another dollar for himself.

¶ Ingersoll carried mirth, and joy, and good cheer, and radiated a feeling of plentitude wherever he went. He was a royal liver and a royal spender. "If I had but a dollar," he used to say, "I 'd spend it as though it were a dry leaf, and I were the owner of an unbounded forest." He maintained a pension list of thirty persons or more for a decade, spent upwards of forty thousand dollars a year, and while the fortune he left for his wife and children was not large, as men count things on 'Change, yet it is ample for their ease and comfort.

His family always called him "Robert" with an almost idolatrous flavor of tender love in the word. But to the world who hated him and the world who loved him, he was just plain "Bob." To trainmen, hack drivers, and the great singers, poets and players, he was "Bob." "Dignity is the mask behind which we hide our ignorance." When half a world calls a man by a nickname, it is a patent to nobility—small men are never so honored.

"Good-bye, Bob," called the white aproned cook as he stood in the kitchen door and waved his big spoon.

"Good-bye, Brother, and mind you get those peacock tongues by the time I get back," answered Bob.

AS to Ingersoll's mental evolution we cannot do better than to let him tell the story himself: ¶Like the most of us, I was raised among people who knew—who were certain. They did not reason or investigate. They had no doubts. They knew they had the truth. In their creed there was no guess—no perhaps. They had a revelation from God. They knew the beginning of things. They knew that God commenced to create one Monday morning and worked until Saturday night, four thousand and four years before Christ. They knew that in the eternity—back of that morning, he had done nothing. They knew that it took him six days to make the earth—all plants, all animals, all life, and all the globes that wheel in space. They knew exactly what he did each day and when he rested. They knew the origin, the cause of evil, of all crime, of all disease and death. ¶They not only knew the beginning, but they knew the end. They knew that life had one path and one road. They knew that the path, grass-grown and narrow, filled with thorns and nettles, infested with vipers, wet with tears, stained by bleeding feet, led to heaven, and that the road, broad and smooth, bordered with fruits and flowers, filled with laughter and song, and all the happiness of human love, led straight to hell. They knew that God was doing his best to make you take the path and that the Devil used every art to keep you in the road.

They knew that there was a perpetual battle waged between the great Powers of good and evil for the possession of human souls. They knew that many centuries ago God had left his throne and had been born a babe into this poor world—that he had suffered death for the sake of man—for the sake of saving a

few. They also knew that the human heart was utterly depraved, so that man by nature was in love with wrong and hated God with all his might.

At the same time they knew that God created man in his own image and was perfectly satisfied with his work. They also knew that he had been thwarted by the Devil—who with wiles and lies had deceived the first of human kind. They knew that in consequence of that, God cursed the man and woman; the man with toil, the woman with slavery and pain, and both with death; and that he cursed the earth itself with briars and thorns, brambles and thistles. All these blessed things they knew. They knew too all that God had done to purify and elevate the race. They knew all about the Flood—knew that God, with the exception of eight, drowned all his children—the old and young—the bowed patriarch and the dimpled babe—the young man and the merry maiden—the loving mother and the laughing child—because his mercy endureth forever. They knew too, that he drowned the beasts and birds—everything that walked or crawled or flew—because his loving kindness is over all his works. They knew that God, for the purpose of civilizing his children, had devoured some with earthquakes, destroyed some with storms of fire, killed some with his lightnings, millions with famine, with pestilence, and sacrificed countless thousands upon the fields of war. They knew that it was necessary to believe these things and to love God. They knew that there could be no salvation except by faith, and through the atoning blood of Jesus Christ

All who doubted or denied would be lost. To live a moral and honest life—to keep your contracts, to take care of wife and child—to make a happy home—to be

a good citizen, a patriot, a just and thoughtful man, was simply a respectable way of going to hell.

God did not reward men for being honest, generous and brave, but for the act of faith—without faith, all the so-called virtues were sins and the men who practiced these virtues, without faith, deserved to suffer eternal pain.

All of these comforting and reasonable things were taught by the ministers in their pulpits—by teachers in Sunday schools and by parents at home. The children were victims. They were assaulted in the cradle—in their mother's arms. Then, the schoolmaster carried on the war against their natural sense, and all the books they read were filled with the same impossible truths. The poor children were helpless. The atmosphere they breathed was filled with lies—lies that mingled with their blood.

In those days ministers depended on revivals to save souls and reform the world.

In the winter, navigation having closed, business was mostly suspended. There were no railways and the only means of communication were wagons and boats. Generally the roads were so bad that the wagons were laid up with the boats. There were no operas, no theatres, no amusements except parties and balls. The parties were regarded as worldly and the balls as wicked. For real and virtuous enjoyment the good people depended on revivals.

The sermons were mostly about the pains and agonies of hell, the joys and ecstacies of heaven, salvation by faith, and the efficacy of the atonement. The little churches, in which the services were held, were generally small, badly ventilated, and exceedingly warm. The emotional sermons, the sad singing, the hysterical amens, the hope of heaven, the fear of hell,

caused many to lose the little sense they had. They became substantially insane. In this condition they flocked to the "mourners bench"—asked for the prayers of the faithful—had strange feelings, prayed and wept and thought they had been "born again." Then they would tell their experience—how wicked they had been—how evil had been their thoughts, their desires, & how good they had suddenly become. ¶ They used to tell the story of an old woman who, in telling her experience, said:—"Before I was converted, before I gave my heart to God, I used to lie and steal, but now, thanks to the grace and blood of Jesus Christ, I have quit 'em both, in a great measure."

Of course all the people were not exactly of one mind. There were some scoffers, and now and then, some man had sense enough to laugh at the threats of priests and make a jest of hell. Some would tell of unbelievers who had lived and died in peace.

When I was a boy I heard them tell of an old farmer in Vermont. He was dying. The minister was at his bed-side—asked him if he was a Christian—if he was prepared to die. The old man answered that he had made no preparation, that he was not a Christian—that he had never done anything but work. The preacher said that he could give him no hope unless he had faith in Christ, and that if he had no faith his soul would certainly be lost.

The old man was not frightened. He was perfectly calm. In a weak and broken voice he said: "Mr. Preacher, I suppose you noticed my farm. My wife and I came here more than fifty years ago. We were just married. It was a forest then and the land was covered with stones. I cut down the trees, burned the logs, picked up the stones and laid the walls. My wife

spun and wove and worked every moment. We raised and educated our children—denied ourselves. During all these years my wife never had a good dress, or a decent bonnet. I never had a good suit of clothes. We lived on the plainest food. Our hands, our bodies, are deformed by toil. We never had a vacation. We loved each other and the children. That is the only luxury we ever had. Now, I am about to die and you ask me if I am prepared. Mr. Preacher, I have no fear of the future, no terror of any other world. There may be such a place as hell—but if there is, you never can make me believe that it 's any worse than old Vermont" ❧ ❧

So they told of a man who compared himself with his dog. "My dog," he said, "just barks and plays—has all he wants to eat. He never works—has no trouble about business. In a little while he dies, and that is all. I work with all my strength. I have no time to play. I have trouble every day. In a little while I will die, and then I go to hell. I wish that I had been a dog" ❧ ❧

Well, while the cold weather lasted, while the snows fell, the revival went on, but when the winter was over, when the steamboat's whistle was heard, when business started again, most of the converts "backslid" and fell again into their old ways. But the next winter they were on hand, ready to be "born again." They formed a kind of stock company, playing the same parts every winter and backsliding every spring.

¶ The ministers, who preached at these revivals, were in earnest. They were zealous and sincere. They were not philosophers. To them science was the name of a vague dread—a dangerous enemy. They did not know much, but they believed a great deal. To them hell was a burning reality—they could see the smoke

and flames. The Devil was no myth. He was an actual person, a rival of God, an enemy of mankind. They thought that the important business of this life was to save your soul—that all should resist and scorn the pleasures of sense, and keep their eyes steadily fixed on the golden gate of the New Jerusalem. They were unbalanced, emotional, hysterical, bigoted, hateful, loving, and insane. They really believed the Bible to be the actual word of God—a book without mistake or contradiction. They called its cruelties, justice—its absurdities, mysteries—its miracles, facts, and the idiotic passages were regarded as profoundly spiritual. They dwelt on the pangs, the regrets, the infinite agonies of the lost, and showed how easily they could be avoided, and how cheaply heaven could be obtained. They told their hearers to believe, to have faith, to give their hearts to God, their sins to Christ, who would bear their burdens and make their souls as white as snow.

All this the ministers really believed. They were absolutely certain. In their minds the Devil had tried in vain to sow the seeds of doubt.

I heard hundreds of these evangelical sermons—heard hundreds of the most fearful and vivid descriptions of the tortures inflicted in hell, of the horrible state of the lost. I supposed that what I heard was true and yet I did not believe it. I said: "It is," and then I thought: "It cannot be."

From my childhood I had heard read, and read the Bible. Morning and evening the sacred volume was opened and prayers were said. The Bible was my first history, the Jews were the first people, and the events narrated by Moses and the other inspired writers, and those predicted by prophets were the all important things. In other books were found the

thoughts and dreams of men, but in the Bible were the sacred truths of God.

Yet in spite of my surroundings, of my education, I had no love for God. He was so saving of mercy, so extravagant in murder, so anxious to kill, so ready to assassinate, that I hated him with all my heart. At his command, babes were butchered, women violated, and the white hair of trembling age stained with blood. This God visited the people with pestilence—filled the houses and covered the streets with the dying and the dead—saw babes starving on the empty breasts of pallid mothers, heard the sobs, saw the tears, the sunken cheeks, the sightless eyes, the new-made graves, and remained as pitiless as the pestilence. This God withheld the rain—caused the famine—saw the fierce eyes of hunger—the wasted forms, the white lips, saw mothers eating babes, and remained ferocious as famine.

It seems to me impossible for a civilized man to love or worship, or respect the God of the Old Testament. A really civilized man, a really civilized woman, must hold such a God in abhorrence and contempt.

But in the old days the good people justified Jehovah in his treatment of the heathen. The wretches who were murdered were idolators and therefore unfit to live.

According to the Bible, God had never revealed himself to these people and he knew that without a revelation they could not know that he was the true God. Whose fault was it then that they were heathen?

The Christians said that God had the right to destroy them because he created them. What did he create them for? He knew when he made them that they would be food for the sword. He knew that he would have the pleasure of seeing them murdered.

As a last answer, as a final excuse, the worshipers of Jehovah said that all these horrible things happened under the "old dispensation" of unyielding law, and absolute justice, but that now under the "new dispensation," all had been changed—the sword of justice had been sheathed and love enthroned. In the Old Testament, they said, God is the judge—but in the New, Christ is the merciful. As a matter of fact, the New Testament is infinitely worse than the Old. In the Old there is no threat of eternal pain. Jehovah had no eternal prison—no everlasting fire. His hatred ended at the grave. His revenge was satisfied when his enemy was dead.

In the New Testament, death is not the end, but the beginning of punishment that has no end. In the New Testament the malice of God is infinite and the hunger of his revenge eternal.

The orthodox God, when clothed in human flesh, told his disciples not to resist evil, to love their enemies, and when smitten on one cheek to turn the other, and yet we are told that this same God, with the same loving lips, uttered these heartless, these fiendish words: "Depart ye cursed into everlasting fire, prepared for the Devil and his angels."

These are the words of "eternal love."

No human being has imagination enough to conceive of this infinite horror.

All that the human race has suffered in war and want, in pestilence and famine, in fire and flood,—all the pangs and pains of every disease and every death—all this is as nothing compared with the agonies to be endured by one lost soul.

This is the consolation of the Christian religion. This is the justice of God—the mercy of Christ.

This frightful dogma, this infinite lie, made me the

implacable enemy of Christianity. The truth is that this belief in eternal pain has been the real persecutor. It founded the Inquisition, forged the chains, and furnished the fagots. It has darkened the lives of many millions. It made the cradle as terrible as the coffin. It enslaved nations and shed the blood of countless thousands. It sacrificed the wisest, the bravest and the best. It subverted the idea of justice, drove mercy from the heart, changed men to fiends and banished reason from the brain.

Like a venomous serpent it crawls and coils and hisses in every orthodox creed.

It makes man an eternal victim and God an eternal fiend. It is the one infinite horror. Every church in which it is taught is a public curse. Every preacher who teaches it is an enemy of mankind. Below this Christian dogma, savagery cannot go. It is the infinite of malice, hatred, and revenge.

Nothing could add to the horror of hell, except the presence of its creator, God.

While I have life, as long as I draw breath, I shall deny with all my strength, and hate with every drop of my blood, this infinite lie.

Nothing gives me greater joy than to know that this belief in eternal pain is growing weaker every day—that thousands of ministers are ashamed of it. It gives me joy to know that Christians are becoming merciful, so merciful that the fires of hell are burning low—flickering, choked with ashes, destined in a few years to die out forever.

For centuries Christendom was a mad-house. Popes, cardinals, bishops, priests, monks and heretics were all insane ❧ ❧

Only a few—four or five in a century, were sound in heart and brain. Only a few, in spite of the roar and

din, in spite of the savage cries, heard reason's voice. Only a few in the wild rage of ignorance, fear and zeal preserved the perfect calm that wisdom gives. ¶ We have advanced. In a few years the Christians will become humane and sensible enough to deny the dogma that fills the endless years with pain.

THE world is getting better. We are gradually growing honest, and men everywhere, even in the pulpit, are acknowledging they do not know all about things. There was little hope for the race so long as an individual was disgraced if he did not pretend to believe a thing at which his reason revolted. We are simplifying life—simplifying truth. The man who serves his fellow men best is he who simplifies. The learned man used to be the one who muddled things, who scrambled thought, who took reason away, and instead, thrust upon us faith, with a threat of punishment if we did not accept it, and an offer of reward if we did.

We have now discovered that the so-called learned man had no authority, either for his threat of punishment, or his offer of reward. Hypocrisy will not now pass current, and sincerity, frozen stiff with fright, is no longer legal tender for truth. In the frank acknowledgment of ignorance there is much promise. The man who does not know, and is not afraid to say so, is in the line of evolution. But for the head that is packed with falsehood and the heart that is faint with fear, there is

no hope. That head must be unloaded of its lumber, and the heart given courage before the march of progress can begin.

Now let us be frank, and let us be honest, just for a few moments. Let us acknowledge that this revolution in thought that has occurred during the last twenty-five years was brought about mainly by one individual. The world was ripe for this man's utterance, otherwise he would not have gotten the speaker's eye. A hundred years before we would have snuffed him out in contumely and disgrace. But men listened to him and paid high for the privilege. And those who hated this man and feared him most, went, too, to listen, so as to answer him and thereby keep the planet from swinging out of its orbit and sweeping on to destruction.

Wherever this man spoke, in towns and cities or country, for weeks the air was heavy with the smoke of rhetoric, and reasons, soggy and solid, and fuzzy logic and muddy proof were dragged like siege guns to the defense.

They dared the man to come back and fight it out. The clouds were charged with challenges, and the prophecy was made and made again that never in the same place could this man go back and get a second hearing. Yet he did go back year after year, and crowds hung upon his utterances and laughed with him at the scare-crow that had once filled their day dreams, made the nights hideous, and the future black with terror. Through his influence the tears of pity put out the

fires of hell; and he literally laughed the devil out of court. This man, more than any other man of his century, made the clergy free. He raised the standard of intelligence in both pew and pulpit, and the preachers who denounced him most, often were, and are, the most benefited by his work.

This man was Robert G. Ingersoll.

On the urn that encloses his ashes should be these words: LIBERATOR OF MEN. When he gave his lecture on "The Gods" at Cooper Union, New York City, in 1872, he fired a shot heard 'round the world. ¶ It was the boldest, strongest, and most vivid utterance of the century.

At once it was recognized that the thinking world had to deal with a man of power. Efforts were made in dozens of places to bring statute law to bear upon him, and the State of Delaware held her whipping post in readiness for his benefit; but blasphemy enactments and laws for the protection of the Unknown were inoperative in his gracious presence. Ingersoll was a hard hitter, but the splendid good nature of the man, his freedom from all personal malice, and his unsullied character saved him, in those early days, from the violence that would surely have overtaken a smaller person.

The people who now seek to disparage the name and fame of Ingersoll dwell on the things he was not, and give small credit for that which he was.

They demand infinity and perfection, not quite willing

yet to acknowledge that perfection has never been incorporated in a single soul.

Let us acknowledge freely that Ingersoll was not a pioneer in science. Let us admit, for argument's sake, that Rousseau, Voltaire, Paine and Renan voiced every argument that he put forth. Let us grant that he was often the pleader, and that the lawyer habit of painting his own side large, never quite forsook him, and that he was swayed more by his feelings than by his intellect. Let us further admit that in his own individual case there was small evolution, and that for thirty years he threshed the same straw. And these things being said and admitted, nothing more in truth can be said against the man.

But these points are neither to his discredit nor disgrace. On them you cannot construct an indictment—they mark his limitations, that is all.

Ingersoll gave superstition such a jolt that the consensus of intelligence has counted it out. Ingersoll did not destroy the good—all that is vital and excellent and worthy in religion we have yet, and in such measure as it never existed before.

In every so-called "Orthodox" pulpit you can now hear sermons calling upon men to manifest their religion in their work; to show their love for God in their attitude toward men; to gain the kingdom of heaven by having the kingdom of heaven in their own hearts.

Ingersoll pleaded for the criminal, the weak, the defenseless and the depraved. Our treatment toward all

these has changed marvelously within a decade. When we ceased to believe that God was going to damn folks, we left off damning them ourselves. We think better now of God and we think better of men and women. Who dares now talk about the "hopelessly lost"?

You cannot afford to indict a man who practiced every so-called Christian virtue, simply because there was a flaw or two in his "belief"—the world has gotten beyond that. Everybody now admits that Ingersoll was quite as good a man as those who denounced him most. His life was full of kind deeds and generous acts, and his daily walk was quite as blameless as the life of the average priest and preacher.

Those who seek to cry Ingersoll down reveal either density or malice. He did a great and necessary work, and did it so thoroughly and well that it will never have to be done again. His mission was to liberalize and to Christianize every church in Christendom; and no denomination, be its creed ever so ossified, stands now where it stood before Ingersoll began his crusade. He shamed men into sanity.

Ingersoll uttered in clarion tones what thousands of men and women believed, but dared not voice. He was the spokesman for many of the best thinkers of his time. He abolished fear, gave courage in place of cringing doubt, and lived what he believed was truth. His was a brave, cheerful and kindly life. He was loved most by those who knew him best, for in his nature there was neither duplicity nor concealment.

He had nothing to hide. We know and acknowledge the man's limitations, yet we realize his worth: his influence in the cause of simplicity and honesty has been priceless.

The dust of conflict has not yet settled; prejudice still is in the air, but time, the great adjuster, will give Ingersoll his due. The history of America's thought evolution can never be written and the name of Ingersoll left out. In his own splendid personality he had no rivals, no competitors. He stands alone; and no name in liberal thought can ever eclipse his. He prepared the way for the thinkers and the doers who shall come after, and in insight surpass him, reaching spiritual heights which he, perhaps, could never attain.

¶ This earth is a better place, and life and liberty are safer because Robert G. Ingersoll lived.

The last words of Ingersoll were, by a strange coincidence, the dying words of his brother Ebon: "I am better!"—words of hope, words of assurance to the woman he loved.

Sane to the last! And let us, too, hope that these dear words are true of all the countless dead.



HERE ENDETH THE LITTLE JOURNEY TO THE HOME OF ROBERT INGERSOLL: WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUBBARD. THE BORDERS, INITIALS AND ORNAMENTS DESIGNED BY SAMUEL WARNER, PRESSWORK BY LOUIS SCHELL, & THE WHOLE DONE INTO A BOOK BY THE ROYCROFTERS AT THEIR SHOP, WHICH IS IN EAST AURORA, IN THE MONTH OF AUGUST, IN THE YEAR MCMIII

Little Journeys

TO THE HOMES OF EMINENT ORATORS

HENRY

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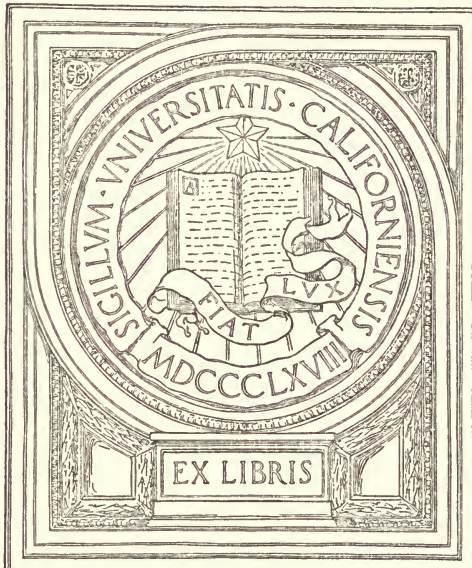
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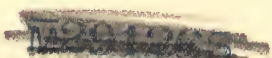
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Dr. Robert T. Sutherland

Sutherland bookplate

IT is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace; but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God!—I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!



SARAH SYME was a blooming widow, thirty-two in June—such widows are never over thirty-two—and managed her estate of a thousand acres in Hanover County, Virginia, with business ability. That such a widow, and thirty-two, should remain a widow in a pioneer country was out of the question.

She had suitors. Their horses were tied to the pickets all day long.

One of these suitors has described the widow for us. He says she was "lively in disposition," and he also uses the words "buxom" and "portly." I do not like these expressions—they suggest too much, so I will none of them. I would rather refer to her as lissome and willowy, and tell how her sorrow for the dead wrapped her 'round with weeds and becoming sable—but in the interests of truth I dare not.

Some of her suitors were widowers—ancient of days, fat and falstaffian. Others were lean and lachrymose, with large families, fortunes impaired and futures mostly behind. Then there were gay fox-hunting holluschickies, without serious intent and minus both future and past worth mentioning, who called and sat on

the front porch because they thought their presence would be pleasing and relieve the tedium of widowhood.

Then there was a young Scotch schoolmaster, educated, temperate, and gentlemanly, who came to instruct the two children of the widow in long division and who blushed to the crown of his red head when the widow invited him to tea.

Have a care, Widow Syme! Destiny has use for you with your lively ways and portly form. You are to make history, help mold a political policy, fan the flames of war, and through motherhood make yourself immortal. Choose your casket wisely, O Widow Syme! It is the hour of Fate!

THE widow was a Queen Bee and so had a perfect right to choose her mate. The Scotchman proved to be it. He was only twenty-five, they say, but he was man enough when standing before the Registrar to make it thirty. When he put his red head inside the church door some one cried, "Genius!" And so they were married and lived happily ever after.

¶ And the name of the Scotchman was John Henry—I'll not deceive you, Sweet!

John and Sarah were well suited to each other. John was exact, industrious, practical. The wife had a lively sense of humor, was entertaining and intelligent. Under the management of the canny Scot the

estate took on a look of prosperity. The man was a model citizen—honors traveled his way: he became colonel of the local militia, county surveyor, and finally magistrate. Babies arrived as rapidly as Nature would allow and with the regularity of an electric clock—although, of course, there was n't any electricity then.

¶ The second child was named Patrick, Jr., in honor and in deference to a brother of the happy father—a clergyman of the Established Church. Patrick Henry always subscribed himself "P. Henry, Jr.," & whether he was ever aware that there was only one Patrick Henry is a question.

There were nine altogether in the brood—eight of them good, honest, barn-yard fowls.

And one was an eagle.

Why this was so no one knew—the mother did n't know and the father could not guess. All of them were born under about the same conditions, all received about the same training—or lack of it.

However, no one at first suspected that the eagle was an eagle—over a score of years were to pass before he was suddenly to spread out strong, sinewy wings and soar to the ether.

Patrick Henry caused his parents more trouble and anxiety than all the rest of the family combined. Patrick and culture had nothing in common. As a youngster he roamed the woods, bare of foot and bare of head, his only garments a shirt and trousers held in place by a single gallus. He was indolent, dreamy,

procrastinating, frolicsome, with a beautiful aversion to books, and a fondness for fishing that was carried to the limit. The boy's mother did n't worry very much about the youngster, but the father had spells when he took the matter to the Lord in prayer, and afterward, growing impatient of an answer, fell to and used the tawse without mercy. John Henry probably did this as much to relieve his own feelings as for the good of the boy, but doubtless he did not reason quite that far.

Patrick nursed his black and blue spots and fell back on his flute for solace.

After one such seance, when he was twelve years of age, he disappeared with a colored boy about his own age. They took a shot gun, fishing tackle and a violin. They were gone three weeks, during which time Patrick had not been out of his clothes, nor once washed his face. They had slept out under the sky by camp-fires. The smell of smoke was surely on his garments, and his parents were put to their wits to distinguish between the bond and the free.

Had Patrick been an only child he would have driven his mother into hysteria and his father to the flowing bowl (I trust I use the right expression). If not this, then it would have been because the fond parents had found peace by transforming their son into a Little Lord Fauntleroy. Nature shows great wisdom in sending the young in litters—they educate each other, and so divide the time of the mother that attention to the

individual is limited to the actual needs. Too much interference with children is a grave mistake.

Patrick Henry quit school at fifteen with a love for 'rithmetic—it was such a fine puzzle—and an equal regard for history—history was a lot o' good stories. For two years he rode wild horses, tramped the woods with rod and gun, and played the violin at country dances.

Another spasm of fear, chagrin and discouragement sweeping over the father on account of the indifference and profligacy of his son, he decided to try the youth in trade, and if this failed, to let him go to the devil. So a stock of general goods was purchased and Patrick and William, the elder brother, were shoved off upon the uncertain sea of commerce.

The result was just what might have been expected. The store was a loafing place for all the ne'er-do-wells in the vicinity. Patrick trusted everybody—those who could not get trusted elsewhere patronized Patrick.

Things grew worse. In a year, when just eighteen years old, P. Henry, Jr., got married—married a rollicking country lass, as foolish as himself—done in bravado, going home from a dance, calling a minister out on his porch, in a crazy quilt, to perform the ceremony.

John Henry would have applied the birch to this hare-brained bridegroom, and the father of the girl would have stung her pink and white anatomy, but Patrick coolly explained that the matter could not be undone—they were duly married for better or for worse, and so

the less fuss the better. Patrick loved his Doxey, and the Doxey loved her Patrick, and together they made as precious a pair of beggars as ever played Gypsy music at a country fair.

Most of the time they were at the home of the bride's parents—not by invitation—but they were there. The place was a wayside tavern. The girl made herself useful in the kitchen, and Patrick welcomed the traveler and tended bar.

So things drifted, until Patrick was twenty-four, when one fine day he appeared on the streets of Williamsburg. He had come in on horseback and his boots, clothing, hair and complexion formed a chromatic ensemble the color of Hanover County clay. The account comes from his old time comrade, Thomas Jefferson, who was at Williamsburg attending college.

"I've come up here to be admitted to the bar," gravely said P. Henry to T. Jefferson.

"But you are a bar-keeper now, I hear."

"Yes," said Patrick, "but that 's the other kind. You see, I 've been studying law, and I want to be admitted to practice."

It took several minutes for the man who was to write the Declaration of Independence to get it through his head that the matter was n't a joke. Then he conducted the lean, lank, rawboned rustic into the presence of the judges. There were four of these men, Wythe, Pendleton, Peyton and John Randolph. These men were all to be colleagues of the bumpkin at the First

Continental Congress at Philadelphia, but that lay in the misty future.

They looked at the candidate in surprise; two of them laughed and two looked needlessly solemn. However, after some little parley, they consented to examine the clown as to his fitness to practice law.

In answer to the first question as to how long he had studied, his reply was, "About six weeks."

One biographer says six months, and still another, with anxious intent to prove the excellence of his man, says six years.

We had better take Jefferson's word—"Patrick Henry's reply was six weeks." As much as to say, "What difference is it about how long I have studied? You are here to find out how much I know. There are men who can get more in six weeks than others can in six years—I may be one of these."

The easy indifference of the fellow was sublime. But he did know a little law, and he also knew a deal of history. The main thing against him was his unkempt appearance. After some hesitation the judges gave the required certificate, with a little lecture on the side concerning the beauties of etiquette and right attire as an adjunct to excellence in the learned professions.

Young Mr. Jefferson did n't wait to witness the examination of his friend—it was too painful—and besides he did not wish to be around so as to get any of the blame when the prayer for admission was denied.

So Patrick had to find Thomas. "I've got it!" said

Patrick, and smiled grimly as he tapped his breast pocket where the certificate was safely stowed.

Then he mounted his lean dun horse and rode away, disappearing into the forest.

AS a pedagogic policy the training that Patrick Henry received would be rank ruin. Educational systems are designed for average intellects, but as if to show us the littleness of our little schemes, Destiny seems to give her first prizes to those who have evaded all rules and ignored every axiom. Rules and regulations are for average men—and so are average prizes.

Speak it softly: There are several ways of getting an education. Patrick Henry got his in the woods, following winding streams or lying at night under the stars; by mastering horses and wild animals; by listening to the wrangling of lawyers at country lawsuits, and the endless talk of planters who sat long hours at the tavern, willingly leaving the labors of the field to the sons of Ham.

Thus, at twenty-four, Patrick Henry had first of all a physical constitution like watch-spring steel—he had no nerves—fatigue was unknown to him—he was not aware that he had a stomach. His intellectual endowment lay in his close intimacy with Nature—he knew her and was so a part of her that he never thought of her, any more than the fishes think of the sea. The

continual dwelling on a subject proves our ignorance of it—we discuss only that for which we are reaching out

Then, Patrick Henry knew men—he knew the workers, the toilers, the young, the old, the learned and the ignorant. He had mingled with mankind from behind the counter, the tavern bar, in court and school and in church—by the roadside, at horse-races, camp-meetings, dances and social gatherings. He was light of foot, ready of tongue, and with no thought as to respectability, and no doubts and fears regarding the bread and butter question. He had no pride, save possibly a pride in the fact that he had none. He played checkers, worked out mathematical problems in his mind to astonish the loafers, related history to instruct them—and get it straight in his own mind—and told them stories to make them laugh. It is a great misfortune to associate only with cultured people. "God loves the common people," said Lincoln, "otherwise He would not have made so many of them." Patrick Henry knew them; and is not this an education—to know Life?

¶ He knew he could move men; that he could mold their thoughts; that he could convince them and bring them over to his own way of thinking. He had done it by the hour. In the continual rural litigations, he had watched lawyers make their appeal to the jury; he had sat on these juries, and he knew he could do the trick better. Therefore, he wanted to become a lawyer.

The practice of law to him was to convince, befog, or

divert the jury; he could do it, and so he applied for permission to practice law.

He was successful from the first. His clownish ways pleased the judge, jury and spectators. His ready tongue and infinite good humor made him a favorite. There may not be much law in Justice of the Peace proceedings, but there is a certain rude equity which answers the purpose, possibly, better. And surely it is good practice for the fledgelings: the best way to learn law is to practice it. And the successful practice of the law lies almost as much in evading the law as in complying with it—I suppose we should say that softly, too. In support of the last proposition, let me say that we are dealing with P. Henry, Jr., of Virginia, arch-rebel, and a defier of law and precedent. Had he reverenced law as law, his name would have been writ in water. The reputation of the man hinges on the fact that he defied authority.

The first great speech of Patrick Henry was a defiance of the Common Law of England when it got in the way of the rights of the people. Every immortal speech ever given has been an appeal from the law of man to the Higher Law.

Patrick Henry was twenty-seven; the same age that Wendell Phillips was when he discovered himself. No one had guessed the genius of the man—least of all his parents. He himself did not know his power. The years that had gone had been fallow years—years of failure—but it was all a getting together of his forces

for the spring. Relaxation is the first requisite of strength.

The case was a forlorn hope, and Patrick Henry, the awkward but clever country pettifogger, was retained to defend the "Parsons' Cause," because he had opinions in the matter and no reputation to lose.

First, let it be known that Virginia had an Established Church, which was really the Church of England. The towns were called parishes, and the selectmen, or supervisors, were vestrymen. These vestrymen hired the rectors or preachers, and the money which paid the preachers came from taxes levied on the people.

¶ Now the standard of value in Virginia was tobacco, and the vestrymen, instead of paying the parsons in money, agreed to pay each parson sixteen thousand pounds of tobacco, with curates and bishops in proportion

But there came a bad year; the tobacco crop was ruined by a drought, and the value of the weed doubled in price.

The parsons demanded their tobacco; a bargain was a bargain; when tobacco was plentiful and cheap they had taken their quota and said nothing. Now that tobacco was scarce and high, things were merely equalized; a contract was a contract.

But the people complained. The theme was discussed in every tavern and store. There were not wanting infidels to say that the parsons should have prayed for rain, and that as they did not secure the moisture,

they were remiss. Others asked by what right shall men who do not labor demand a portion of the crop from those who plant, hoe and harvest?

Of course all good Church people, all of the really loyal citizens, argued that the Parsons were a necessary part of the state—without them society would sink into savagery—and as they did their duties, they should be paid by the people; they served, and all contracts made with them should be kept.

But the mutterings of discontent continued, and to appease the people, the House of Burgesses passed a law providing that instead of tobacco being a legal tender, all debts could be paid in money, figuring tobacco at the rate of two cents per pound. As tobacco was worth about three times this amount, it will be seen at once that this was a law made in favor of the debtor class. It cut the salaries of the rectors down just two-thirds, and struck straight at English Common Law, which provides for the sacredness of contract

The rectors combined and decided to make a test case. The Parsons vs. the People—or, more properly, "The Rev. John Maury vs. The Colony of Virginia."

Both law and equity were on the side of the Parsons. Their case was clear; only by absolutely overriding the law of England could the people win. The array of legal talent on the side of the Church included the best lawyers in the Colony—the Randolphs and other aristocrats were there.

And on the other side was Patrick Henry, the tall, lean, lank, sallow and uncouth representative of the people. Five judges were on the bench, one of whom was the father of Patrick Henry.

The matter was opened in a logical, lucid, judicial speeeh by the Hon. Jeremiah Lyon. He stated the case without passion or prejudice—there was only one side to it ❧ ❧

Then Patrick Henry arose. He began to speak; stopped, hesitated, began again, shuffled his feet, cleared his throat, and his father, on the bench, blushed for shame. The auditors thought he was going to break down—even the opposition pitied him.

Suddenly, his tall form shot up, he stepped one step forward and stood like a statue of bronze—his own father did not recognize him, he had so changed. His features were transformed from those of a clown into those of command and proud intelligence. A poise so perfect came upon him that it was ominous. He began to speak—his sentences were crystalline, sharp, clear, direct. The judges leaned forward, the audience hung breathless upon his words.

He began by showing how all wealth comes from labor applied to the land. He pictured the people at their work, showed the laborer in the field in the rains of spring, under the blaze of the summer sun, amid the frosts of autumn—bond and free working side by side with brain and brawn, to wring from the earth a scanty sustenance. He showed the homes of the poor,

the mother with babe at her breast, the girls cooking at the fire, others tending the garden—all the process of toil and travail, of patient labor and endless effort, were rapidly marshaled forth. Over against this, he unveiled the clergy in broadcloth and silken gowns, riding in carriages, seated on cushions and living a life of luxury. He turned and faced the opposition, and shook his bony finger at them in scorn and contempt. The faces of the judges grew livid; many of the Parsons, unable to endure his withering rebuke, sneaked away: the people forgot to applaud; only silence and the stinging, ringing voice of the speaker filled the air.

¶ He accused the Parsons of being the defiers of the law; the people had passed the statute; the preachers had come, asking that it be annulled. And then was voiced, I believe, for the first time in America, the truth that government exists only by the consent of the governed: that law is the crystallized opinion of the people—that the voice of the people is the voice of God—that the act of the Parsons, in seeking to override the will of the people, was treason, and should be punished. He defied the Common Law of England and appealed to the Law of God—the question of right—the question of justice—to whom does the fruit of labor belong!

Before the fiery, overpowering torrent of eloquence of the man, the reason of the judges fled. There was but one will in that assembly, and that will was the will of Patrick Henry.

IN that first great speech of his life—probably the greatest speech then ever given in Virginia—Patrick Henry committed himself irrevocably on the subject of human rights. The theme of taxation came to him in a way it never had before. Men are taxed that other men may live in idleness. Those who pay the tax must decide whether the tax is just or not—anything else is robbery. We shall see how this thought took a hold on Patrick's very life. It was the weak many against the entrenched few. He had said more than he had intended to say—he had expressed things which he never before knew that he knew. As he made truth plain to his auditors, he had clarified his own mind.

The heavens had opened before him—he was as one transformed. That outward change in his appearance only marked an inward illumination which had come to his spirit. In great oratory the appearance of the man is always changed. Men grow by throes and throbs, by leaps and bounds. The idea of "Cosmic Consciousness"—being born again—is not without its foundation in fact—the soul is in process of gestation, and when the time is ripe the new birth occurs, and will occur again and again.

Patrick Henry at once took his place among the strong men of Virginia—he was a personality that must be reckoned with in political affairs. His law practice doubled, and to keep it down he doubled his prices—with the usual effect. He then tried another expedient,

and very few lawyers indeed are strong enough to do this—he would accept no case until the fee was paid in advance. "I keep no books—my fee is so much—pay this and I will undertake your case." He accepted no contingent cases, and if he believed his client was in the wrong, he told him so, and brought about a compromise. Some enemies were made through this frank advice, but when the fight was once on, Patrick Henry was a whirlwind of wrath—he saw but one side and believed in his client's cause as though it had been written by Deity on tables of stone.

Long years after the death of Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson made some remarks about Henry's indolence, and his indisposition to write out things. A little more insight, or less prejudice, would have shown that Patrick Henry's plan was only Nature's scheme for the conservation of forces, and at the last was the highest wisdom.

By demanding the fee in advance, the business was simplified immensely. It tested the good faith of the would-be litigant, cut down the number of clients, preserved the peace, freed the secretions, aided digestion and tended to sweet sleep o' nights.

Litigation is a luxury that must be paid for—by the other fellow, we expect when we begin, but later we find we are it. If the lawyers would form a union and agree not to listen to any man's tale of woe until he placed a hundred dollars in the attorney's ginger jar, it would be a benefit untold to humanity. Contingent

fees and blackmail have much in common. ¶ A man who could speak in public like Patrick Henry was destined for a political career. A vacancy in the State Legislature occurring, the tide of events carried him in. Hardly had he taken the oath and been seated before the house resolved itself into a Committee of the Whole to consider the Stamp Act. Mutterings from New England had been heard, but Virginia was inclined to abide by the acts of the Mother Country, gaining merely such modifications as could be brought about by modest argument and respectful petition. And in truth let it be stated that the Mother Country had not shown herself blind to the rights of the Colonies, nor deaf to their prayers—the aristocrats of Virginia usually got what they wanted. ¶ The Stamp Act was up for discussion—the gavel rapped for order and the Speaker declared the house in session.

"Mr. Speaker," rang out a high, clear voice. It was the voice of the new member. Inadvertently he was recognized and had the floor. There was a little more "senatorial courtesy" then than now in deliberative bodies, and one of the unwritten laws of the Virginia Legislature was that no member during his first session should make an extended speech or take an active part in the business of the house.

"Sir, I present for the consideration of this House the following resolutions." And the new member read seven resolutions he had scrawled off on the fly leaves of a convenient law book.

As he read, the older members winced and writhed. Peyton Randolph cursed him under his breath. This audacious youth in buckskin shirt and leather breeches was assuming the leadership of the House. His audacity was unprecedented! Here are Numbers Five, Six, and Seven of the Resolutions—these give the meat of the matter:

Resolved, That the general assembly of this colony has the only and sole exclusive right and power to lay taxes and impositions upon the inhabitants of this colony; and that every attempt to vest such power in any person or persons whatsoever, other than the general assembly aforesaid, has a manifest tendency to destroy British as well as American freedom.

Resolved, That His Majesty's liege people, the inhabitants of this colony, are not bound to yield obedience to any law or ordinance whatever, designed to impose any taxation whatsoever upon them, other than the laws or ordinances of the general assembly aforesaid.

Resolved, That any person who shall, by speaking or writing, assert or maintain that any person or persons, other than the general assembly of this colony, have any right or power to impose or lay any taxation on the people here, shall be deemed an enemy to His Majesty's colony.

As the uncouth member ceased to read, there went up a howl of disapproval. But the resolutions were launched, and according to the rules of the House they could be argued, and in order to be repudiated, must be voted upon.

Patrick Henry stood almost alone. Pitted against him

was the very flower of Virginia's age and intellect. Logic, argument, abuse, raillery and threat were heaped upon his head. He stood like adamant and answered shot for shot. It was the speech in the "Parsons' Cause" multiplied by ten—the theme was the same—the right to confiscate the results of labor. Before the debater had ceased, couriers were carrying copies of Patrick Henry's resolutions to New England. Every press printed them—the people were aroused, and the name of Patrick Henry became known in every cot and cabin throughout the Colonies. He was the mouthpiece of the plain people; what Samuel Adams stood for in New England, Patrick Henry hurled in voice of thunder at the heads of aristocrats in Virginia. He lighted the fuse of rebellion.

One passage in that first encounter in the Virginia Legislature has become deathless. Hacknied though it be, it can never grow old. Referring to the injustice of the Stamp Act, Patrick Henry reached the climax of his speech in these words: "Caesar had his Brutus; Charles the First, his Cromwell; & George the Third—" "Treason," shouted the Speaker, and the gavel splintered the desk. "Treason! treason," came in roars from all over the house. Patrick Henry paused, proud and defiant, waiting for the tumult to subside—"And George the Third may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it!" And he took his seat.

¶ The resolutions were put to a vote and carried. Again Patrick Henry had won.

BY a singular coincidence, on the same day that Patrick Henry, of his own accord, introduced those resolutions at Williamsburg, a mass meeting was held in Boston to consider the same theme, and similar resolutions were passed. There was this difference, however—Patrick Henry flung his reasons into the teeth of an intrenched opposition and fought the fight single-handed, while in Boston the resolutions were read and passed by an assembly that had met for no other purpose.

Patrick Henry's triumph was heralded throughout New England and gave strength and courage to those of feeble knees. From a Colonial he sprang into national fame, and his own words, "I am not a Virginian—I am an American!" went ringing through New England hills

Meantime, Patrick Henry went back to his farm and law office. His wife rejoiced in his success, laughed with him at his mishaps and was always the helpful, uncomplaining comrade, and as he himself expressed it, "My best friend." And when he would get back home from one of his trips, the neighbors would gather to hear from his own lips about what he had done & said. He was still the unaffected countryman, seemingly careless, happy and indolent. It was on the occasion of one of these family gatherings that a contemporary saw him and wrote, "In mock complaint he exclaimed, 'How can I play the fiddle with two babies on each knee and three on my back!'"

So the years went by in work, play and gradually widening fame. Patrick Henry grew with his work—the years gave him dignity—gradually the thought of his heart 'graved its lines upon his face. The mouth became firm and the entire look of the man was that of earnest resolution. Fate was pushing him on. What once was only whispered, he had voiced in trumpet tones; the thought of liberty was being openly expressed even in pulpits.

He had been returned to the Legislature, was a member of the Continental Congress, and rode horseback side by side with Washington and Pendleton to Philadelphia, as told at length in Washington's diary.

In his utterances he was a little less fiery, but in his heart, everybody who knew him at all realized that there dwelt the thought of liberty for the Colonies. John Adams wrote to Abigail that Patrick Henry looked like a Quaker preacher turned Presbyterian.

A year later came what has been rightly called the third great speech of Henry's life, the speech at the Revolutionary Convention at Richmond. Good people often expect to hear oratory at a banquet, a lyceum lecture, or in a Sunday sermon, but oratory is neither lecture, talk, harangue, declamation nor preaching. Of course we say that the great speech is the one that has been given many times, but the fact is, the great speech is never given but once.

The time is ripe—the hour arrives—mighty issues tremble in the balances. The auditors are not there to

be amused nor instructed—they have not stopped at the box-office and paid good money to have their senses alternately lulled and tittilated—no! The question is that of liberty or bondage, life or death—passion is in the saddle,—hate and prejudice are sweeping events into a maelstrom,—and now is the time for oratory! Such occasions are as rare as the birth of stars. A man stands before you—it is no time for fine phrasing—no time for pose or platitude. Self-consciousness is swallowed up in purpose. He is as calm as the waters above the Rapids of Niagara, as composed as a lioness before she makes her spring. Intensity measures itself in perfect poise. And Patrick Henry arises to speak. Those who love the man pray for him in breathless silence, and the many who hate him in their hearts, curse him. Pale faces grow paler, throats swallow hard, hands clutch at nothing and open and shut in nervous spasms. It is the hour of fate. Patrick Henry speaks:

MR. PRESIDENT: It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of the siren until she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who having eyes see not, and having ears hear not the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know

the whole truth; to know the worst & to provide for it. ¶ I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British Ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and this house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation —the last arguments to which kings resort. I say, gentlemen, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can you assign any other possible motive for it? Has Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British Ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? what terms shall we find which have

not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, deceive ourselves longer.

Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the Ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three mil-

lions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations; and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged; their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace; but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

LIFE is a gradual death. There are animals and insects that die on the instant of the culmination of the act for which they were created. Success is death, and death, if you have bargained wisely with fate, is victory.

Patrick Henry, with his panther's strength and nerves of steel, had thrown his life into a Cause—that Cause

had won, and now the lassitude of dissolution crept into his veins. We hear of hair growing white in a single day, and we know that men may round out a life-work in an hour. Oratory, like all of God's greatest gifts, is bought with a price. The abandon of the orator is the spending of his divine heritage for a purpose.

Patrick Henry had given himself. Even in his law business he was the conscientious servant, and having undertaken a cause, he put his soul into it. Shame upon those who call this man indolent! He often did in a day—between the rising of the sun and its setting—what others spread out thin over a life-time and then fail to accomplish.

And now virtue had gone out from him. Four times had Virginia elected him Governor; he had served his state well, and on the fifth nomination he had declined. When Washington wished to make him his Secretary of State, he smiled and shook his head, and to the entreaty that he be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, he said that there were others who could fill the place better, but he knew of no one who could manage his farm.

And so he again became the country lawyer, looked after his plantation, attended to the education of his children, told stories to the neighbors who came and sat on the veranda—now and again went to rustic parties, played the violin, and the voice that had cried, "Give me liberty or give me death," called off for the merry dancers as in the days of old.

In 1799, at the personal request of Washington, who needed, or thought he needed, a strong advocate at the Capitol, Patrick Henry ran for the Legislature. He was elected, but before the day arrived when he was to take his seat, he sickened and died, surrounded by his stricken family. Those who knew him, loved him—those who did not love him, did not know him.
And a Nation mourned his taking off.



HERE ENDETH THE LITTLE JOURNEY TO THE HOME OF PATRICK HENRY: WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUBBARD. THE BORDERS, INITIALS AND ORNAMENTS DESIGNED BY SAMUEL WARNER, PRESSWORK BY LOUIS SCHELL, & THE WHOLE DONE INTO A BOOK BY THE ROYCROFTERS AT THEIR SHOP, WHICH IS IN EAST AURORA, IN THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER, IN THE YEAR MCMIII.

Little Journeys

TO THE HOMES OF EMINENT ORATORS

STARR KING

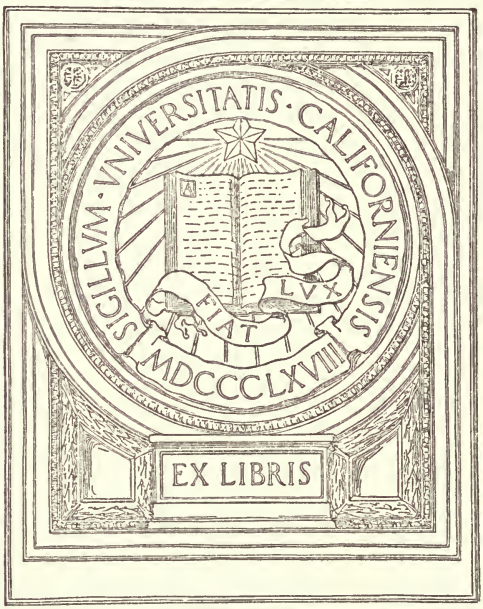
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By ELBERT HUBBARD



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Dr. Robert T. Sutherland



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Little Journeys

To the Homes of

EMINENT ORATORS

King

Written by Elbert Hubbard & done into a Book by the Roycrofters at the Shop, which is in East Aurora, New York, A. D. 1903

Sutherland bookplate

THE chief difference between a wise man and an ignorant one is, not that the first is acquainted with regions invisible to the second, away from common sight and interest, but that he understands the common things which the second only sees.

—SIGHT AND INSIGHT.

IF you had chanced to live in Boston in the early Nineties, alert for all good things in a mental and spiritual way, you would have made the Sundays sacred to Minot Savage, Phillips Brooks and Edward Everett Hale.

Emerson says that if you know a clergyman's sect and behold his livery, in spite of all his show of approaching the subject without prejudice, you know beforehand exactly to what conclusions he will come. This is what robs most sermons of their interest. Preaching, like humor, must have in it the element of surprise. I remember with what a thrill of delight I would sit and watch Minot Savage unwind his logic and then gently weave it into a fabric. The man was not afraid to follow a reason to its lair. He had a way of saying the thing for the first time—it came as a personal message, contradicting, possibly, all that had been said before on the subject, oblivious of precedent.

I once saw a man with a line around his waist leap from a stranded ship into the sea, and strike out boldly for the shore. The thrill of admiration for the act was unforgetable.

The joy of beholding a strong and valiant thinker plunge into a theme is an event. Will he make the shore? or will he go down to defeat before these thousands of spectators?

When Minot Savage ceased to speak, you knew he had won—he had brought the line safely to shore and made all secure.

Or, if you have heard Rabbi Hirsch or Felix Adler, you know the feeling. These men make a demand upon you—you play out the line for them, and when all is secure, there is a relief which shows you have been under an intense strain. To paraphrase Browning, they offer no substitute, to an idle man, for a cushioned chair and cigar.

Phillips Brooks made small demand upon his auditors. If I heard Minot Savage in the morning and got wound up tight, as I always did, I went to Vespers at Trinity Church for rest.

The soft, sweet playing of the organ, the subdued lights, the far-away voices of the choir, and finally the earnest words of the speaker, worked a psychic spell. The sermon began nowhere and ended nowhere—the speaker was a great, gentle personality, with a heart of love for everybody and everything. We have heard of the old lady who would go miles to hear her pastor pronounce the word Mesopotamia, but he put no more soul into it than did Phillips Brooks. The service was all a sort of lullaby for tired souls—healing and helpful.

¶ But as after every indulgence there comes a minor

strain of dissatisfaction following the awakening, so it was here—it was beautiful while it lasted. Then eight o'clock would come and I would be at Edward Everett Hale's. This sturdy old man with his towering form, rugged face and echoing bass voice, would open up the stops and give his blessed "Mesopotamia" like a trumpet-call. He never worked the soft pedal. His first words always made me think of "Boots and Saddles!" Be a man—do something. Why stand ye here all the day idle!

And there was love and entreaty, too, but it never lulled you into forgetfulness. There was intellect, but it did not ask you to follow it. The dear old man did not wind in and out among the sinuosities of thought—no, he was right out on the broad prairie, under the open sky, sounding "Boots and Saddles!"

In Dr. Hale's church is a most beautiful memorial window to Thomas Starr King, who was at one time the pastor of this church. I remember Dr. Hale once rose and pointing to that window, said, "That window is in memory of a man! But how vain a window, how absurd a monument if the man had not left his impress upon the hearts of humanity! That beautiful window only mirrors our memories of the individual."

And then Dr. Hale talked, just talked for an hour about Starr King.

Dr. Hale has given that same talk or sermon every year for thirty years: I have heard it three times, but never twice exactly alike. I have tried to get a printed

copy of the address, but have so far failed. Yet this is sure: you cannot hear Dr. Hale tell of Starr King without a feeling that King was a most royal specimen of humanity, and a wish down deep in your heart that you, too, might reflect some of the sterling virtues that he possessed.

STARR KING died in California in 1864. In Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, is his statue in bronze. In the First Unitarian Church of San Francisco is a tablet to his memory; in the Unitarian Church at Oakland are many loving tokens to his personality; and in the State House at Sacramento is his portrait and an engrossed copy of resolutions passed by the Legislature at the time of his death, wherein he is referred to as "the man whose matchless oratory saved California to the Union."

"Who was Starr King?" I once asked Dr. Charles H. Leonard of Tufts College. And the saintly old man lifted his eyes as if in prayer of thankfulness and answered, "Starr King! Starr King! He was the gentlest and strongest, the most gifted soul I ever knew—I bless God that I lived just to know Starr King!"

Not long after this I asked the same question of Dr. C. A. Bartol that I had asked Dr. Leonard, and the reply was, "He was a man who proved the possible—in point of temper and talent, the most virile personality that New England has produced. We call Webster

our greatest orator, but this man surpassed Webster: he had a smile that was a benediction; a voice that was a caress. We admired Webster, but Starr King we loved: one convinced our reason, the other captured our hearts."

THE Oriental custom of presenting a thing to the friend who admires it, symbols a very great truth. If you love a thing well enough, you make it yours

Culture is a matter of desire; knowledge is to be had for the asking; and education is yours if you want it. All men should have a college education in order that they may know its worthlessness. George William Curtis was a very prince of gentlemen, and as an orator he won by his manner and by his gentle voice fully as much as by the orderly procession of his thoughts.

"O, what is it in me that makes me tremble so at voices! Whoever speaks to me in the right voice, him or her will I follow," says Walt Whitman.

If you have ever loved a woman and you care to go back to May-time and try to analyze the why and the wherefore, you probably will not be able to locate the why and the wherefore, but this negative truth you will discover: you were not won by logic. Of course you admired the woman's intellect—it sort of matched your own, and in loving her you complimented yourself, for thus by love and admiration do we prove our

kinship with the thing loved. ¶ But intellect alone is too cold to fuse the heart. Something else is required, and for lack of a better word we call it "personality." This glowing, winning personality that inspires confidence and trust is a bouquet of virtues, the chief flower of which is Right Intent—honesty may be a bit old-fashioned, but do not try to leave it out.

George William Curtis and Starr King had a frank, wide-open, genuine quality that disarmed prejudice right at the start. And both were big enough so that they never bemoaned the fact that Fate had sent them to the University of Hard Knocks instead of matriculating them at Harvard.

I once heard George William Curtis speak at St. James Hall, Buffalo, on Civil Service Reform—a most appalling subject with which to hold a "popular audience." He was introduced by the Hon. Sherman S. Rogers, a man who was known for ten miles up the creek as the greatest orator in Erie County. After the speech of introduction, Curtis stepped to the front, laid on the reading-desk a bundle of manuscript, turned one page, and began to talk. He talked for two hours, and never once again referred to his manuscript—we thought he had forgotten it. He himself tells somewhere of Edward Everett doing the same. It is fine to have a thing and still show that you do not need it. The style of Curtis was in such marked contrast to the blue-grass article represented by Rogers, that it seemed a rebuke. One was florid, declamatory, strong, full of

reasons: the other was keyed low—it was so melodious, so gently persuasive that we were thrown off our guard and did n't know we had imbibed rank heresy until we were told so the next day by a man who was not there. As the speaker closed, an old lady seated near me, sighed softly, adjusted her paisley shawl and said, "That was the finest address I ever heard, excepting one given in this very hall in 1859 by Starr King." ❧ ❧

And I said, "Well, a speech that you can remember for twenty-five years must have been a good one!" ¶ "It was n't the address so much as the man," answered this mother in Israel, and she heaved another small sigh. ¶ And therein did the good old lady drop a confession. I doubt me much whether any woman will remember any speech for a week—she just remembers the man.

And this applies pretty nearly as much to men, too. Is there sex in spirit? Hardly. Thoreau says the character of Jesus was essentially feminine. Herbert Spencer avers, "The high intuitive quality which we call genius is largely feminine in character." "Starr King was the child of his mother, and his best qualities were feminine," said the Rev. E. H. Chapin.

When Starr King's father died the boy was fifteen. There were five younger children and Starr was made man of the house by Destiny's acclaim. Responsibility ripens. This slim, slender youth became a man in a

day. ¶ The father had been the pastor of the Charlestown Universalist Church. I suppose it is hardly necessary to take a page and prove that this clergyman in an unpopular church did not leave a large fortune to his family. In truth, he left a legacy of debts. Starr King, the boy of fifteen, left school and became clerk in a dry goods store. The mother cared for her household and took in sewing.

Joshua Bates, master of the Winthrop school, describes Starr King as he was when the father's death cut off his school days: "Slight of build, golden haired, active, agile, with a homely face which everybody thought was handsome on account of the beaming eyes, the winning smile and the earnest desire of always wanting to do what was best and right."

This kind of a boy gets along all right anywhere—God is on his side. The hours in the dry goods store were long, and on Saturday nights it was nearly midnight before Starr would reach home. But there was a light in the window for him, even if whale oil was scarce; and the mother was at her sewing. Together they ate their midnight lunch, and counted the earnings of the week

And the surprise of both that they were getting a living and paying off the debts sort of cleared the atmosphere of its gloom.

In Burke's "Essay on the Sublime," he speaks of the quiet joy that comes through calamity when we discover that the calamity has not really touched us. The

death of a father who leaves a penniless widow and a hungry brood, comes at first as a shock—the heavens are darkened and hope has fled.

I know a man who was in a railroad wreck—the sleeping-car in which he rode left the track and rolled down an embankment. There was a black interval of horror, and then this man found himself, clad in his under-clothes, standing on the upturned car, looking up at the Pleiades and this thought in his mind, "What beauty and peace are in these winter heavens!" The calamity had come—he was absolutely untouched—he was locating the constellations and surprised and happy in his ability to enjoy them.

Starr King and his mother sipped their midnight tea and grew jolly over the thought of their comfortable home; they were clothed and fed, the children well and sleeping soundly in baby abandon up-stairs, the debts were being paid. They laughed, did this mother and son, really laughed aloud, when only a month before they had thought that only gloom and misery could ever again be theirs.

They laughed!

And soon the young man's salary was increased—people liked to trade with him—customers came and asked that he might wait on them. He sold more goods than any one in his department, and yet he never talked things onto people. He was alert, affable, kindly, and anticipated the wishes and wants of his customers without being subservient, fawning or domineering.

¶ This kind of a helper is needed everywhere—the one who gives a willing hand, who puts soul into his service, who brings a glow of good-cheer into all of his relations with men.

The doing things with a hearty enthusiasm is often what makes the doer a marked person and his deeds effective. The most ordinary service is dignified when it is performed in that spirit. Every employer wants those who work for him to put heart and mind into the toil. He soon picks out those whose souls are in their service, and gives them evidence of his appreciation. They do not need constant watching. He can trust them in his absence, and so the places of honor and profit naturally gravitate to them.

The years went by, and one fine day Starr King was twenty years of age. All of the debts were paid, the children were going to school, and mother and son faced the world from the vantage ground of success. Starr had quit the dry goods trade and gone to teaching school on less salary, so as to get more leisure for study

Incidentally he kept books at the Navy Yard.

About this time Theodore Parker wrote to a friend in Malden, "I cannot come to preach for you as I would like, but with your permission I will send Thomas Starr King. This young man is not a regularly ordained preacher, but he has the grace of God in his heart, and the gift of tongues. He is a rare sweet spirit, and I know that after you have met him you will thank me

for sending him to you." ¶ Then soon we hear of Starr King's being invited to Medford to give a Fourth of July oration, and also of his speaking in the Universalist churches at Cambridge, Waltham, Watertown, Hingham and Salem—sent to these places by Dr. E. H. Chapin, pastor of the Charlestown Universalist Church, and successor to the Rev. Thomas F. King, father of Starr King.

Starr seems to have served as sort of an assistant to Chapin, and thereby revealed his talent and won the heart of the great man. Edwin Hubbell Chapin was only ten years older than Starr King, and at that time had not really discovered himself, but in discovering another he found himself. Twenty years later Beecher and Chapin were to rival each other for first place as America's greatest pulpit orator. These men were always fast friends, yet when they met at convention or conference folks came for miles to see the fire fly. "Where are you going?" once asked Beecher of Chapin when they met by chance on Broadway. "Where am I going?" repeated Chapin, "why, if you are right in what you preach, you know where I am going." But only a few years were to pass before Chapin said in public in Beecher's presence, "I am jealous of Mr. Beecher—he preaches a better Universalist sermon than I can." Chapin made his mark upon the time: his sermons read as though they were written yesterday, and carry with them a deal of the swing and onward sweep that are usually lost when the

orator attempts to write. But if Chapin had done nothing else but discover Starr King, the dry goods clerk, rescue him from the clutch of commerce and back him on the orator's platform, he deserves the gratitude of generations. And all this I say as a business man who fully recognizes that commerce is just as honorable and a deal more necessary than oratory. But there were other men to sell thread and calico, and God had special work for Thomas Starr King.

Chapin was a graduate of Bennington Seminary, the school that also graduated the father of Robert Ingersoll. On Chapin's request Theodore Parker, himself a Harvard man, sent Starr King over to Cambridge to preach. Boston was a college town—filled with college traditions, and when one thinks of sending out this untaught stripling to address college men, we cannot but admire the temerity of both Chapin and Parker. "He has never attended a Divinity School," writes Chapin to Deacon Obadiah B. Queer of Quincy, "but he is educated just the same. He speaks Greek, Hebrew, French, German, and fairly good English, as you will see. He knows natural history and he knows humanity; and if one knows man and Nature, he comes pretty close to knowing God."

Where did this dry goods clerk get his education? Ah, I 'll tell you—he got his education as the lion's whelp gets his. The lioness does not send her cubs away to a lioness that has no cubs in order that he may be taught. The lion-nature gets what it needs with its

mother's milk and by doing. ¶ Schools and colleges are cumbrous make-shifts, often forcing truth on pupils out of season, and thus making lessons grievous. "The soul knows all things," says Emerson, "and knowledge is only a remembering." "When the time is ripe, men know," wrote Hegel. At the last we cannot teach anything—nothing is imparted. We cannot make the plants and flowers grow—all we can do is to supply the conditions, and God does the rest. In education we can only supply the conditions for growth—we cannot impart, nor force the germs to unfold. ¶ Starr King's mother was his teacher. Together they read good books, and discussed great themes. She read for him and he studied for her. She did not treat him as a child—things that interested her she told to him. The sunshine of her soul was reflected upon his, and thus did he grow. I know a woman whose children will be learned, even though they never enter a school room. This woman is a companion to her children and her mind vitalizes theirs. This does not mean that we should at once do away with schools and colleges, but it does reveal the possible. To read and then discuss with a strong and sympathetic intellect what you read is to make the thought your own—it is a form of exercise that brings growth.

Starr King's mother was not a wonderful nor famous person—I find no mention of her in Society's Doings of the day—nothing of her dress or equipage. If she was "superbly gowned," we do not know it; if she

was ever one of the "unbonneted," history is silent. All we know is, that together they read Bullfinch's Mythology, Grote's History of Greece, Plutarch, Dante and Shakespeare. We know that she placed a light in the window for him to make his home-coming cheerful, that together they sipped their midnight tea, that together they laughed, and sometimes wept—but not for long.

IN 1846 Chapin was thirty-two years old. Starr King was twenty-two. A call had reached Chapin to come up higher; but he refused to leave the old church at Charlestown unless Starr King was to succeed him. To place a young man in the position of pastor where he has sat in the pews, his feet not reaching the floor, is most trying. Starr King knew every individual man, woman and child in the church, and they had known him since babyhood. In appearance he was but a boy, and the dignity that is supposed to send conviction home was entirely wanting. ¶ But Chapin had his way and the boy was duly ordained and installed as pastor of the First Universalist Church of Charlestown.

The new pastor fully expected his congregation to give him "absent treatment," but instead, the audience grew—folks even came over from Boston to hear the boy preacher. His sermons were carefully written, and dealt in the simple, everyday lessons of life. To

Starr King this world is paradise enow; it 's the best place of which we know, and the way for man to help himself is to try and make it a better place. There is a flavor of Theodore Parker in those early sermons, a trace of Thoreau and much tincture of Emerson—and all this was to the credit of the boy preacher. His woman's mind absorbed things.

About that time Boston was in very fact the intellectual hub of America. Emerson was forty-three, his "Nature" had been published anonymously, and although it took eight years to sell this edition of five hundred copies, the author was in demand as a lecturer, and in some places society conceded him respectable. Wendell Phillips was addressing audiences that alternately applauded and jeered. Thoreau had discovered the Merrimac & explored Walden Woods; little Dr. Holmes was peregrinating in his One Hoss Shay, vouchsafing the confidences of his boarding house; Lowell was beginning to violate the rules of rhetoric; Whittier was making his plea for the runaway slave; and throughout New England the Lecture Lyceum was feeling its way.

A lecture course was then no vaudeville—five concerts and two lectures to take off the curse—not that! The speakers supplied strong meat for men. The stars in the lyceum sky were Emerson, Chapin, Beecher, Holmes, Bartol, Phillips, Ballou, Everett, and Lowell. These men made the New England Lyceum a vast pulpit of free speech and advanced thought. And to a

degree the Lyceum made these men what they were. They influenced the times and were influenced by the times. They were in competition with each other. A pace had been set, a record made, and the audiences that gathered expected much. An audience gets just what it deserves and no more. If you have listened to a poor speech, blame yourself.

In the life of George Francis Train, he tells that in 1840 Emerson spoke in Waltham for five dollars and four quarts of oats for his horse—now he received twenty-five dollars. Chapin got the same, and when the Committee could not afford this, he referred them to Starr King, who would lecture for five dollars and supply his own horse-feed.

Two years went by and calls came for Starr King to come up higher. Worcester would double his salary if he would take a year's course at the Harvard Divinity school. Starr showed the letter to Chapin, and both laughed. Worcester was satisfied with Starr King as he was, but what would Springfield say if they called a man who had no theological training? And then it was that Chapin said, "Divinity is not taught in the Harvard Divinity School," which sounds like a paraphrase of Ernest Renan's, "You will find God anywhere but in a theological seminary."

King declined the call to Worcester, but harkened to one from the Hollis Street Church of Boston. He went over from Universalism to Unitarianism and still remained a Universalist—and this created quite a dust

among the theologs. Little men love their denomination with a jealous love—truth is secondary—they see microscopic difference where big men behold only unity

It was about this time that Starr King pronounced this classic: "The difference between Universalism and Unitarianism is that Universalists believe that God is too good to damn them; and the Unitarians believe that they are too good to be damned."

At the Hollis Street Church this stripling of twenty-four now found himself being compared with the foremost preachers of America. And the man grew with his work, rising to the level of events. It was at the grave of Oliver Wendell Holmes that Edward Everett Hale said: "The five men who have influenced the literary and intellectual thought of America most, believed in their own divinity no less than in the divinity of Jesus of Nazareth."

The destiny of the liberal church is not to become strong and powerful, but to make all other denominations more liberal. When Chapin accused Beecher of preaching Universalist sermons, it was a home thrust, because Beecher would never have preached such sermons had not Murray, Ballou, Theodore Parker, Chapin, and Starr King done so first—and Beecher supplied the goods called for.

Starr King's voice was deep, melodious and far-reaching, and it was not an acquired "Bishop's voice"—it was his own. The biggest basso I ever heard was just

five feet high and weighed one hundred and twenty in his stockings; Brignoli, the tenor, weighed two hundred and forty. Avoirdupois as a rule lessens the volume of the voice and heightens the register—you can't have both adipose and chest tone. Webster and Starr King had voices very much alike, and Webster, by the way, was n't the big man physically that the school readers proclaim. It was his gigantic head and the royal way he carried himself that made the Liverpool stevedores say, "There goes the King of America."

¶ There was no pomposity about Starr King. Dr. Bartol has said that when King lectured in a new town his homely, boyish face always caused a small spasm of disappointment, or merriment, to sweep over the audience. But when he spoke he was a transformed being, and his deep, mellow voice would hush the most inveterate whisperers.

For eleven years Starr King remained pastor of the Hollis Street Church. During the last years of his pastorate he was much in demand as a lecturer, and his voice was heard in all the principal cities as far west as Chicago

His lecture, "Substance and Show," deserves to rank with Wendell Phillips' "The Lost Arts." In truth it is very much like Phillips' lecture. In "The Lost Arts" Phillips tells in easy conversational way of the wonderful things that once existed; and Starr King relates in the same manner the story of some of the wonderful things that are right here and all around us.

It reveals the mind of the man, his manner and thought, as well as any of his productions. The great speech is an evolution, and this lecture, given many times in the Eastern States under various titles, did not touch really high-water mark until King reached California and had cut loose from manuscript and tradition. An extract seems in order:

Most persons, doubtless, if you place before them a paving-stone and a slip of paper with some writing on it, would not hesitate to say that there is as much more substance in the rock than in the paper as there is heaviness. Yet they might make a great mistake. Suppose that the slip of paper contains the sentence, "God is love"; or, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself"; or, "All men have moral rights by reason of heavenly parentage," then the paper represents more force and substance than the stone. Heaven and earth may pass away, but such words can never die out or become less real.

The word "substance" means that which stands under and supports anything else. Whatever then creates, upholds, classifies anything which our senses behold, though we cannot handle, see, taste, or smell it, is more substantial than the object itself. In this way the soul which vivifies, moves, and supports the body, is a more potent substance than the hard bones and heavy flesh which it vitalizes. A ten-pound weight falling on your head affects you unpleasantly as substance, much more so than a leaf of the New Testament, if dropped in the same direction; but there is a way in which a page of the New Testament may fall upon a nation and split it, or infuse itself into its bulk and give it strength and permanence. We should be

careful, therefore, what test we adopt in order to decide the relative stability of things.

There is a very general tendency to deny that ideal forces have any practical power. But there have been several thinkers whose scepticism has an opposite direction. "We cannot," they say, "attribute external reality to the sensations we feel." We need not wonder that this theory has failed to convince the unmetaphysical common sense of people that a stone post is merely a stubborn thought, and that the bite of a dog is nothing but an acquaintance with a pugnacious, four-footed conception. When a man falls down stairs it is not easy to convince him that his thought simply tumbles along an inclined series of perceptions and comes to a conclusion that breaks his head; least of all, can you induce a man to believe that the scolding of his wife is nothing but the buzzing of his own waspish thoughts, and her too free use of his purse only the loss of some golden fancies from his memory. We are all safe against such idealism as Bishop Berkeley reasoned out so logically. Byron's refutation of it is neat and witty:

> When Bishop Berkeley says there is no matter,
> It is no matter what Bishop Berkeley says.

And yet, by more satisfactory evidence than that which the idealists propose, we are warned against confounding the conception of substance with matter, and confining it to things we can see and grasp. Science steps in and shows us that the physical system of things leans on spirit. We talk of the world of matter, but there is no such world. Everything about us is a mixture or marriage of matter and spirit. A world of matter—there would be no motion, no force, no form, no order, no beauty, in the universe as it now is; organization meets us at every step and wherever we look;

organization implies spirit,—something that rules, disposes, penetrates and vivifies matter.

See what a sermon astronomy preaches as to the substantial power of invisible things. If the visible universe is so stupendous, what shall we think of the unseen force and vitality in whose arms all its splendors rest? It is no gigantic Atlas, as the Greeks fancied, that upholds the celestial sphere; all the constellations are kept from falling by an impalpable energy that uses no muscles and no masonry. The ancient mathematician, Archimedes, once said, "Give me a foot of ground outside the globe to stand upon, and I will make a lever that will lift the world." The invisible lever of gravitation, however, without any fulcrum or purchase, does lift the globe, and makes it waltz, too, with its blonde lunar partner, twelve hundred miles a minute to the music of the sun,—ay, and heaves sun and systems and Milky Way in majestic cotillions on its ethereal floor.

You grasp an iron ball, and call it hard; it is not the iron that is hard, but cohesive force that packs the particles of metal into intense sociability. Let the force abate, and the same metal becomes like mush; let it disappear, and the ball is a heap of powder which your breath scatters in the air. If the cohesive energy in nature should get tired and unclench its grasp of matter, our earth would instantly become "a great slump"; so that which we tread on is not material substance, but matter braced up by a spiritual substance, for which it serves as the form and show.

All the peculiarities of rock and glass, diamond, ice and crystal, are due to the working of unseen military forces that employ themselves under ground,—in caverns, beneath rivers, in mountain crypts, and through the coldest nights, drilling companies of atoms into

crystalline battalions and squares, and every caprice of a fantastic order.

When we turn to the vegetable kingdom, is not the revelation still more wonderful? The forms which we see grow out of substances and are supported by forces which we do not see. The stuff out of which all vegetable appearances are made is reducible to oxygen, hydrogen, carbon and nitrogen. How does it happen that this common stock is worked up in such different ways? Why is a lily woven out of it in one place and a dahlia in another, a grape-vine here, and a honeysuckle there,—the orange in Italy, the palm in Egypt, the olive in Greece, and the pine in Maine? Simply because a subtile force of a peculiar kind is at work wherever any vegetable structure adorns the ground, and takes to itself its favorite robe. We have outgrown the charming fancy of the Greeks that every tree has its Dryad that lives in it, animates it, and dies when the tree withers. But we ought, for the truth's sake, to believe that a life-spirit inhabits every flower and shrub, and protects it against the prowling forces of destruction. Look at a full-sized oak, the rooted Leviathan of the fields. Judging by your senses and by the scales, you would say that the substance of the noble tree was its bulk of bark and bough and branch and leaves and sap, the cords of woody and moist matter that compose it and make it heavy. But really its substance is that which makes it an oak, that which weaves its bark and glues it to the stem, and wraps its rings of fresh wood around the trunk every year, and pushes out its boughs and clothes its twigs with breathing leaves and sucks up nutriment from the soil continually, and makes the roots clench the ground with their fibrous fingers as a purchase against the storm, and at last holds aloft its tons of matter against the constant

tug and wrath of gravitation, and swings its Briarean arms in triumph, in defiance of the gale. Were it not for this energetic essence that crouches in the acorn and stretches its limbs every year, there would be no oak; the matter that clothes it would enjoy its stupid slumber; and when the forest monarch stands up in his sinewy lordliest pride, let the pervading life-power, and its vassal forces that weigh nothing at all, be annihilated, and the whole structure would wither in a second to inorganic dust. So every gigantic fact in nature is the index and vesture of a gigantic force. Everything which we call organization that spots the landscape of nature is a revelation of secret force that has been wedded to matter, and if the spiritual powers that have thus domesticated themselves around us should be cancelled, the whole planet would be a huge Desert of Sahara,—a bleak sand-ball without shrub, grass-blade, or moss.

As we rise in the scale of forces towards greater subtility the forces become more important and efficient. Water is more intimately concerned with life than rock, air higher in the rank of service than water, electric and magnetic agencies more powerful than air: and light, the most delicate, is the supreme magician of all. Just think how much expenditure of mechanical strength is necessary to water a city in the hot summer months. What pumping and tugging and wearisome trudging of horses with the great sprinklers over the tedious pavement! But see by what beautiful and noiseless force nature waters the world! The sun looks steadily on the ocean, and its beams lift lakes of water into the air, tossing it up thousands of feet with their delicate fingers, and carefully picking every grain of salt from it before they let it go. No granite reservoirs are needed to hold in the Cochituates and Cro-

tons of the atmosphere, but the soft outlines of the clouds hem in the vast weight of the upper tides that are to cool the globe, and the winds harness themselves as steeds to the silken caldrons and hurry them along through space, while they disburse their rivers of moisture from their great height so lightly that seldom a violet is crushed by the rudeness with which the stream descends.

Our conceptions of strength and endurance are so associated with visible implements and mechanical arrangements that it is hard to divorce them, and yet the stream of electric fire that splits an ash is not a ponderable thing, and the way in which the loadstone reaches the ten-pound weight and makes it jump is not perceptible. You would think the man had pretty good molars that should gnaw a spike like a stick of candy, but a bottle of innocent-looking hydrogen gas will chew up a piece of bar-iron as though it were some favorite Cavendish.

The prominent lesson of science to men, therefore, is faith in the intangible and invisible. Shall we talk of matter as the great reality of the world, the prominent substance? It is nothing but the battle-ground of terrific forces. Every particle of matter, the chemists tell us, is strained up to its last degree of endurance. The glistening bead of dew from which the daisy gently nurses its strength, and which a sunbeam may dissipate, is the globular compromise of antagonistic powers that would shake this building in their unchained rage. And so every atom of matter is the slave of imperious masters that never let it alone. It is nursed and caressed, next bandied about, and soon cuffed and kicked by its invisible overseers. Poor atoms! no abolition societies will ever free them from their bondage, no colonization movement waft them to any physical

Liberia. For every particle of matter is bound by eternal fealty to some spiritual lords, to be pinched by one and squeezed by another and torn asunder by a third; now to be painted by this and now blistered by that; now tormented with heat and soon chilled with cold; hurried from the Arctic Circle to sweat at the Equator, and then sent on an errand to the Southern Pole; forced through transmigrations of fish, fowl and flesh; and, if in some corner of creation the poor thing finds leisure to die, searched out and whipped to life again and kept in its constant round.

Thus the stuff that we weigh, handle and tread upon is only the show of invisible substances, the facts over which subtle and mighty forces rule.

STARR KING was that kind of a plant which needs to be repotted in order to make it flower at its best. Events kept tugging to loosen his tendrils from his early environments. People who live on Boston Bay like to remain there. We have all heard of the good woman who died and went to Heaven, and after a short sojourn there was asked how she liked it, and she sighed and said, "Ah, yes, it is very beautiful, but it is n't East Somerville!"

Had Starr King consented to remain in Boston he might have held his charge against the ravages of time, secreted a curate, taken on a becoming buffer of adipose, and glided off by imperceptible degrees on to the Superannuated List.

But early in that historic month of April, 1860, he set

sail for California, having accepted a call from the First Unitarian Church of San Francisco. This was his first trip to the Pacific Coast, but New England people had preceded him, and not being able to return, they wanted Boston to come to them. The journey was made by the way of Panama, without any special event. The pilot who met the ship outside of Golden Gate bore them the first news that Sumter had been fired upon, and the bombardment was at the time when the ship that bore Starr King was only a few miles from South Carolina's coast.

With prophetic vision Starr King saw the struggle that was to come, and the words of Webster, uttered many years before, rushed to his lips:

When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased nor polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first and Union afterwards"; but everywhere, spread over all in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under

the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

The landing was made on Saturday, and the following day Starr King spoke for the first time in California. An hour before the service was to begin, the church was wedged tight. The preacher had much difficulty in making his way through the dense mass of humanity to reach the pulpit. "Is that the man?" went up the smothered exclamation, as Starr King reached the platform and faced his audience. His slight, slender figure and boyish face were plainly a disappointment, but this was not to last. The preacher had prepared a sermon—such a sermon as he had given many times to well-dressed, orderly and cultured Boston.

And if this California audience was surprised, the speaker also was no less. The men to women were as seven to one. He saw before him a sea of bronzed and bearded faces, earnest, attentive and hungry for truth. There were occasional marks of dissipation and the riot of the senses, softened by excess into penitence—whipped out and homesick. Here were miners in red flannel shirts, sailors, soldiers in uniform and soldiers of fortune. The preacher looked at the motley mass in a vain attempt to pick out his old friends from New England. The genteel, slightly blase quality of culture that leans back in its cushioned pew and courteously waits to be instructed, was not there. These people did not lean back, they leaned forward, and with parted

lips they listened for every word. There was no choir, and when "an old familiar hymn" was lined off by a volunteer who knew his business, that audience arose and sang as tho it would shake the rafters of heaven.

¶ Those who go down to the sea in ships, sing; shepherds who tend their flocks by night, sing; men in the forest or those who follow the trackless plains, sing. Congregational singing is most popular among those who live far apart—to get together and sing is a solace. Loneliness, separation and heart hunger all drive men into song

These men, many of them far from home, lifted up their voices, and the sounds surged through that church and echoed, surged again and caught even the preacher in their winding waves. He started in to give one sermon and gave another. The audience, the time, the place, acted upon him.

Oratory is essentially a pioneer product, a rustic article. Great sermons and great speeches are only given to people who have come from afar.

Starr King forgot his manuscript and pulpit manners. His deep voice throbbed and pulsed with emotion, and the tensity of the times was upon him. Without once referring directly to Sumter, his address was a call to arms

He spoke for an hour, and when he sat down he knew that he had won. The next Sunday the place was again packed, and then followed urgent invitations that he should speak during the week in a larger hall.

California was trembling in the balances, and orators were not wanting to give out the arguments of Calhoun. They showed that the right of secession was plainly provided for in the Constitution. Lincoln's call for troops was coldly received, and from several San Francisco pulpits orthodox clergymen were expressing deep regret that the President was plunging the country into civil war.

The heart of Starr King burned with shame—to him there was but one side to this question—the Union must be preserved.

One man who had known King in Massachusetts wrote back home saying, "You would not know Starr King—he is not the orderly man of genteel culture you once had in Boston. He is a torrent of eloquence, so heartfelt, so convincing, so powerful, that when he speaks on Sunday afternoon out on the sand-hills, he excites the multitude into a whirlwind of applause, with a basso undertone of dissent which, however, seems to grow gradually less."

Loyalty to the Union was to him the one vital issue. His fight was not with individuals—he made no personal issues. And in several joint debates his courteous treatment of his adversary won converts for his cause. He took pains to say that personally he had only friendship and pity for the individuals who upheld secession and slavery—"The man in the wrong needs friends as never before, since he has ceased to be his own. Do we blame a blind man whom we see rushing

towards a precipice?" ¶ From that first Sunday he preached in San Francisco, his life was an ovation wherever he went. Wherever he was advertised to speak, multitudes were there to hang upon his words. He spoke in all the principal towns of California; and often on the plains, in the mountains, or by the seashore, men would gather from hundreds of miles to hear him

He gave himself, and before he had been in California a year, the state was safe for the Union, and men and treasure were being sent to Lincoln's aid. The fame of Starr King reached the President, and he found time to write several letters to the orator, thanking him for what he had done. It was in one of these letters that Lincoln wrote, "The only sermons I have ever been able to read and enjoy are those of John Murray,"—a statement which some have attempted to smile away as showing the Rail-splitter's astute diplomacy.

Starr King gave his life to the Cause. He as much died for the Union as though he had fallen stricken by flying lead upon the field. And he knew what he was doing, but in answer to his warning friends he said, "I have only one life to live and now is my time to spend it." ¶ For four years, lacking two months, he spoke and preached several times every week. All he made and all he was he freely gave.

For that frail frame this life of intensity had but one end

The Emancipation Proclamation had been issued, but

Lee's surrender was yet to be. "May I live to see unity and peace for my country," was his prayer.

Starr King died March 4th, 1864, aged forty years. The closing words of his lecture on Socrates might well be applied to himself:

Down the river of Life, by its Athenian banks, he had floated upon his raft of reason serene, in cloudy as in smiling weather. And now the night is rushing down, and he has reached the mouth of the stream, and the great ocean is before him, dim heaving in the dusk. But he betrays no fear. There is land ahead, he thought; eternal continents there are, that rise in constant light beyond the gloom. He trusted still in the raft his soul had built, and with a brave farewell to the true friends who stood by him on the shore, he put out into the darkness, a moral Columbus, trusting in his haven on the faith of an idea.

HERE ENDETH THE LITTLE JOURNEY TO THE HOME OF STARR KING, AS WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUBBARD. BORDERS, INITIALS AND ORNAMENTS DESIGNED BY ROYCROFT ARTISTS, PRESSWORK BY LOUIS SCHELL, & THE WHOLE DONE INTO A BOOK BY THE ROYCROFTERS AT THEIR SHOP, WHICH IS IN EAST AURORA, IN THE MONTH OF OCTOBER, IN THE YEAR MCMIII

Little Journeys

TO THE HOMES OF EMINENT ORATORS

BEECHER

Vol. XIII. NOVEMBER, 1903. No. 5

By ELBERT HUBBARD



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Little Journeys

To the Homes of

EMINENT ORATORS

Beecher

Written by Elbert Hubbard & done into a Book by the Roycrofters at the Shop, which is in East Aurora, New York, A. D. 1903

YOU know how the heart is subject to freshets; you know how the mother, always loving her child, yet seeing in it some new wile of affection, will catch it up and cover it with kisses and break forth in a rapture of loving. Such a kind of heart-glow fell from the Saviour upon that young man who said to him, "Good Master, what good thing shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" It is said, "Then Jesus, beholding him, loved him."



Henry Ward Beecher

THE influence of Henry Ward Beecher upon his time was marked. And now the stream of his life is lost amid the ocean of our being. As a single drop of aniline in a barrel of water will tint the whole mass, so has the entire American mind been colored through the existence of this one glowing personality. He placed a new interpretation on religion, and we are different people because he lived. ¶ He was not constructive, not administrative—he wrote much, but as literature his work has small claim on immortality. He was an orator, and the business of the orator is to inspire other men to think and act for themselves.

Orators live but in memory. Their destiny is to be the sweet elusive fragrance of oblivion—the thyme and mignonette of things that were.

The limitations in the all-'round man are by-products which are used by destiny in the making of orators. The welling emotions, the vivid imagination, the forgetfulness of self, the abandon to feeling—all these things in Wall Street are spurious coin. No prudent man was ever an orator—no cautious man ever made a multitude change its mind, when it

had vowed it would not. ¶ Oratory is indiscretion set to music

The great orator is great on account of his weaknesses as well as on account of his strength. So why should we expect the orator to be the impeccable man of perfect parts?

These essays attempt to give the man—they are neither a vindication nor an apology.

Edmund Gosse has recently said something so wise and to the point on the subject of biography that I cannot resist the temptation to quote him:

If the reader will but bear with me so far as to endure the thesis that the first theoretical object of the biographer should be indiscretion, not discretion, I will concede almost everything practical to delicacy. But this must be granted to me: that the aim of all portraiture ought to be the emphasizing of what makes the man different from, not like, other men. The widow almost always desires that her deceased hero should be represented as exactly like all other respectable men, only a little grander, a little more glorified. She hates, as only a bad biographer can hate, the telling of the truth with respect to those faults and foibles which made the light and shade of his character. This, it appears, was the primitive view of biography. The mass of medieval memorials was of the "expanded tract" order: it was mainly composed of lives of the saints, tractates in which the possible and the impossible were mingled in inextricable disorder, but where every word was intended directly for edification. Here the biographer was a moralist whose hold upon exact truth of statement was very loose indeed, but who

was determined that every word he wrote should strengthen his readers in the faith. Nor is this generation of biographers dead to-day. Half the lives of the great and good men, which are published in England and America, are expanded tracts. Let the biographer be tactful, but do not let him be cowardly; let him cultivate delicacy, but avoid its ridiculous parody, prudery

And I also quote this from James Anthony Froude:

¶ The usual custom in biography is to begin with the brightest side and to leave the faults to be discovered afterwards. It is dishonest and it does not answer. Of all literary sins, Carlyle himself detested most a false biography. Faults frankly acknowledged are frankly forgiven. Faults concealed work always like poison. Burns' offences were made no secret of. They are now forgotten, and Burns stands without a shadow on him, the idol of his countrymen.

Byron's diary was destroyed, and he remains and will remain with a stain of suspicion about him, which revives and will revive, and will never be wholly obliterated. "The truth shall make you free" in biography as in everything. Falsehood and concealment are a great man's worst enemies.

HENRY WARD BEECHER was born at Litchfield, Conn., June 23, 1813. He was the eighth child of Lyman and Roxana Foote Beecher. Like Lincoln and various other great men, Beecher had two mothers: the one who gave him birth and the one who cared for him as he grew up. Beecher used

to take with him on his travels an old daguerreotype of his real mother, and in the cover of the case, beneath the glass, was a lock of her hair—fair in color, and bright as if touched by the kiss of the summer sun. Often he would take this picture out and apostrophize it, just as he would the uncut gems that he always carried in his pockets. "My first mother," he used to call her; and to him she stood as a sort of deity. "My first mother stands to me for love; my second mother for discipline; my father for justice," he once said to Halliday

I am not sure that Beecher had a well defined idea of either discipline or justice, but love to him was a very vivid and personal reality. He knew what it meant—infinite forgiveness, a lifelong, yearning tenderness, a Something that suffereth long and is kind. This he preached for fifty years, and he preached little else. Lyman Beecher proclaimed the justice of God; Henry Ward Beecher told of His love. Lyman Beecher was a logician, but Henry Ward was a lover. There is a task on hand for the man who attempts to prove that Nature is kind, or that God is love. Perhaps man himself, with all his imperfections, gives us the best example of love that the universe has to offer. In preaching the love of God, Henry Ward Beecher revealed his own; for oratory, like literature, is only a confession.

"My first mother is always pleading for me—she reaches out her arms to me—her delicate, long, taper-

ing fingers stroke my hair—I hear her voice, gentle and low!" Do you say this is the language of o'erwrought emotion? I say to you it is simply the language of love. This mother, dead, and turned to dust, who passed out when the boy was scarce three years old, stood to him for the ideal. Love, anyway, is a matter of the imagination, and he who cannot imagine cannot love, and love is from within. The lover clothes the beloved in the garments of his fancy, and woe to him if he ever loses the power to imagine.

Have you not often noticed how the man or woman whose mother died before a time the child could recall, and whose memory clusters around a faded picture and a lock of hair—how this person is thrice blessed in that the ideal is always a shelter when the real palls? Love is a refuge and a defense. The Law of Compensation is kind: Lincoln lived, until the day of his death, bathed in the love of Nancy Hanks, that mother, worn, yellow and sad, who gave him birth, and yet whom he had never known. No child ever really lost its mother—nothing is ever lost. Men are only grown-up children, and the longing to be mothered is not effaced by the passing years. The type is well shown in the life of Meissonier, whose mother died in his childhood, but she was near him to the last. In his journal he wrote this: "It is the morning of my seventieth birthday. What a long time to look back upon! This morning, at the hour my mother gave me birth, I wished my first thoughts to be of her. Dear

Mother, how often have the tears risen at the remembrance of you! It was your absence—my longing for you—that made you so dear to me. The love of my heart goes out to you! Do you hear me, Mother, crying and calling for you? How sweet it must be to have a mother!"

ONE might suppose that a childless woman suddenly presented by fate with an exacting husband and a brood of nine would soon be a candidate for nervous prostration; but Sarah Porter Beecher rose to the level of events, and looked after her household with diligence and a conscientious heart. Little Henry Ward was four years old and wore a red flannel dress, outgrown by one of the girls. He was chubby, with a full-moon face, and yellow curls, which were so much trouble to take care of that they were soon cut off, after he had set the example of cutting off two himself. He talked as though his mouth were full of hot mush. If sent to a neighbor's on an errand, he usually forgot what he was sent for, or else explained matters in such a way that he brought back the wrong thing. His mother meant to be kind; her patience was splendid; and one's heart goes out to her in sympathy when we think of her faithful efforts to teach the lesser catechism to this baby savage who much preferred to make mud pies.

Little Henry Ward had a third mother who did him

much gentle benefit, and that was his sister Harriet, two years his senior. These little child-mothers who take care of the younger members of the family deserve special seats in paradise. Harriet taught little Henry Ward to talk plainly, to add four and four, and to look solemn when he did not feel so—and thus escape the strap behind the kitchen door. His bringing-up was of the uncaressing, let-alone kind.

Lyman Beecher was a deal better than his religion; for his religion, like that of most people, was an inheritance, not an evolution. Piety settled down upon the household like a pall every Saturday at sundown; and the lessons taught were largely from the Old Testament ❧ ❧

These big, bustling, strenuous households are pretty good life-drill for the members. The children are taught self-reliance, to do without each other, to do for others, and the older members educate the younger ones. It is a great thing to leave children alone. Henry Ward Beecher has intimated in various places in his books how the whole Beecher brood loved their father, yet as precaution against misunderstanding they made the sudden sneak and the quick side-step whenever they saw him coming.

Village life with a fair degree of prosperity, but not too much, is an education in itself. The knowledge gained is not always classic, nor even polite, but it is all a part of the great seething game of life. Henry Ward Beecher was not an educated man in the usual

sense of the word. At school he carved his desk, made faces at the girls, and kept the place in a turmoil generally: doing the wrong thing, just like many another bumpkin. At home he carried in the wood, picked up chips, worked in the garden in summer, and shoveled out the walks in winter. He knew when the dish water was worth saving to mix up with meal for chickens, and when it should be put on the asparagus bed or the rose bushes. He could make a lye-leach, knew that it was lucky to set hens on thirteen eggs, realized that hens' eggs hatched in three weeks, and ducks' in four. He knew when the berries ripened, where the crows nested, and could find the bee-trees by watching the flight of the bees after they had gotten their fill on the basswood blossoms. He knew all the birds that sang in the branches—could tell what birds migrated and what not—was acquainted with the flowers and weeds and fungi—knew where the rabbits burrowed—could pick the milk-weed that would cure warts, and tell the points of the compass by examining the bark of the trees. He was on familiar terms with all the ragamuffins in the village, and regarded the man who kept the livery stable as the wisest person in New England, and the stage-driver as the wittiest.

Lyman Beecher was a graduate of Yale, and Henry Ward would have been, had he been able to pass the preparatory examinations. But he could n't, and finally he was bundled off to Amherst, very much as we now send boys to a business college when they get plucked

at the high school. But it matters little—give the boys time—some of them ripen slowly, and others there be who know more at sixteen than they will ever know again, like street gamins with the wit of debauchees, rareripes at ten, and rotten at the core. "Delay adolescence," wrote Dr. Charcot to an anxious mother—"delay adolescence, and you bank energy until it is needed. If your boy is stupid at fourteen, thank God! Dullness is a fulcrum and your son is getting ready to put a lever under the world."

At Amherst, Henry Ward stood well at the foot of his class. He read everything excepting what was in the curriculum, and never allowed his studies to interfere with his college course. He reveled in the debating societies, and was always ready to thrash out any subject in wordy warfare against all comers. His temper was splendid, his good-nature sublime. If an opponent got the best of him he enjoyed it as much as the audience—he could wait his turn. The man who can laugh at himself, and who is not anxious to have the last word, is right in the suburbs of greatness.

However, the Beechers all had a deal of positivism in their characters. Thomas K. Beecher of Elmira, in 1856, declared he would not shave until John C. Fremont was elected president. It is needless to add that he wore whiskers the rest of his life.

When Henry Ward was nineteen his father received a call to become President of Lane Theological Seminary at Cincinnati, and Henry Ward accompanied

him as assistant. The stalwart old father had now come to recognize the worth of his son, and for the first time parental authority was waived and they were companions. They were very much alike—exuberant health, energy plus, faith and hope to spare. And Henry Ward now saw that there was a gentle, tender and yearning side to his father's nature, into which the world only caught glimpses. Lyman Beecher was not free—he was bound by a hagiograph riveted upon his soul; and so to a degree his whole nature was cramped and tortured in his struggles between the "natural man" and the "spiritual." The son was taught by antithesis, and inwardly vowed he would be free. The one word that looms large in the life of Beecher is LIBERTY.

HENRY WARD BEECHER died aged seventy-four, having preached since he was twenty-three. During that time he was pastor of three churches—two years at Lawrenceburg, Indiana, six years in Indianapolis, and forty-three years in Brooklyn. It was in 1837 that he became pastor of the Congregational Church at Lawrenceburg. This town was then a rival of Cincinnati. It had six churches—several more than were absolutely needed. The Baptists were strong, the Presbyterians were strenuous, the Episcopalians were exclusive, while the Congregationalists were at ebb-tide through the rascality of a preacher

who had recently decamped and thrown a blanket of disgrace over the whole denomination for ten miles up the creek. Thus were things when Henry Ward Beecher assumed his first charge. The membership of the church was made up of nineteen women and one man. The new pastor was sexton as well as preacher —he swept out, rang the bell, lighted the candles and locked up after service.

Beecher remained in Lawrenceburg two years. The membership had increased to a hundred and six men and seventy women. I suppose it will not be denied as an actual fact that women bolster the steeples so that they stay on the churches. From the time women held the rope and let St. Paul down in safety from the wall in a basket, women have maintained the faith. But Beecher was a man's preacher from first to last. He was a bold, manly man, making his appeal to men.

¶ Two years at Lawrenceburg and he moved to Indianapolis, the capital of the state, his reputation having been carried thither by the member from Posey County, who incautiously boasted that his deestrick had the most powerful preacher of any town on the Ohio River

At Indianapolis, Beecher was a success at once. He entered into the affairs of the people with an ease and a good nature that won the hearts of this semi-pioneer population. His "Lectures to Young Men," delivered Sunday evenings to packed houses, still have a sale. This bringing religion down from the lofty heights of

theology and making it a matter of every-day life, was eminently Beecheresque. And the reason it was a success was because it fitted the needs of the people. Beecher expressed what the people were thinking. Mankind clings to the creed; we will not burn our bridges—we want the religion of our mothers, yet we crave the simple common sense we can comprehend as well as the superstition we can't. Beecher's task was to rationalize orthodoxy so as to make it palatable to thinking minds. "I can't ride two horses at one time," once said Robert Ingersoll to Beecher, "but possibly I 'll be able to yet, for to-morrow I am going to hear you preach." Then it was that Beecher offered to write Ingersoll's epitaph, which he proceeded to do by scribbling two words on the back of an envelope, thus: ROBERT BURNS.

But these men understood and had a thorough respect for each other. Once at a mass meeting at Cooper Union, Beecher introduced Ingersoll as the "first, foremost, and most gifted of all living orators."

And Ingersoll, not to be outdone, referred in his speech to Beecher as the "one orthodox clergyman in the world who has eliminated hell from his creed and put the devil out of church, and still stands in his pulpit."

¶ Six years at Indianapolis put Beecher in command of his armament. And Brooklyn, seeking a man of power, called him thither. His first sermon in Plymouth Church outlined his course—and the principles then laid down he was to preach for fifty years. The

love of God; the life of Christ, not as a sacrifice, but as an example—our Elder Brother; and Liberty—liberty to think, to express, to act, to become.

It would have been worth going miles to see this man as he appeared at Plymouth Church those first years of his ministry. Such a specimen of mental, spiritual and physical manhood Nature produces only once in a century. Imagine a man of thirty-five, when manhood has not yet left youth behind, height five feet ten, weight one hundred and eighty, a body like that of a Greek god, and a mind poised, sure, serene, with a fund of good nature that could not be overdrawn; a face cleanly shaven; a wealth of blonde hair falling to his broad shoulders; eyes of infinite blue,—eyes like the eyes of Christ when He gazed upon the penitent thief on the cross, or eyes that flash fire, changing their color with the mood of the man—a radiant, happy man, the cheeriest, sunniest nature that ever dwelt in human body, with a sympathy that went out to everybody and everything—children, animals, the old, the feeble, the fallen—a man too big to be jealous, too noble to quibble, a man so manly that he would accept guilt rather than impute it to another. If he had been possessed of less love he would have been a stronger man. The generous nature lies open and unprotected—through its guilelessness it allows concrete rascality to come close enough to strike it. "One reason why Beecher had so many enemies was because he bestowed so many benefits," said Rufus Choate.

Talmage did not discover himself until he was forty-six; Beecher was Beecher at thirty-five. He was as great then as he ever was—it was too much to ask that he should evolve into something more—Nature has to distribute her gifts. Had Beecher grown after his thirty-fifth year, as he grew from twenty-five to thirty-five, he would have been a Colossus that would have disturbed the equilibrium of the thinking world, and created revolution instead of evolution. The opposition toward great men is right and natural—it is a part of Nature's plan to hold the balance true, "lest ye become as gods!"



I TRAVELED with Major James B. Pond one lecture season, and during that time heard only two themes discussed, John Brown and Henry Ward Beecher. These were his gods. Pond fought with John Brown in Kansas, shoulder to shoulder, and it was only through an accident that he was not with Brown at Harper's Ferry, in which case his soul would have gone marching on with that of Old John Brown. From 1860 to 1866 Pond belonged to the army, and was stationed in western Missouri, where there was no commissariat, where they took no prisoners, and where men lived, like Jesse James, who never knew the war was over. Pond had so many notches cut on the butt of his pistol that he had ceased to count them. He was big, brusque, quibbling, insulting, dictatorial, pains-

taking, considerate and kind. He was the most exasperating and lovable man I ever knew. He left a trail of enemies wherever he traveled, and the irony of fate is shown in that he was allowed to die peacefully in his bed

I cut my relationship with him because I did not care to be pained by seeing his form dangling from the cross-beam of a telegraph pole. When I lectured at Washington a policeman appeared at the box-office and demanded the amusement license fee of five dollars. "Your authority?" roared Pond. And the policeman not being able to explain, Pond kicked him down the stairway, and kept his club as a souvenir. We got out on the midnight train before warrants could be served

He would often push me into the first carriage when we arrived at a town, and sometimes the driver would say, "This is a private carriage," or, "This rig is engaged," and Pond would reply, "What 's that to me —drive us to the hotel—you evidently don't know whom you are talking to!" And so imperious was his manner that his orders were usually obeyed. Arriving at the hotel, he would hand out double fare. It was his rule to pay too much or too little. Yet as a manager he was perfection—he knew the trains to a minute, and always knew, too, what to do if we missed the first train, or if the train was late. At the hall he saw that every detail was provided for. If the place was too hot, or too cold, somebody got thoroughly damned. If

the ventilation was bad, and he could not get the windows open, he would break them out. If you questioned his balance sheet he would the next day flash up an expense account that looked like a plumber's bill and give you fifty cents as your share of the spoils. At hotels he always got a room with two beds, if possible. I was his prisoner—he was despotically kind—he regulated my hours of sleep, my meals, my exercise. He would throw intruding visitors down stairs as average men shoo chickens or scare cats. He was a bundle of profanity and unrest until after the lecture. Then we would go to our room, and he would talk like a windmill. He would crawl into his bed and I into mine, and then he would continue telling Beecher stories half the night, comparing me with Beecher to my great disadvantage. A dozen times I have heard him tell how Beecher would say, "Pond, never consult me about plans or explain details—if you do, our friendship ceases." Beecher was glad to leave every detail of travel to Pond, and Pond delighted in assuming sole charge. Beecher never audited an account—he just took what Pond gave him and said nothing. In this Beecher was very wise—he managed Pond and Pond never knew it. Pond had a pride in paying Beecher as much as possible, and found gratification in giving the money to Beecher instead of keeping it. He was immensely proud of his charge and grew to have an idolatrous regard for Beecher. Pond's brusque ways amused Beecher, and the Osawatomie experi-

ence made him a sort of hero in Beecher's eyes. Beecher took Pond at his true value, regarded his wrath as a child's tantrum, and let him do most of the talking as well as the business. And Beecher's great, welling heart touched a side of Pond's nature that few knew existed at all—a side that he masked with harshness; for, in spite of his perversity, Pond had his virtues—he was simple as a child, and so ingenuous that deception with him was impossible. He could not tell a lie so you would not know it.

He served Beecher with a dog-like loyalty, and an honesty beyond suspicion. They were associated fourteen years, traveled together over three hundred thousand miles, and Pond paid to Beecher two hundred and forty thousand dollars.



BEECHER and Tilton became acquainted about the year 1860. Beecher was at that time forty-seven years old; Tilton was twenty-five. The influence of the older man over the younger was very marked. Tilton became one of the most zealous workers in Plymouth Church: he attended every service, took part in the Wednesday evening prayer meeting, helped take up the collection, and was a constant recruiting force. Tilton was a reporter, and later an editorial writer on different New York and Brooklyn dailies. Beecher's Sunday sermon supplied Tilton the cue for his next day's leader. And be it said to his

honor, he usually gave due credit, and in various ways helped the cause of Plymouth Church by booming the reputation of its pastor.

Tilton was possessed of a deal of intellectual nervous force. His mind was receptive, active, versatile. His all 'round newspaper experience had given him an education, and he could express himself acceptably on any theme. He wrote children's stories, threw off poetry in idle hours, penned essays, skimmed the surface of philosophy, and dived occasionally into theology. But his theology and his philosophy were strictly the goods put out by Beecher, distilled through the Tilton cosmos. He occasionally made addresses at social gatherings, and evolved into an orator whose reputation extended to Staten Island.

Beecher's big, boyish heart went out to this bright and intelligent young man—they were much in each other's company. People said they looked alike; although one was tall and slender and the other was inclined to be stout. Beecher wore his hair long, and now Tilton wore his long, too. Beecher affected a wide-brimmed slouch hat; Tilton wore one of similar style, with brim a trifle wider. Beecher wore a large, blue cloak; Tilton wrapped himself 'round with a cloak one shade more ultramarine than Beecher's.

Tilton's wife was very much like Tilton—both were intellectual, nervous, artistic. They were so much alike that they give us a hint of what a hell this world would be if all mankind were made in one mold. But

there was this difference between them: Mrs. Tilton was proud, while Tilton was vain. They were only civil toward each other because they had vowed they would be. They did not throw crockery, because to do so would have been bad form.

Beecher was a great joker—hilarious, laughing, and both witty and humorous. I was going to say he was wise, but that is n't the word. Tilton lacked wit—he never bubbled excepting as a matter of duty. Both Mr. and Mrs. Tilton greatly enjoyed the society of Beecher, for, besides being a great intellectual force, his presence was an antiseptic 'gainst jaundice and introspection. And Beecher loved them both, because they loved him, and because he loved everybody. They supplied him a foil for his wit, a receptacle for his overflow of spirit, a flint on which to strike his steel. Mrs. Tilton admired Beecher a little more than her husband did—she was a woman. Tilton was glad that his wife liked Beecher—it brought Beecher to his house; & if Beecher admired Tilton's wife—why, was not this a proof that Tilton and Beecher were alike? I guess so. Mrs. Tilton was musical, artistic, keen of brain, emotional, with all a fine-fibred woman's longings, hopes and ideals.

So matters went drifting on the tide, and the years went by as the years will.

Mrs. Tilton became a semi-invalid, the kind that doctors now treat with hypophosphites, beef-iron-and-wine, cod-liver oil, and massage by the right attendant. They call it congenital anæmia—a scarcity of the

red corpuscle. ¶ Some doctors there be who do not yet know that the emotions control the secretions, and a perfect circulation is a matter of mind. Anyway, what can the poor Galenite do in a case like this—his pills are powerless, his potions inane! Tilton knew that his wife loved Beecher, and he also fully realized that in this she was only carrying out a little of the doctrine of freedom that he taught, and that he claimed for himself. For a time Tilton was beautifully magnanimous. Occasionally Mrs. Tilton had spells of complete prostration, when she thought she was going to die. At such times her husband would send for Beecher to come and administer extreme unction.

Instead of dying, the woman would get well.

After one such attack, Tilton taunted his wife with her quick recovery. It was a taunt that pulled tight on the corners of his mouth; it was lacking in playfulness. Beecher was present at the bedside of the propped-up invalid. They turned on Tilton, did these two, and flayed him with their agile wit and ready tongues. Tilton protested they were wrong—he was not jealous—the idea! ❧ ❧

But that afternoon he had his hair cut, and he discarded the slouch hat for one with a stiff brim.

It took six months for his hair to grow to a length sufficient to indicate genius.

BEECHER'S great heart was wrung and stung by the tangle of events in which he finally found himself plunged. That his love for Mrs. Tilton was great there is no doubt, and for the wife with whom he had lived for over a score of years he had a profound pity and regard. She had not grown with him. Had she remained in Lawrenceburg, Indiana, and married a well-to-do grocer, all for her would have been well. Beecher belonged to the world, and this his wife never knew: she thought she owned him. To interest her and to make her shine before the world, certain literary productions were put out with her name as author, on request of Robert Bonner, but all this was a pathetic attempt by her husband to conceal the truth of her mediocrity. She spied upon him, watched his mail, turned his pockets, and did all the things no wife should do, lest perchance she be punished by finding her suspicions true. Wives and husbands must live by faith. The wife who is miserable until she makes her husband "confess all," is never happy afterwards. Beecher could not pour out his soul to his wife—he had to watch her mood and dole out to her the platitudes she could digest—never with her did he reach abandon. But the wife strove to do her duty—she was a good housekeeper, economical and industrious, and her very virtues proved a source of exasperation to her husband—he could not hate her.

It was Mrs. Beecher who first discovered the relationship existing between her husband and Mrs. Tilton.

She accused her husband, and he made no denial—he offered her her liberty. But this she did not want. Beecher promised to break with Mrs. Tilton. They parted—parted forever in sweet sorrow.

And the next week they met again.

The greater the man before the public, the more he outpours himself, the more his need for mothering in the quiet of his home. All things are equalized, and with the strength of the sublime spiritual nature goes the weakness of a child. Beecher was an undeveloped boy to the day of his death.

Beecher at one time had a great desire to stand square before the world. Major Pond, on Beecher's request, went to Mrs. Beecher and begged her to sue for a divorce. At the same time Tilton was asked to secure a divorce from his wife. When all parties were free, Beecher would marry Mrs. Tilton and face the world an honest man—nothing to hide—right out under the clear blue sky, blown upon by the free winds of heaven! ¶ This was his heart's desire.

But all negotiations failed. Mrs. Beecher would not give up her husband, and Tilton was too intent on revenge—and cash—to even consider the matter. Then came the crash.

TILTON sued Beecher for one hundred thousand dollars damages for alienating his wife's affection. It took five months to try the case. The best legal talent in the land was engaged. The jury disagreed and the case was not tried again.

Had Mrs. Beecher applied for a divorce on statutory grounds, no court would have denied her prayer. In actions for divorce, guilt does not have to be proved—it is assumed. But when one man sues another for money damages, the rulings are drawn finer and matters must be proved. That is where Tilton failed in his law-suit.

At the trial, Beecher perjured himself like a gentleman to protect Mrs. Tilton; Mrs. Tilton waived the truth for Beecher's benefit; and Mrs. Beecher swore black was white because she did not want to lose her husband. Such a precious trinity of prevaricators is very seldom seen in a court-room, a place where liars much do congregate. Judge and jury knew they lied and respected them the more, for down in the hearts of all men is a feeling that the love affairs of a man and woman are sacred themes, and a bulwark of lies to protect the holy of holies is ever justifiable.

Tilton was the one person who told the truth, and he was universally execrated for it. Love does not leave a person without reason. And there is something in the thought of money as payment to a man for a woman's love that is against nature.

Tilton lost the woman's love, and he would balm his

lacerated heart with lucre! Money? God help us—a man should earn money. We sometimes hear of men who subsist on women's shame, but what shall we say of a man who would turn parasite and live in luxury on a woman's love—and this woman by him now spurned and scorned! The faults and frailties of men and women caught in the swirl of circumstances are not without excuse, but the cold plottings to punish them and the desire to thrive by their faults, are hideous

The worst about a double life is not its immorality—it is that the relationship makes a man a liar. The universe is not planned for duplicity—all the energy we have is needed in our business, and he who starts out on the pathway of untruth, finds himself treading upon brambles and nettles which close behind him and make return impossible. The further he goes the worse the jungle of poison-oak and ivy, which at last circle him round in strangling embrace. He who escapes the clutch of a life of falsehood is as one in a million. Victor Hugo has pictured the situation when he tells of the man whose feet are caught in the bed of birdlime. He attempts to jump out, but only sinks deeper —he flounders, calls for help, and puts forth all his strength. He is up to his knees—to his hips—his waist —his neck, and at last only hands are seen reaching up in mute appeal to heaven. But the heavens are as brass, and soon where there was once a man is only the dumb indifference of nature.

The only safe course is the open road of truth. Lies once begun, pile up; and lies require lies to bolster them

Mrs. Tilton had made a written confession to her husband, but this she repudiated in court, declaring it was given "in terrorem." Now she had only words of praise and vindication for Beecher.

Mrs. Beecher sat by her husband's side all through the long trial. For a man to leave the woman with whom he has lived a lifetime, and who is the mother of his children, is out of the question. What if she does lack intellect and spirituality! He has endured her; aye! he has even been happy with her at times—the relationship has been endurable—'t were imbecility, and death for both, to break it.

Beecher and his wife would stand together.

Mrs. Tilton's lips had been sanctified by love, and were sealed, though her heart did break.

The jury stood nine for Beecher and three against. Major Pond, the astute, construed this into a vindication—Beecher was not guilty!

The first lecture after the trial was given at Alexandria Bay. Pond had sold out for five hundred dollars. Beecher said it was rank robbery—no one would be there. The lecture was to be in the grove at three o'clock in the afternoon. In the forenoon, boats were seen coming from east and west and north—excursion boats laden with pilgrims; sail-boats, row-boats, skiffs, and even birch-bark canoes bearing red-men. The people

came also in carts and wagons, and on horseback. An audience of five thousand confronted the lecturer. ¶ The man who had planned the affair had banked on his knowledge of humanity—the people wanted to see and hear the individual who had been whipped naked at the cart's tail, and who still lived to face the world smilingly, bravely, undauntedly.

Major Pond was paid the $500.00 as agreed. The enterprise had netted its manager over a thousand dollars—he was a rich man anyway—things had turned out as he had prophesied, and in the exuberance of his success he that night handed Mr. Beecher a check for $250.00, saying, "This is for you with my love—it is outside of any arrangement made with Major Pond." After they had retired to their rooms, Beecher handed the check to Pond, and said, as his blue eyes filled with tears, "Major, you know what to do with this?" And Major Pond said, "Yes."

Tilton went to Europe, leaving his family behind. But Major Pond made it his business to see that Mrs. Tilton wanted for nothing that money could buy. Beecher never saw Mrs. Tilton, to converse with her, again. She outlived him a dozen years. On her death-bed she confessed to her sister that her denials as to her relations with Beecher were untrue. "He loved me," she said, "he loved me, and I would have been less than woman had I not loved him. This love will be my passport to paradise—God understands." And so she died

TILTON was by nature an unsuccessful man. He was proudly aristocratic, lordly, dignified, jealous, mentally wiggling and spiritually jiggling. His career was like that of a race-horse which makes a record faster than he can ever attain again, and thus is forever barred from all slow-paced competitions. Tilton aspired to be a novelist, an essayist, a poet, an orator. His performances in each of these lines, unfortunately, were not bad enough to damn him ; and his work done in fair weather was so much better than he could do in foul that he was caught by the undertow. And as for doing what Adirondack Murray did, get right down to hard-pan and wash dishes in a dish-pan —he could n't do it. Like an Indian, he would starve before he would work—and he came near it, gaining a garret living, teaching languages and doing hack literary work in Paris, where he went to escape the accumulation of contempt that came his way just after the great Beecher trial.

Before this, Tilton started out to star the country as a lecturer. He evidently thought he could climb to popularity over the wreck of Henry Ward Beecher. Even had he wrecked Beecher completely, it is very likely he would have gone down in the swirl, and become literary flotsam and jetsam just the same.

Tilton had failed to down his man, and men who are failures do not draw on the lecture platform. The auditor has failure enough at home, God knows! and what he wants when he lays down good money for a

lecture ticket is to annex himself to a success. ¶ Tilton's lecture was called "The Problem of Life"—a title which had the advantage of allowing the speaker to say anything he wished to say on any subject and still not violate the unities. I heard Tilton give this lecture twice, and it was given from start to finish in exactly the same way. It contained much learning—had flights of eloquence, bursts of bathos, puffs of pathos, but not a smile in the whole hour and a half. It was faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null, dead perfection—no more. It was so perfect that some people thought it great. The man was an actor and had what is called platform presence. He would walk on the stage, carrying his big blue cloak over his arm, his slouch hat in his hand—for he clung to these Beecher properties to the last, even claiming that Beecher was encroaching on his preserve in wearing them.

He would bow as stiffly and solemnly as a new-made judge. Then he would toss the cloak on a convenient sofa, place the big hat on top of it, and come down to the footlights, deliberately removing his yellow kid gloves. There was no introduction—he was the whole show and brooked no competition. He would begin talking as he removed the gloves; he would get one glove off and hold it in the other hand, seemingly lost in his speech. From time to time he would emphasize his remarks by beating the palm of his gloved hand with the loose glove. By the time the lecture was half over, both gloves would be lying on the table; unlike

the performance of Sir Edwin Arnold, who, during his readings, always wore one white kid glove and carried its mate in the gloved hand from beginning to end. ¶ Theodore Tilton's lectures were consummate art, done by a handsome, graceful and cultured man in a red necktie, but they did not carry enough caloric to make them go. They seemed to lack vibrations. Art without a message is for the people who love art for art's sake, and God does not care much for these, otherwise He would not have made so few of them.

AS a sample of Beecher's eloquence, this extract from his sermon on the death of Lincoln reveals his quality:

The joy of the Nation came upon us suddenly, with such a surge as no words can describe. Men laughed, embraced one another, sang and prayed, and many could only weep for gladness.

In one short hour, joy had no pulse. The sorrow was so terrible that it stunned sensibility. The first feeling was the least, and men wanted to get strength to feel. Other griefs belong always to some one in chief, but this belonged to all. Men walked for hours as though a corpse lay in their houses. The city forgot to roar. Never did so many hearts in so brief a time touch two such boundless feelings. It was the uttermost of joy and the uttermost of sorrow—noon and midnight without a space between. We should not mourn, however, because the departure of the President was so sudden. When one is prepared to die, the suddenness of death is a blessing. They that are taken awake and

watching, as the bridegroom dressed for the wedding, and not those who die in pain and stupor, are blessed. Neither should we mourn the manner of his death. The soldier prays that he may die by the shot of the enemy in the hour of victory, and it was meet that he should be joined in a common experience in death with the brave men to whom he had been joined in all his sympathy and life.

This blow was but the expiring rebellion. Epitomized in this foul act we find the whole nature and disposition of slavery. It is fit that its expiring blow should be such as to take away from men the last forbearance, the last pity, and fire the soul with invincible determination that the breeding-system of such mischiefs and monsters shall be forever and utterly destroyed. We needed not that he should put on paper that he believed in slavery, who, with treason, with murder, with cruelty infernal, hovered round that majestic man to destroy his life. He was himself the life-long sting with which Slavery struck at Liberty, and he carried the poison that belonged to slavery; and as long as this Nation lasts it will never be forgotten that we have had one martyr-president—never, never while time lasts, while heaven lasts, while hell rocks and groans, will it be forgotten that slavery by its minions slew him, and in slaying him made manifest its whole nature and tendency. This blow was aimed at the life of the Government. Some murders there have been that admitted shades of palliation, but not such a one as this—without provocation, without reason, without temptation—sprung from the fury of a heart cankered to all that is pure and just.

The blow has failed of its object. The Government stands more solid to-day than any pyramid of Egypt. Men love liberty and hate slavery to-day more than

ever before. How naturally, how easily, the Government passed into the hands of the new President, and I avow my belief that he will be found a man true to every instinct of liberty, true to the whole trust that is imposed in him, vigilant of the Constitution, careful of the laws, wise for liberty: in that he himself for his life long, has known what it is to suffer from the stings of slavery, and to prize liberty from the bitter experience of his own life. Even he that sleeps has by this event been clothed with new influence. His simple and weighty words will be gathered like those of Washington, and quoted by those who, were he alive, would refuse to listen. Men will receive a new access to patriotism. I swear you on the altar of his memory to be more faithful to that country for which he perished. We will, as we follow his hearse, swear a new hatred to that slavery against which he warred, and which in vanquishing him has made him a martyr and conqueror. I swear you by the memory of this martyr to hate slavery with an unabatable hatred, and to pursue it. We will admire the firmness of this man in justice, his inflexible conscience for the right, his gentleness and moderation of spirit, which not all the hate of party could turn to bitterness. And I swear you to follow his justice, his moderation, his mercy. How can I speak to that twilight million to whom his name was as the name of an angel of God, and whom God sent before them to lead them out of the house of bondage. O, thou Shepherd of Israel, Thou that didst comfort Thy people of old, to Thy care we commit these helpless and long-wronged and grieved.

And now the martyr is moving in triumphal march, mightier than one alive. The Nation rises up at every stage of his coming; cities and states are his pall-bearers, and the cannon beat the hours in solemn pro-

gression; dead, dead, dead, he yet speaketh. Is Washington dead? Is Hampden dead? Is David? ¶ Four years ago, O Illinois, we took from your midst an untried man from among the people. Behold! we return him to you a mighty conqueror; not thine any more, but the Nation's—not ours, but the world's. Give him place, O ye prairies! in the midst of this great continent shall rest a sacred treasure to myriads who shall pilgrim to that shrine to kindle anew their zeal and patriotism. Ye winds that move over mighty spaces of the West, chant his requiem! Ye people, behold the martyr whose blood, as so many articulate words, pleads for fidelity, for law, for LIBERTY!

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TO THE HOMES OF EMINENT ORATORS

PHILLIPS

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By ELBERT HUBBARD



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EMINENT ORATORS

Phillips

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WHAT WORLD-WIDE BENEFACTORS THESE "IMPRUDENT" MEN ARE! HOW PRUDENTLY MOST MEN CREEP INTO NAMELESS GRAVES; WHILE NOW AND THEN ONE OR TWO FORGET THEMSELVES INTO IMMORTALITY.

—Speech on Lovejoy.



Wendell Phillips

MAY the good Lord ever keep me from wishing to say the last word; and also from assigning ranks or awarding prizes to great men gone. However, it is a joy to get acquainted with a noble, splendid personality, and then introduce him to you, or at least draw the arras, so you can see him as he lived and worked or nobly failed.

And if you and I understand this man it is because we are much akin to him. The only relationship, after all, is the spiritual relationship. Your brother after the flesh may not be your brother at all; you may live in different worlds and call to each other in strange tongues across wide seas of misunderstandings. "Who is my mother and who are my brethren?"

As you understand a man, just in that degree are you related to him. There is a great joy in discovering kinship—for in that moment you discover yourself, and life consists in getting acquainted with yourself. We see ourselves mirrored in the soul of another—that is what love is—or pretty nearly so.

If you like what I write, it is because I express for you the things you already

know; we are akin, our heads are in the same stratum —we are breathing the same atmosphere. To the degree that you comprehend the character of Wendell Phillips you are akin to him. I once thought great men were all ten feet high, but since I have met a few, both in astral form and in the flesh, I have found out differently

What kind of a man was Wendell Phillips?

Very much like you and me, Blessed, very much like you and me.

I think well of great people, I think well of myself, and I think well of you. We are all God's children—all parts of the Whole—akin to Divinity.

Phillips never thought he was doing much—never took any great pride in past performances. When what you have done in the past looks large to you, you have not done much to-day. His hopes were so high that there crept into his life a tinge of disappointment—some have called it bitterness, but that is not the word—just a touch of sadness because he was unable to do more. This was a matter of temperament, perhaps, but it reveals the humanity as well as the divinity of the man. There is nothing worse than self-complacency—smugosity is sin. ¶ Phillips was not supremely great—if he were, how could we comprehend him? ¶ And now if you will open those folding doors—there! that will do—thank you.

WHEN was he born? Ah, I 'll tell you—it was in his twenty-fifth year—about three in the afternoon, by the clock, October 21st, 1835. ¶It was an Indian summer day, warm and balmy. He sat there reading in the window of his office on Court Street, Boston, a spick-span new law office, with four shelves of law books bound in sheep, a green-covered table in the centre, three arm-chairs, and on the wall a steel engraving of "Washington Crossing the Delaware."

He was a handsome fellow, was this Wendell Phillips—it would a' been worth your while just to run up the stairs and put your head in the door to look at him. ¶"Can I do anything for you?" he would have asked. ¶"No, we just wanted to see you, that 's all," we would have replied.

He sat there at the window, his long legs crossed, a copy of "Coke on Littleton" in his hands. His dress was what it should be—that of a gentleman—his face cleanly shaven, hair long, cut square and falling to his black stock. He was the only son of Boston's first Mayor, both to the manor and manner born, rich in his own right; proud, handsome, strong, gentle, refined, educated—a Christian gentleman, heir to the best that Boston had to give—a graduate of the Boston Latin School, of Harvard College, of the Harvard Law School—living with his widowed mother in a mansion on Beacon Hill, overlooking Boston's forty-three acres of Common!

Can you imagine anything more complete in way of endowment than all this? Did Destiny ever do more for mortal man?

There he sat waiting for clients. About this time he made the acquaintance of a cock-eyed pulchritudinous youth, Ben Butler by name, who was errand boy in a nearby office. It was a strange friendship—peppered by much cross-fire whenever they met in public—to endure loyally for a lifetime.

Clients are sure to come to the man who is not too anxious about them—sure to come to a man like Phillips—a youth clothed with the graces of a Greek—waiting on the threshold of manhood's morning.

Here is his career: a successful lawyer and leader in society; a member of the Legislature; a United States Senator, and then if he cares for it—well, well, well!

¶ But in the meantime, there he sits, not with his feet in the window or on a chair—he is a gentleman, I said, a Boston gentleman—the flower of a gracile ancestry. In the lazy, hazy air is the hum of autumn birds and beetles—the hectic beauty of the dying year is over all. The hum seems to grow—it becomes a subdued roar.

¶ You have sat behind the scenes waiting for the curtain to rise—a thousand people are there just out of your sight—five hundred of them are talking. It is one high-keyed humming roar.

The roar of a mob is keyed lower—it is guttural and approaches a growl—it seems to come in waves, a brazen roar rising and falling—but a roar, full of menace,

hate, deaf to reason, dead to appeal. ¶ You have heard the roar of the mob in "Julius Cæsar," and stay! once I heard the genuine article. It was in Eighty-four—goodness gracious, I am surely getting old—it was in a town out West. I saw nothing but a pushing, crowding mass of men, and all I heard was that deep guttural roar of the beast. I could not make out what it was all about until I saw a man climbing a telegraph pole

He was carrying a rope in one hand. As he climbed higher, the roar subsided. The climber reached the arms that form the cross. He swung the rope over the cross-beam and paid it out until the end was clutched by the uplifted hands of those below.

The roar arose again like an angry sea, and I saw the figure of a human being leap twenty feet into the air and swing and swirl at the end of the rope.

The roar ceased.

The lawyer laid down the bran-new book, bound in sheep, and leaned out of the window—men were running down the thoroughfare, some hatless, and at Washington Street could be seen a black mass of human beings—beings who had forsaken their reason and merged their personality into a mob.

The young lawyer arose, put on his hat, locked his office, followed down the street. His tall and muscular form pushed its way through the mass.

Theodore Lyman, the Mayor, was standing on a barrel

importuning the crowd to disperse. His voice was lost in the roar of the mob.

From down a stairway came a procession of women, thirty or so, walking by twos, very pale, but calm. The crowd gradually opened out on a stern order from some unknown person. The young lawyer threw himself against those who blocked the way. The women passed on, and the crowd closed in as water closes over a pebble dropped into the river.

The disappearance of the women seemed to heighten the confusion: there were stones thrown, sounds of breaking glass—a crash on the stairway, and down the narrow passage, with yells of triumph, came a crowd of men, half dragging a prisoner, a rope around his waist, his arms pinioned. The man's face was white, his clothing disheveled and torn. His resistance was passive—no word of entreaty or explanation escaped his lips. A sudden jerk on the rope from the hundred hands that clutched it, threw the man off his feet—he fell headlong, his face struck the stones of the pavement, and he was dragged for twenty yards. The crowd grabbed at him and lifted him to his feet—blood dripped from his face, his hat was gone, his coat, vest and shirt were in shreds.

The man spoke no word.

"That 's him—Garrison, the damned abolitionist!" The words arose above the din. "Kill him! Hang him!" ❧ ❧

Phillips saw the colonel of his militia regiment, and

seizing him by the arm, said, "Order out the men to put down this riot!"

"Fool!" said the Colonel, "don't you see our men are in this crowd!"

"Then order them into columns, and we will protect this man."

"I never give orders unless I know they will be obeyed. Besides, this man Garrison is a rioter himself—he opposes the government."

"But, do we uphold mob law—here, in Boston!"

"Don't blame me—I have n't anything to do with this business. I tell you, if this man Garrison had minded his own affairs, this scene would never have occurred."

¶ "And those women?"

"Oh, they are members of the Anti-Slavery Society. It was their holding the meeting that made the trouble. The children followed them, hooting them through the streets!"

"Children?"

"Yes, you know children repeat what they hear at home—they echo the thoughts of their elders. The children hooted them, then some one threw a stone through a window. A crowd gathered, and here you are!" ❧ ❧

The Colonel shook himself loose from the lawyer and followed the mob. The Mayor's counsel prevailed—"Give the prisoner to me—I will see that he is punished!" ¶ And so he was dragged to the City Hall and there locked up.

The crowd lingered, then thinned out. The shouts grew less, and soon the police were able to rout the loiterers

The young lawyer went back to his law office, but not to study. The law looked different to him now—the whole legal aspect of things had changed in an hour. ¶ It was a pivotal point.

He had heard much of the majesty of the law, and here he had seen the entire machinery of justice brushed aside.

Law! It is the thing we make with our hands and then fall down and worship. Men want to do things, so they do them, and afterward they legalize them, just as we believe things first and later hunt for reasons. Or we illegalize the thing we do not want others to do.

Boston, standing for law and order, will not even allow a few women to meet and discuss an economic proposition!

Abolition is a fool idea, but we must have free speech—that is what our Constitution is built upon! Law is supposed to protect free speech, even to voicing wrong ideas! Surely a man has a legal right to a wrong opinion! A mob in Boston to put down free speech!

This young lawyer was not an Abolitionist—not he, but he was an American, descended from the Puritans, with ancestors who fought in the war of the Revolution—he believed in fair play.

His cheeks burned with shame.

SEEN from Mount Olympus, how small and pitiful must seem the antics of Earth—all these churches and little sects—our laws, our arguments, our courts of justice, our elections, our wars!

¶ Viewed across the years, the Abolition Movement seems a small thing. It is so thoroughly dead—so far removed from our present interests! We hear a Virginian praise John Brown, listen to Henry Watterson as he says, "The South never had a better friend than Lincoln," or brave General Gordon, as he declares, "We now know that slavery was a gigantic mistake, and that Emerson was right when he said, 'One end of the slave's chain is always riveted to the wrist of the master.' "

We can scarcely comprehend that fifty years ago the trinity of money, fashion and religion combined in the hot endeavor to make human slavery a perpetuity; that the man of the North who hinted at resisting the return of a runaway slave, was in danger of financial ruin, social ostracism, and open rebuke from the pulpit. The ears of Boston were so stuffed with South Carolina cotton that they could not hear the cry of the oppressed. Commerce was fettered by self-interest, and law ever finds precedents and sanctions for what commerce most desires. And as for the pulpit, it is like the law, in that scriptural warrant is always forthcoming for what the pew wishes to do.

Slavery, theoretically, might be an error, but in America it was a commercial, political, social and

religious necessity, and any man who said otherwise was an enemy of the state.

William Lloyd Garrison said otherwise. But who was William Lloyd Garrison? Only an ignorant and fanatical free-thinker from the country town of Newburyport, Mass. He had started four or five newspapers, and all had failed, because he would not keep his pen quiet on the subject of slavery.

New England must have cotton, and cotton could not be produced without slaves. Garrison was a fool. All good Christians refused to read his vile sheet, and business men declined to advertise with him or to subscribe to his paper.

However, he continued to print things, telling what he thought of slavery. In 1831, he was issuing a periodical called "The Liberator."

I saw a partial file of "The Liberator" recently, at the Boston Public Library. They say it is very precious, and a custodian stood by and tenderly turned the leaves for me. I was not allowed even to touch it, and when I was through looking at the tattered pages, they locked it up in a fire-proof safe.

The sheets of different issues were of various sizes, and the paper was of several grades in quality, showing that stock was scarce, and that there was no system in the office.

There surely was not much of a subscription list, and we hear of Garrison's going around and asking for contributions. But interviews were what he really

wished, as much as subscribers. He let the preachers defend the peculiar institution—to print a man's fool remarks is the most cruel way of indicting him. Among others Garrison called on was Dr. Lyman Beecher, then thundering against Unitarianism.

Garrison got various clergymen to commit themselves in favor of slavery, and he quoted them verbatim, whereas, on this subject, the clergy of the North wished to remain silent—very silent.

Dr. Beecher was wary—all he would say was, "I have too many irons in the fire now!"

"You better take them all out and put this one in," said the seedy editor.

But Dr. Beecher made full amends later—he supplied a son and a daughter to the Abolition Movement, and this caused Carlos Martyn to say, "The old man's loins were wiser than his head."

Garrison had gotten himself thoroughly disliked in Boston. The Mayor once replied to a letter inquiring about him, "He is a nobody and lives in a rat hole."

¶ But Garrison managed to print his paper, rather irregularly, to be sure, but he printed it. From one room he moved into two, and a straggling company, calling themselves "The Anti-Slavery Society," used his office for a meeting place.

And now, behold the office mobbed, the type pitched into the street, the Society driven out, and the fanatical editor, bruised and battered, safely lodged in jail —writing editorials with a calm resolution and a will

that never faltered. ¶ And Wendell Phillips? He was pacing the streets, wondering whether it was worth while to be respectable and prosperous in a city where violence took the place of law when logic failed.

To him, Garrison had won—Garrison had not been answered: only beaten, bullied, abused and thrust behind prison bars.

Wendell Phillips' cheeks burned with shame.



GARRISON was held a prisoner for several days. ¶ The Mayor would have punished the man, Pilate-like, to appease public opinion, but there was no law to cover the case—no illegal offense had been committed. Garrison demanded a trial, but the officials said that they had locked him up merely to protect him, and that he was a base ingrate. Official Boston now looked at the whole matter as a good thing to forget. The prisoner's cell door was left open, in the hope that he would escape, just as, later, George Francis Train enjoyed the distinction of being the only man who was literally kicked down the stone steps of the Tombs.

Garrison was thrust out of limbo, with a warning, and a hint that Boston-town was a good place for him to emigrate from.

But Garrison neither ran away nor went into hiding—he calmly began a canvass to collect money to refit his printing office. Boston had treated him well—the

blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church—he would stay. Men who fatten on difficulties are hard to subdue. Phillips met Garrison shortly after his release, quite by chance, at the house of Henry G. Chapman. Garrison was six years older than Phillips —tall, angular, intellectual, and lacked humor. He also lacked culture. Phillips looked at him and smiled grimly

But in the Chapman household was still another person, more or less interesting, a Miss Ann Terry Greene. She was an orphan and an heiress—a ward of Chapman's. Young Phillips had never before met Miss Greene, but she had seen him. She was one of the women who came down the stairs from the "Liberator" office, when the mob collected. She had seen the tall form of Phillips, and had noticed that he used his elbows to good advantage in opening up the gangway

"It was a little like a cane-rush—your campus practice served you in good stead," said the lady, and smiled.

And Phillips listened, perplexed—that a young woman like this, frail, intellectual, of good family, should mix up in fanatical schemes for liberating black men. He could not understand it!

"But you were there—you helped get us out of the difficulty. And if worse had come to worst, I might have appealed to you personally for protection!"

And the young lawyer stammered, "I would have been only too happy," or something like that. The lady

had the best of the logic, and a thin attempt to pity her on account of the unfortunate occurrence, went off by the right oblique and was lost in space.

These Abolitionists were a queer lot!

Not long after that meeting at Chapman's, the young lawyer had legal business at Greenfield, that must be looked after. Now Greenfield is one hundred miles from Boston—but then it was the same distance from tide-water that Omaha is now—that is to say, a two-days' journey.

The day was set. The stage left every morning at nine o'clock from the Bowdoin Tavern in Bowdoin Square. A young fellow by the name of Charles Sumner was going with Phillips, but at the last moment was detained by other business. That his chum could not go was a disappointment to Phillips—he paced the stone-paved court-way of the tavern with clouded brow. All around was the bustle of travel, and tearful friends bidding folks good-bye, and the romantic rush of stage-coach land.

The ease and luxury of travel have robbed it of its poetry—Ruskin was right!

But it did n't look romantic to Wendell Phillips just then—his chum had failed him—the weather was cold, two days of hard jolting lay ahead. And—"Ah! yes—it is Miss Greene! and Miss Grew, and Mr. Alvord. To Greenfield? why, how fortunate!"

Obliging strangers exchanged seats, so our friends could be together—passengers found their places on

top or inside, bundles and bandboxes were packed away, harness chains rattled, a long whip sang through the air, and the driver, holding a big bunch of lines in one hand, swung the six horses, with careless grace, out of Bowdoin Square, and turned the leaders' heads towards Cambridge. The post-horn tooted merrily, dogs barked, and stable-boys raised a good-bye cheer!

¶ Out past Harvard Square they went, through Arlington and storied Lexington—on to Concord—through Fitchburg, to Greenfield.

It does n't take long to tell it, but that was a wonderful trip for Phillips—the greatest and most important journey of his life, he said forty years later.

Miss Grew lived in Greenfield and had been down to visit Miss Greene. Mr. Alvord was engaged to Miss Grew, and wanted to accompany her home, but he could n't exactly, you know, unless Miss Greene went along

So Miss Greene obliged them. The girls knew the day Phillips was going, and hastened their plans a trifle, so as to take the same stage—at least that is what Charles Sumner said.

They did n't tell Phillips, because a planned excursion on part of these young folks would n't have been just right—Beacon Hill would not have approved. But when they had bought their seats and met at the stage-yard—why, that was a different matter.

Besides, Mr. Alvord and Miss Grew were engaged, and Miss Greene was a cousin of Miss Grew—there!

¶ Let me here say that I am quite aware that long after Miss Grew became Mrs. Alvord, she wrote a most charming little book about Ann Terry Greene, in which she defends the woman against any suspicion that she plotted and planned to snare the heart of Wendell Phillips, on the road to Greenfield. The defense was done in love, but was unnecessary. Ann Terry Greene needs no vindication. As for her snaring the heart of Wendell Phillips, I rest solidly on this: She did.

Whether Miss Greene coolly planned that trip to Greenfield, I cannot say, but I hope so.

And, anyway, it was destiny—it had to be.

This man and woman were made for each other—they were "elected" before the foundations of Earth were laid.

The first few hours out, they were very gay. Later, they fell into serious conversation. The subject was Abolition. Miss Greene knew the theme in all of its ramifications and parts—its history, its difficulties, its dangers, its ultimate hopes. Phillips soon saw that all of his tame objections had been made before and answered. Gradually the horror of human bondage swept over him, and against this came the magnificence of freedom and of giving freedom. By evening, it came to him that all of the immortal names in history where those of men who had fought liberty's battle. That evening, as they sat around the crackling fire at the Fitchburg Tavern, they did not talk—a point

had been reached where words were superfluous—the silence sufficed. At day-break the next morning the journey was continued. There was conversation, but voices were keyed lower. When the stage mounted a steep hill they got out and walked. Melancholy had taken place of mirth. Both felt that a great and mysterious change had come over their spirits—their thought was fused. Miss Greene had suffered social obloquy on account of her attitude on the question of slavery—to share this obloquy seemed now the one thing desirable to Phillips. It is a great joy to share disgrace with the right person. The woman had intellect, education, self-reliance—and passion. There was an understanding between them. And yet no word of tenderness had been spoken. An avowal formulated in words is a cheap thing, and a spoken proposal goes with a cheap passion. The love that makes the silence eloquence and fills the heart with a melody too sacred to voice, is the true token. O God! we thank thee for the thoughts and feelings that are beyond speech.



WHEN it became known that Wendell Phillips, the most promising of Boston's young sons, had turned Abolitionist, Beacon Hill rent its clothes and put ashes on its head.

On the question of slavery, the first families of the North stood with the first families of the South—the rights of property were involved, as well as the ques-

tion of caste. ¶ Let one of the scions of Wall Street avow himself an anarchist and the outcry of horror would not be greater than it was when young Phillips openly declared himself an Abolitionist. His immediate family were in tears; the relatives said they were disgraced; cousins cut him dead on the street, and his name was stricken from the list of "invited guests." The social-column editors ignored him, and worst of all, his clients fled.

The biographers are too intensely partisan to believe, literally, and when one says, "He left a large and lucrative practice that he might devote himself," etc., etc., we better reach for the Syracuse product.

Wendell Phillips never had a large and lucrative practice, and if he had, he would not have left it. His little law business was the kind that all fledgelings get—the kind that big lawyers do not want, and so they pass it over to the boys. Doctors are always turning pauper patients over to the youngsters, and so in successful law offices there is more or less of this semi-charitable work to do. Business houses also have fag-end work that they give to beginners, as kind folks give bones to Fido. Wendell Phillips' law work was exactly of this contingent kind—big business and big fees only go to big men and tried.

Law is a business, and lawyers who succeed are business men. Social distinction has its pull in all professions and all arts, and the man who can afford to affront society and hope to succeed is as one in a million.

Lawyers and business men were not so troubled about Wendell Phillips' inward beliefs as they were in the fact that he was a fool—he had flung away his chances of getting on in the world. They ceased to send him business—he had no work—no callers—folks he used to know were now strangely near-sighted.

Phillips did n't quit the practice of law, any more than he withdrew from society—both law and society quit him. And then he made a virtue of necessity and boldly resigned his commission as a lawyer—he would not longer be bound to protect the Constitution that upheld the right of a slave-owner to capture his "property" in Massachusetts.

He and Ann talked this over at length—they had little else to do. They excommunicated society, and Wendell Phillips became an outlaw, in the same way that the James boys became outlaws—through accident, and not through choice. Social disgrace is never sought, and obloquy is not a thing to covet—these things may come, and usually they mean a smother-blanket to all worldly success.

But Ann and Wendell had their love; and each had a bank account, and then they had pride that proved a prophylactic 'gainst the clutch of oblivion.

On October 12th, 1837, the outlaws, Ann and Wendell, were married. It was a quiet wedding—guests were not invited because it was not pleasant to court cynical regrets, and kinsmen were noticeable by their absence.

Proscription has its advantages—for one thing, it binds human hearts like hoops of steel. Yet it was not necessary here, for there was no waning of the honeymoon during that forty-odd years of married life.

But scarcely had the petals fallen from the orange blossoms, before an event occurred that marked another mile-stone in the career of Phillips.

At St. Louis, the Rev. E. P. Lovejoy, a Presbyterian clergyman, had been mobbed and his printing office sacked, because he had expressed himself on the subject of slavery. Lovejoy then moved up to Alton, Illinois, on the other side of the river, on free soil, and here he sought to re-establish his newspaper.

But he was to benefit the cause in another way than by printing editorials. The place was attacked, the presses broken into fragments, the type flung into the Mississippi River, and Lovejoy was killed.

A tremor of horror ran through the North—it was not the question of slavery—no, it was the right of free speech.

A meeting was called at Faneuil Hall to consider the matter and pass fitting resolutions. There was something beautifully ironical in Boston interesting herself concerning the doings of a mob a thousand miles away, especially when Boston, herself, had done about the same thing only two years before.

Boston preferred to forget—but somebody would not let her. Just who called the meeting, no one seemed to know. The word "Abolition" was not used on the

placards—"free speech" was the shibboleth. The hall had been leased, and the assembly was to occur in the forenoon. The principal actors evidently anticipated serious trouble if the meeting was at night.

The authorities sought to discourage the gathering, but this only advertised it. At the hour set, the place—"the Cradle of Liberty"—was packed.

The crowd was made up of three classes, the Abolitionists—and they were in the minority—the mob who hotly opposed them, and the curious and indifferent people who wanted to see the fireworks.

Many women were in the audience, and a dozen clergymen on the platform—this gave respectability to the assemblage. The meeting opened tamely enough with a trite talk by a Unitarian clergyman, and followed along until the resolutions were read. Then there were cries of, "Table them!"—the matter was of no importance.

A portly figure was seen making its way to the platform. It was the Hon. James T. Austin, Attorney-General of the State. He was stout, florid, ready of tongue—a practical stump-speaker and withal a good deal of a popular favorite. The crowd cheered him—he caught them from the start. His intent was to explode the whole thing into a laugh, or else end it in a row—he did n't care which.

He pooh-poohed the whole affair; and referred to the slaves as a menagerie of lions, tigers, hyenas—a jackass or two—and a host of monkeys, which the fool

Abolitionists were trying to turn loose. He regretted the death of Lovejoy, but his taking off should be a warning to all good people—they should be law-abiding and mind their own business. He moved that the resolutions be tabled.

The applause that followed showed that if a vote were then taken the Attorney-General's motion would have prevailed

"Answer him, Wendell, answer him!" whispered Ann, excitedly, and before the Attorney-General had bowed himself from the platform, Wendell Phillips had sprung upon the stage and stood facing the audience. There were cries of, "Vote! vote!"—the mobocrats wanted to cut the matter short. Still others shouted, "Fair play! Let us hear the boy!" The young man stood there, calm, composed—handsome in the strength of youth. He waited until the audience came to him and then he spoke in that dulcet voice — deliberate, measured, faultless — every sentence spaced. The charm of his speech caught the curiosity of the crowd. People did not know whether he was going to sustain the Attorney-General or assail him. From compliments and generalities he moved off into bitter sarcasm. He riddled the cheap wit of his opponent; tore his logic to tatters and held the pitiful rags of reason up before the audience. There were cries of, "Treason!" "Put him out!" Phillips simply smiled and waited for the frenzy to subside. The speaker who has aroused his hearers into a tumult of either dissent

or approbation has won—and Phillips did both. He spoke for thirty minutes and finished in a whirlwind of applause. The Attorney-General had disappeared, and those of his followers who remained were strangely silent. The resolutions were passed in a shout of acclamation

The fame of Wendell Phillips as an orator was made. Father Taylor once said, "If Emerson goes to hell, he will start emigration in that direction." And from the day of that first Faneuil Hall speech Wendell Phillips gradually caused Abolitionism in New England to become respectable.

PHILLIPS was twenty-seven years old when he gave that first great speech, and for just twenty-seven years he continued to speak on the subject of slavery. He was an agitator—he was a man who divided men. He supplied courage to the weak, arguments to the many and sent a chill of hate and fear through the hearts of the enemy. And just here is a good place to say that your radical—your fire-eater, agitator, & revolutionary who dips his pen in aqua fortis, & punctuates with blood, is almost without exception, met socially, a very gentle, modest and suave individual. William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Horace Greeley, Fred Douglass, George William Curtis, & even John Brown, were all men with low, musical voices and modest ways—men who would not tread on an

insect nor harm a toad. ¶ When the fight had been won—the Emancipation Proclamation issued—there were still other fights ahead. The habit of Phillips' life had become fixed.

He and Ann lived in that plain little home on Exeter Street, and to this home of love he constantly turned for rest and inspiration.

At the close of the war he found his fortune much impaired, and he looked to the Lyceum Stage—the one thing for which he was so eminently fitted.

It was about the year 1880 a callow interviewer asked him who his closest associates were. The answer was, "My colleagues are hackmen and hotel clerks; and I also know every conductor, brakeman and engineer on every railroad in America. My home is in the caboose, and my business is establishing trains."

I heard Wendell Phillips speak but once. I was about twelve years of age, and my father and I had ridden ten miles across the wind-swept prairie in the face of a winter storm.

It was midnight when we reached home, but I could not sleep until I had told my mother all about it. I remember the hall was packed, and there were many gas lights, and on the stage were a dozen men—all very great, my father said. One man arose and spoke. He lifted his hands, raised his voice, stamped his foot, and I thought he surely was a very great man. He was just introducing the real speaker.

Then the Real Speaker walked slowly down to the

front of the stage and stood very still. And everybody was awful quiet—no one coughed, nor shuffled his feet, nor whispered—I never knew a thousand folks could be so still. I could hear my heart beat—I leaned over to listen and I wondered what his first words would be, for I had promised to remember them for my mother. And the words were these—" My dear friends: We have met here to-night to talk about the Lost Arts." * * * * That is just what he said—I 'll not deceive you—and it was n't a speech at all—he just talked to us. We were his dear friends—he said so, and a man with a gentle, quiet voice like that would not call us his friends if he was n't our friend.

He had found out some wonderful things and he had just come to tell us about them ; about how thousands of years ago men worked in gold and silver and ivory; how they dug canals, sailed strange seas, built wonderful palaces, carved statues and wrote books on the skins of animals. He just stood there and told us about these things—he stood still, with one hand behind him, or resting on his hip, or at his side, and the other hand motioned a little—that was all. We expected every minute he would burst out and make a speech, but he did n't—he just talked. There was a big yellow pitcher and a tumbler on the table, but he did n't drink once, because you see he did n't work very hard—he just talked—he talked for two hours. I know it was two hours, because we left home at six o'clock, got to the hall at eight, and reached home at midnight. We came

home as fast as we went, and if it took us two hours to come home, and he began at eight, he must have been talking for two hours. I did n't go to sleep—did n't nod once

We hoped he would make a speech before he got through, but he did n't. He just talked, and I understood it all. Father held my hand—we laughed a little in places, at others we wanted to cry, but did n't—but most of the time we just listened. We were going to applaud, but forgot it. He called us his dear friends.

¶ I have heard thousands of speeches since that winter night in Illinois. Very few indeed can I recall, and beyond the general theme, that speech by Wendell Phillips has gone from my memory. But I remember the presence and attitude and voice of the man as though it were but yesterday. The calm courage, deliberation, beauty and strength of the speaker—his knowledge, his gentleness, his friendliness! I had heard many sermons, and some had terrified me. This time I had expected to be thrilled, too, and so I sat very close to my father and felt for his hand. And here it was all just quiet joy—I understood it all. I was pleased with myself; and being pleased with myself, I was pleased with the speaker. He was the biggest and best man I had ever seen—the first real man.

It is no small thing to be a man!

IN 1853, Emerson said the reason Phillips was the best public speaker in America was because he had spoken every day for fourteen years.

This observation did n't apply to Phillips at all, but Emerson used Phillips to hammer home a great general truth, which was that practice makes perfect.

Emerson, like all the rest of us, had certain pet theories, which he was constantly bolstering by analogy and example. He had Phillips in mind when he said that the best drill for an orator was a course of mobs.

¶ But the cold fact remains that Phillips never made a better speech, even after fourteen years daily practice, than that reply to Attorney-General Austin, at Faneuil Hall.

He gave himself, and it was himself full-armed and at his best. All the conditions were exactly right—there was hot opposition; and there also was love and encouragement.

His opponent, with brag, bluster, pomposity, cheap wit and insincerity served him as a magnificent foil. Never again were wind and tide so in his favor.

It is opportunity that brings out the great man, but he only is great who prepares for the opportunity—who knows it will come—and who seizes upon it when it arrives.

In this speech, Wendell Phillips reveals himself at his best—it has the same ring of combined courage, culture and sincerity that he showed to the last. Clear thinking and clear speaking marked the man. Taine

says the style is the man—the Phillips style was all in that first speech, and here is a sample:

To draw the conduct of our ancestors into a precedent for mobs, for a right to resist laws we ourselves have enacted, is an insult to their memory. The difference between the excitement of those days and our own, which this gentleman in kindness to the latter has overlooked, is simply this: the men of that day went for the right, as secured by laws. They were the people rising to sustain the laws and constitution of the province. The rioters of our day go for their own wills, right or wrong. Sir, when I heard the gentlemen lay down principles which place the murderers of Alton side by side with Otis and Hancock, with Quincy and Adams, I thought those pictured lips [pointing to the portraits in the hall] would have broken into voice to rebuke the recreant American—the slanderer of the dead!

The gentleman said he should sink into insignificance if he condescended to gainsay the principles of these resolutions. For the sentiments he has uttered, on soil consecrated by the prayers of Puritans and the blood of patriots, the earth should have yawned and swallowed him up!

Allusion has been made to what lawyers understand very well—the "conflict of laws." We are told that nothing but the Mississippi River runs between St. Louis and Alton; and the conflict of laws somehow or other gives the citizens of the former a right to find fault with the defender of the press for publishing his opinions so near their limits. Will the gentleman venture that argument before lawyers? How the laws of the two states could be said to come into conflict in such circumstances, I question whether any lawyer in

this audience can explain or understand. No matter whether the line that divides one sovereign State from another be an imaginary one or ocean wide, the moment you cross it, the State you leave is blotted out of existence, so far as you are concerned. The Czar might as well claim to control the deliberations of Faneuil Hall, as the laws of Missouri demand reverence, or the shadow of obedience, from an inhabitant of Illinois. ¶ Sir, as I understand this affair, it was not an individual protecting his property; it was not one body of armed men assaulting another, and making the streets of a peaceful city run blood with their contentions. It did not bring back the scenes in some old Italian cities, where family met family, and faction met faction, and mutually trampled the laws under foot. No; the men in that house were regularly enrolled under the sanction of the mayor. There being no militia in Alton, about seventy men were enrolled with the approbation of the mayor. These relieved each other every other night. About thirty men were in arms on the night of the sixth, when the press was landed. The next evening it was not thought necessary to summon more than half that number; among these was Lovejoy. It was, therefore, you perceive, Sir, the police of the city resisting rioters—civil government breasting itself to the shock of lawless men. Here is no question about the right of self-defence. It is, in fact, simply this: Has the civil magistrate a right to put down a riot? Some persons seem to imagine that anarchy existed at Alton from the commencement of these disputes. Not at all. "No one of us," says an eyewitness and a comrade of Lovejoy, "has taken up arms during these disturbances but at the command of the mayor." Anarchy did not settle down on that devoted city till Lovejoy breathed his last. Till then the law,

represented in his person, sustained itself against its foes. When he fell, civil authority was trampled under foot. He had "planted himself on his constitutional rights"—appealed to the laws—claimed the protection of the civil authority—taken refuge under "the broad shield of the Constitution. When through that he was pierced and fell, he fell but one sufferer in a common catastrophe." He took refuge under the banner of liberty—amid its folds; and when he fell, its glorious stars and stripes, the emblem of free constitutions, around which cluster so many heart-stirring memories, were blotted out in the martyr's blood.

If, Sir, I had adopted what are called peace principles, I might lament the circumstances of this case. But all of you who believe, as I do, in the right and duty of magistrates to execute the laws, join with me and brand as base hypocrisy the conduct of those who assemble year after year on the Fourth of July, to fight over battles of the Revolution, and yet "damn with faint praise," or load with obloquy, the memory of this man, who shed his blood in defence of life, liberty, and the freedom of the press!

Imprudent to defend the freedom of the press! Why? Because the defence was unsuccessful? Does success gild crime into patriotism, and want of it change heroic self-devotion to imprudence? Was Hampden imprudent when he drew the sword and threw away the scabbard? Yet he, judged by that single hour, was unsuccessful. After a short exile, the race he hated sat again upon the throne.

Imagine yourself present when the first news of Bunker Hill battle reached a New England town. The table would have run thus: "The patriots are routed; the redcoats victorious; Warren lies dead upon the field." With what scorn would that Tory have been

received, who should have charged Warren with imprudence! who should have said that, bred as a physician, he was "out of place" in the battle, and "died as the fool dieth!" [Great applause.] How would the intimation have been received, that Warren and his associates should have waited a better time? But, if success be indeed the only criterion of prudence, Respice finem—wait till the end.

Presumptuous to assert the freedom of the press on American ground! Is the assertion of such freedom before the age? So much before the age as to leave one no right to make it because it displeases the community? Who invents this libel on his country? It is this very thing which entitles Lovejoy to greater praise; the disputed right which provoked the Revolution—taxation without representation—is far beneath that for which he died. [Here there was a strong and general expression of disapprobation.] One word, gentlemen. As much as Thought is better than Money, so much is the cause in which Lovejoy died nobler than a mere question of taxes. James Otis thundered in this hall when the king did but touch his Pocket. Imagine, if you can, his indignant eloquence had England offered to put a gag upon his Lips. [Great applause.]

The question that stirred the Revolution touched our civil interests. This concerns us not only as citizens, but as immortal beings. Wrapped up in its fate, saved or lost with it, are not only the voice of the statesman, but the instructions of the pulpit and the progress of our faith.

The clergy "marvelously out of place" where free speech is battled for—liberty of speech on national sins? Does the gentlemen remember that freedom to preach was first gained, dragging in its train freedom to print? I thank the clergy here present, as I rever-

ence their predecessors, who did not so far forget their country in their immediate profession as to deem it duty to separate themselves from the struggle of '76—the Mayhews and the Coopers—who remembered they were citizens before they were clergymen. * * * * ¶ I am glad, Sir, to see this crowded house. It is good for us to be here. When liberty is in danger, Faneuil Hall has the right, it is her duty, to strike the key-note of these United States. I am glad, for one reason, that remarks such as those to which I have alluded have been uttered here. The passage of these resolutions, in spite of this opposition, led by the Attorney-General of the Commonwealth, will show more clearly, more decisively, the deep indignation with which Boston regards this outrage.



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SOCRATES

Vol. XIV. JANUARY, 1904. No. 1

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Little Journeys

TO THE HOMES OF

Great Philosophers

Socrates

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I DO not think it possible for a better man to be injured by a worse. * * * * To a good man nothing is evil, neither while living nor when dead, nor are his concerns neglected by the gods.

THE REPUBLIC.



Socrates

SOCRATES

IT was four hundred and seventy years before Christ that Socrates was born. He never wrote a book, never made a formal address, held no public office, wrote no letters, yet his words have come down to us sharp, vivid and crystalline. His face, form and features are to us familiar—his goggle eyes, bald head, snub nose and bow legs! The habit of his life—his goings and comings, his arguments and wrangles, his infinite leisure, his sublime patience, his perfect faith—all these things are plain, lifting the man out of the commonplace and setting him apart.

The "Memorabilia" of Xenophon and the "Dialogues" of Plato give us Boswellian pictures of the man.

Knowing the man, we know what he would do; and knowing what he did, we know the man.

Socrates was the son of Sophroniscus, a stone-cutter, and his wife Phænarete. In boyhood he used to carry dinner to his father, and sitting by, he heard the men, in their free and easy way, discuss the plans of Pericles. These workmen did n't know the plans—they were only privates in the ranks, but they exer-

cised their prerogatives to criticize, and while working to assist, did right royally disparage and condemn. Like sailors who love their ship, and grumble at grub and grog, yet on shore will allow no word of disparagement to be said, so did these Athenians love their city, and still condemn its rulers—they exercised the laborer's right to damn the man who gives him work.

Little did the workmen guess—little did his father guess—that this pug-nosed boy, making pictures in the sand with his big toe, would also leave his footprints on the sands of time, and a name that would rival that of Phidias and Pericles!

Socrates was a product of the Greek renaissance. Great men come in groups, like comets sent from afar. Athens was seething with thought and feeling: Pericles was giving his annual oration—worth thousands of weekly sermons—and planning his dream in marble; Phidias was cutting away the needless portions of the white stone of Pentelicus and liberating wondrous forms of beauty; Sophocles was revealing the possibilities of the stage; Æschylus was pointing out the way as a playwright, and the passion for physical beauty was everywhere an adjunct of religion.

Pre-natal influences, it seems, played their part in shaping the destiny of Socrates. His mother followed the profession of Sairy Gamp, and made her home with a score of families, as she was needed. The trained nurse is often untrained, and is a regular encyclopedia of esoteric family facts. She wipes her mouth on her

apron and is at home in every room of the domicile from parlor to pantry. Then as now she knew the trials and troubles of her clients, and all domestic underground happenings requiring adjustment she looked after as she was "dispoged."

Evidently Phænarete was possessed of considerable personality, for we hear of her being called to Mythæia on a professional errand shortly before the birth of Socrates; and in a month after his birth, a similar call came from another direction, and the bald little philosopher was again taken along—from which we assume, following in the footsteps of Conan Doyle, that Socrates was no bottle baby. The world should be grateful to Phænarete that she did not honor the Sairy Gamp precedents and observe the Platonic maxim, "Sandal-makers usually go barefoot:" she gave her customers an object lesson in well-doing as well as teaching them by precept. None of her clients did so well as she—even though her professional duties were so exacting that domesticity to her was merely incidental. It was only another case of the amateur distancing the professional.

FROM babyhood we lose sight of Socrates until we find him working at his father's trade as a sculptor. Certainly he had a goodly degree of skill, for the "Graces" which he carved were fair and beautiful and admired by many. This was enough, he

just wanted to reveal what he could do, and then to show that to have no ambition was his highest ambition, he threw down his tools and took off his apron for good. He was then thirty-five years old. Art is a zealous mistress, and demands that "thou shalt have no other gods before me." Socrates did not concentrate on art. His mind went roaming the world of philosophy, and for his imagination the universe was hardly large enough.

I said that he deliberately threw down his tools; but possibly this was by request, for he had acquired a habit of engaging in much wordy argument and letting the work slide. He went out upon the streets to talk, and in the guise of a learner, he got in close touch with all the wise men of Athens by stopping them and asking questions. In physique he was immensely strong—hard work had developed his muscles, plain fare had made him oblivious to the fact that he had a stomach, and as for nerves, he had none to speak of.

Socrates did not marry until he was about forty. His wife was scarcely twenty. Of his courtship we know nothing, but sure it is Socrates did not go and sue for the lady's hand in the conventional way, nor seek to gain the consent of her parents by proving his worldly prospects. His apparel was costly as his purse could buy, not gaudy nor expressed in fancy. It consisted of the one suit that he wore, for we hear of his repairing beyond the walls to bathe in the stream, and of his washing his clothing, hanging it on the bushes and

waiting for it to dry before going back to the city. As for shoes, he had one pair, and since he never once wore them, going barefoot summer and winter, it is presumed that they lasted well. One cannot imagine Socrates in an opera hat—in fact, he wore no hat, and he was bald. I record the fact so as to confound those zealous ones who badger the bald as a business, who have recipes concealed on their persons, and who assure us that baldness has its rise in head-gear.

Socrates belonged to the leisure class. His motto was, KNOW THYSELF. He considered himself of much more importance than any statue he could make, and to get acquainted with himself as being much more desirable than to know physical phenomena. His plan of knowing himself was to ask everybody questions, and in their answers he would get a true reflection of his own mind. His intellect would reply to theirs, and if his questions dissolved their answers into nothingness, the supremacy of his own being would be apparent; and if they proved his folly he was equally grateful—if he was a fool, his desire was to know it. So sincere was Socrates in this wish to know himself that never did he show the slightest impatience nor resentment when the argument was turned upon him.

He looked upon his mind as a second party, and sat off and watched it work. Should it become confused or angered, it would be proof of its insufficiency and littleness. If Socrates ever came to know himself, he knew this fact: as an economic unit he was an absolute fail-

ure; but as a gadfly, stinging men into thinking for themselves, he was a success. A specialist is a deformity contrived by Nature to get the work done. Socrates was a thought-specialist, and the laziest man who ever lived in a strenuous age. The desire of his life was to live without desire—which is essentially the thought of Nirvana. He had the power never to exercise his power excepting in knowing himself.

He accepted every fact, circumstance and experience of life, and counted it gain. Life to him was a precious privilege, and what were regarded as unpleasant experiences were as much a part of life as the pleasant ones. He who succeeds in evading unpleasant experiences cheats himself out of so much life. You know yourself by watching yourself to see what you do when you are thwarted, crossed, contradicted, or deprived of certain things supposed to be desirable. If you always get the desirable things, how do you know what you would do if you did n't have them? You exchange so much life for the thing, that 's all, and thus do we see Socrates anticipating Emerson's Essay on Compensation. Everything is bought with a price—all things are of equal value—no one can cheat you, for to be cheated is a not undesirable experience, and in the act, if you are really filled with the thought, "Know Thyself," you get the compensation by an increase in mental growth.

However, to deliberately go in search of experience, Socrates said, would be a mistake, because then you would so multiply impressions that none would be of

any avail and your life would be burned out. To clutch life by the throat and demand that it shall stand and deliver is to place yourself so out of harmony with your environment that you will get nothing.

Above all things, we must be calm, self-centered, never anxious, and be always ready to accept whatever the gods may send. The world will come to us if we only wait. It will be seen that Socrates is at once the oldest and most modern of thinkers. He was the first to express the New Thought. A thought, to Socrates, was more of a reality than a block of marble—a moral principle was just as persistent as a chemical agent.



THE silken-robed and perfumed Sophist was sport and game for Socrates. For him Socrates recognized no closed season. If Socrates ever came near losing his temper, it was in dealing with this Edmund Russell of Athens. Grant Allen used to say, "The spores of everything are everywhere and a certain condition breeds a certain microbe." A period of prosperity always warms into life this social paragon who lives in a darkened room hung with maroon drapery, where incense is burned and a turbaned Hindoo carries your card to the master, who faces the sun and exploits a prie-dieu when the wind blows East. Athens had these men of refined elegance, Rome evolved them, London has had her day, New York knows them, and Chicago —I trust I will not be contradicted when I say that

Chicago understands her business! And so we find these folks who cultivate a pellucid passivity, a phthisicky whisper, a supercilious smirk, and who win our smothered admiration and give us goose-flesh by imparting a taubric tinge of mystery to all their acts and words, thus proving to the assembled guests that they are the Quality, and Wisdom will die with them.

This lingo of meaningless words and high-born phrases always set Socrates by the ears, and when he would corner a Sophist, he would very shortly prick his pretty toy balloon, until at last the tribe fled him as a pestilence. Socrates stood for sanity. The Sophist represented moonshine gone to seed, and these things, proportioned ill, drive men transverse.

Extremes equalize themselves: the pendulum swings as far this way as it does that. The saponaceous Sophist who renounced the world and yet lived wholly in a world of sense, making vacuity pass legal-tender for spirituality, and the priest who, mystified with a mumble of words, evolved a Diogenes who lived in a tub, wore regally a robe of rags, and once went into the temple, and cracking a louse on the altar rail, said solemnly, "Thus does Diogenes sacrifice to all the gods at once!" ¶ In Socrates was a little jollity and much wisdom pickled in the scorn of Fortune; but the Sophists inwardly bowed down and worshiped the fickle dame on idolatrous knees. Socrates won immortality because he did not want it, and the Sophists secured oblivion because they deserved it.

WE hear of Socrates going to Aspasia, and holding long conversations with her "to sharpen his mind." Aspasia did not go out in society much, she and Pericles lived very simply. It is worth while to remember that the most intellectual woman of her age was democratic enough to be on friendly terms with the bare-foot philosopher who went about regally wrapped in a table-spread. Socrates did not realize the flight of time when making calls—he went early and stayed late. Possibly pre-natal influences caused him to often call before breakfast and remain until after supper.

Just imagine Pericles, Aspasia and Socrates sitting at table—with Walter Savage Landor behind the arras making notes! Doubtless Socrates and Mrs. Pericles did most of the talking, while the First Citizen of Athens listened and smiled indulgently now and then as his mind wandered to construction contracts and walking delegates. Pericles, the builder of a city—Pericles, first among practical men since time began, and Socrates, who jostles history for first place among those, have done nothing but talk—imagine these two eating melons together, while Aspasia, gentle and kind, talks of spirit being more than matter and love being greater than the Parthenon!

Socrates is usually spoken of as regarding women with slight favor, but I have noticed that your genus woman-hater holds the balance true by really being a woman-lover. If a man is enough interested in women to hate

them, note this, he is only searching for the right woman, the woman who compares favorably with the ideal woman in his own mind. He measures every woman by this standard, just as Ruskin compared all modern painters with Turner and discarded them with fitting adjectives as they receded from what he regarded as the perfect type. If Ruskin had not been much interested in painters, would he have written scathing criticisms about them?

In several instances we hear of Socrates reminding his followers that they are "weak as women," and he was the first to say "woman is an undeveloped man." But Socrates was a great admirer of human beauty, whether physical or spiritual, and his abrupt way of stopping beautiful women on the streets and bluntly telling them they were beautiful, doubtless often confirmed their suspicions. And thus far he was pleasing, but when he went on to ask questions so as to ascertain whether their mental estate compared with their physical, why, that was slightly different. It is good to hear him say, "there is no sex in intellect," and also, "I have long held the opinion that the female sex is nothing inferior to ours, save only in strength of body and possibly in steadiness of judgment." And Xenophon quotes him thus,—"It is more delightful to hear the virtue of a good woman described, than if the painter Zeuxis were to show me the portrait of the fairest woman in the world."

Perhaps Thackeray is right when he says, "The men

who appreciate woman most are those who have felt the sharpness of her claws." That is to say, things show up best on the darkest background. If so, let us give Xantippe due credit. She tested the temper of the sage by railing on him and deluging him with Socratic propositions, not waiting for the answers; she often broke in with a broom upon his introspective efforts to know himself; if this were not enough, she dashed buckets of scrubbing water over him; presents that were sent him by admiring friends she used as targets for her mop and wit; if he invited friends with faith plus to dine, she upset the table, dishes and all, before them —not much to their loss; she occasionally elbowed her way through a crowd where her husband was entertaining the listeners upon the divine harmonies, and would tear off his robe and lead him home by the ear. But these things never ruffled Socrates—he might roll his eyes in comic protest at the audience as he was being led away captive, but no resentment was shown. He had the strength of a Hercules, but he was a far better non-resistant than Tolstoy, because he took his medicine with a wink, while Fate is obliged to hold the nose of the author of "Anna Karenina," who never sees the comedy of an inward struggle and an outward compliance, any more than does the benedict, safely entrenched under the bed, who shouts out, "I defy thee, I defy thee!" as did Mephisto when Gœthe thrust him into Tophet.



THE popular belief is that Xantippe, the wife of Socrates, was a shrew, and had she lived in New England in Cotton Mather's time would have been a candidate for the ducking-stool. Socrates said he married her for discipline. A man in East Aurora, however, has recently made it plain to himself that Xantippe was possessed of a great and acute intellect. She knew herself, and she knew her liege as he never did—he was too close to his subject to get the perspective. She knew that under the right conditions his name would live as one of the world's great teachers, and so she set herself to supply the conditions. She deliberately sacrificed herself and put her character in a wrong light before the world in order that she might benefit the world. Most women have a goodly grain of ambition for themselves, and if their husbands have genius, their business is not to prove it, but to show that they themselves are not wholly commonplace.

Not so Xantippe—she was quite willing to be misunderstood that her husband might live.

What the world calls a happy marriage is not wholly good—ease is bought with a price. Suppose Xantippe and Socrates had settled down and lived in a cottage with a vine growing over the portico, and two rows of hollyhocks leading from the front gate to the door; a pathway of coal ashes lined off with broken crockery, and inside the house all sweet, clean and tidy; Socrates earning six drachma a day carving marble, with double pay for overtime, and he handing the pay envelope over

to her each Saturday night, keeping out just enough for tobacco, and she putting a tidy sum in the Ægean Savings Bank every month—why, what then?

Well, that would have been an end to Socrates. Xantippe was big enough to know this and so she supplied the domestic cantharides, and drove him out upon the streets—he grew to care very little for her, not much for the children, nothing for his home. She drove him out into the world of thought, instead of allowing him to settle down and be content with her society.

I once knew a sculptor—another sculptor—an elemental bit of nature, original and, better still, aboriginal. He used to sleep out under the stars so to wake up in the night and see the march of the Milky Way, and watch the Pleiades disappear over the brink of the western horizon. He wore a flannel shirt, thick-soled shoes, and overalls, no hat, and his hair was thick and coarse as a horse's mane. This man had talent, and he had sublime conceptions, great dreams, and splendid aspirations. His soul was struggling to find expression. "Leave him alone," I said—"He needs time to ripen. He is a Michæl Angelo in embryo!"

Did he ripen? Not he. He married a Wellesley girl of good family. She, too, had ideas about art—she painted china buttons for shirt-waists, embroidered chasubles, and sang "The Rosary" in a raucous Quinsigamond voice. The big barbarian became respectable, and the last time I saw him he wore a Tuxedo and was passing out platitudes and raspberry shrub at a lawn party.

The Wellesley girl had tamed her bear—they were very happy, he assured me, and she was preparing a course of lectures for him which he was to give at Mrs. Jack Gardner's. A Xantippe might have saved him.

A CAPTIOUS friend once suggested to Socrates, this: "If you prize the female nature so highly, how does it happen that you do not instruct Xantippe?"—a rather indelicate proposition to put to a married man. And Socrates, quite unruffled, replied, "My friend, if one wants to learn horsemanship, does he choose a tame horse or one with mettle and a hard mouth? I wish to converse with all sorts of people, and I believe that nothing can disturb me after I grow accustomed to the tongue of Xantippe."

Again we hear of his suggesting that his wife's scolding tongue may have been only the buzzing of his own waspish thoughts, and if he did not call forth these qualities in her they would not otherwise have appeared. And so, beholding her impatience and unseemliness, he would realize the folly of an ill temper and thus learn by antithesis to curb his own. Old Dr. Johnson used to have a regular menagerie of wrangling, jangling, quibbling, dissatisfied pensioners in his household; and so far as we know he never learned the truth that all pensioners are dissatisfied. "If I can stand things at home, I can stand things anywhere," he once said to Boswell, as much as to say, "If I can stand things at home, I can

stand even you." Goldsmith referred to Boswell as a cur, Garrick said he thought he was a burr. Socrates had a similar satellite by the name of Cheropho, a dark, dirty, weazened, and awfully serious little man of the tribe of Buttinsky, who sat breathlessly trying to catch the pearls that fell from the ample mouth of the philosopher. Aristophanes referred to Cheropho as "Socrates' bat," a play-off on Minerva and her bird of night, the owl. There were quite a number of these "bats," and they seemed to labor under the same hallucination that catches the lady students of the Pundit Vivakenanda H. Darmapala: they think that wisdom is to be imparted by word of mouth, and that by listening hard and making notes one can become very wise. Socrates said again and again, "Character is a matter of growth and all I hope to do is to make you think for yourselves."

¶ That chilly exclusiveness which regards a man's house as his castle, his home, the one sacred spot, and all outside as the cold and cruel world, was not the ideal of Socrates. His family was his circle of friends, and these were of all classes and conditions, from the First Citizen to beggars on the street.

He made no charge for his teaching, took up no collections, and never inaugurated a Correspondence School. America has produced one man who has been called a reincarnation of Socrates; that man was Bronson Alcott, who peddled clocks and forgot the flight of time whenever any one would listen to him expound the unities. Alcott once ran his wheelbarrow into a neigh-

bor's garden and was proceeding to load his motor-car with cabbages, beets and potatoes. Glancing up, the philosopher saw the owner of the garden looking at him steadfastly over the wall. "Don't look at me that way," called Alcott with a touch of un-Socratic acerbity, "Don't look at me that way—I need these things more than you!" and went on with the annexation.

The idea that all good things are for use and belong to all who need them, was a favorite maxim of Socrates. The furniture in his house never exceeded the exemption clause. Once we find him saying that Xantippe complained because he did not buy her a stew-pan, but since there was nothing to put in it, he thought her protests ill-founded.

The climate of Athens is about like that of Southern California—one does not need to bank food and fuel against the coming of winter. Life can be adjusted to its simplest forms. From his fortieth to his fiftieth year, Socrates worked every other Thursday; then he retired from active life, and Xantippe took in plain sewing

Socrates was surely not a good provider, but if he had provided more for his family, he would have provided less for the world. The wealthy Crito would have turned his pockets inside out for Socrates, but Socrates had all he wished, and explained that as it was he had to dance at home in order to keep down the adipose. Aristides, who was objectionable because he so shaped his conduct that he was called "The Just," and got

himself ostracised, was one of his dear friends. Antisthenes, the original Cynic, used to walk six miles and back every day to hear Socrates talk. The Cynic was a rich man, but so captivated was he with the preaching of Socrates, that he adopted the life of simplicity and dressed in rags, boycotting both the barber and the bath. On one occasion Socrates looked sharply at a rent in the cloak of his friend and said, "Ah, Antisthenes, through that hole in your cloak I see your vanity!"

Xenophon sat at the feet of Socrates for a score of years, and then wrote his recollections of him as a vindication of his character. Euclid of Megara was nearly eighty when he came to Socrates as a pupil, trying to get rid of his ill temper and habit of ironical reply. Cebes and Simmias left their native country and became Greek citizens for his sake. Charmides, the pampered son of wealthy parents, learned pedagogics by being shown that in households where there were many servants, the children got cheated out of their rightful education because others did all the work, and to deprive a child of the privilege of being useful was to rob him of so much life. Æschines, the ambitious son of a sausage-maker, was advised by Socrates to borrow money of himself on long time without interest, by reducing his wants. So pleased was the recipient with this advice, that he went to publishing Socratic dialogues as a business, and had the felicity to fail with tidy liabilities.

But the two men who loom largest in the life of Socrates are Alcibiades and Plato—characters very much unlike.

¶ Alcibiades was twenty-one years old when we find him first. He was considered the handsomest young man in Athens. He was aristocratic, proud, insolent, and needlessly rich. He had a passion for gambling, horse-racing, dog-fighting, and indulged in the churchly habit of doing that which he ought not and leaving undone that which he should have done. He was worse than that degenerate scion of a proud ancestry, who a-knieppeing went with his lady friends in the Cincinnati fountain, after the opera, on a wager. He whipped a man who admitted he did not have a copy of the "Iliad" in his house; publicly destroyed the record of a charge against one of his friends; and when his wife applied for a divorce, he burst into the court-room and vacated proceedings by carrying the lady off by force. At banquets he would raise a disturbance, and while he was being forcibly ejected from one door, his servants would sneak in another and steal the silver-ware, which he would give away as charity. He also indulged in the Mark Antony trick of rushing into houses at night and pulling good folks out of bed by the heels, and then running away before they were barely awake.

His introduction to Socrates came in an attempt to break up a Socratic prayer-meeting. Socrates succeeded in getting the roysterer to listen long enough to turn the laugh on him and show all concerned that the life of a rowdy was the life of a fool. Alcibiades had expected Socrates to lose his temper, but it was Alcibiades who gave way, and blurted out that he could not hope

to beat his antagonist talking, but he would like to wrestle with him.

Legend has it that Socrates gave the insolent young man a shock by instantly accepting his challenge. In the bout that followed, the philosopher, built like a gorilla, got a half-Nelson on his man, who was a little the worse for wine, and threw him so hard, jumping on his prostrate form with his knees, that the aristocratic hoodlum was laid up for a moon. Ever after Alcibiades had a thorough respect for Socrates. They became fast friends, and whenever the old man talked in the Agora, Alcibiades was on hand to keep order.

When war came with Sparta and her allies in the Peloponnesus they enlisted, Socrates going as corporal and Alcibiades as captain. They occupied the same tent during the entire campaign. Socrates proved a fearless soldier and walked the winter ice in bare feet, often pulling his belt one hole tighter in lieu of breakfast, to show the complaining soldiers that endurance was the thing that won the battles. At the battle of Delium, when there was a rout, Xenophon says Socrates walked off the field leisurely, arm in arm with the general, explaining the nature of harmony.

Through the influence of Socrates, the lawless Alcibiades was tamed and became almost a model citizen, although his head was hardly large enough for a philosopher.

"Say what you will, you'll find it all in Plato," said Emerson. If Socrates had done nothing else but give

bent to the mind of Plato, he would deserve the gratitude of the centuries. Plato is the mine to which all thinkers turn for treasure. When they first met, Plato was twenty and Socrates sixty, and for ten years, to the day of Socrates' death, they were together almost constantly. Plato died aged eighty-one, and for fifty years he had lived but to record the dialogues of Socrates. It was curiosity that first attracted this fine youth to the old man—Socrates was so uncouth that he was amusing. Plato was interested in politics, and like most Athenian youths, was intent on having a good time. However, he was no rowdy, like Alcibiades; he was suave, gracious, and elegant in all of his acts. He had been taught by the Sophists, and the desire of his life was to seem, rather than to be. By very gentle stages, Plato began to perceive that to make an impression on society was not worth working for—the thing to do was to be yourself, and yourself at your best. And we can give no better answer to the problem of life than Plato gives in the words of Socrates, "It is better to be than to seem. To live honestly and deal justly is the meat of the whole matter."

Plato was not a disciple—he was big enough not to ape the manners and eccentricities of his Master—he saw, beneath the rough husk and beyond the grotesque outside, the great controlling purpose in the life of Socrates. He would be himself—and himself at his best, and he would seek to satisfy the Voice within, rather than to try to please the populace. Plato still wore his purple

cloak, and the elegance and grace of his manner were not thrown aside.

Would n't it have been worth our while to travel miles to see these friends—the one old, bald, short, fat, squint-eyed, bare-foot, and the other with all the poise of aristocratic youth—tall, courtly and handsome, wearing his robe with easy, regal grace. And so they have walked and talked adown the centuries, side by side, the most perfect example that can be named of that fine affection which often exists between teacher and scholar.

Plato's "Republic," especially, gives us an insight into a very great & lofty character. From his tower of speculation, Plato scanned the future, & saw that the ideal of education was to have it continue through life, for none but the life of growth and development ever satisfies. And love itself turns to ashes of roses if not used to help the soul in her upward flight. It was Plato who first said, "There is no profit where no pleasure's ta'en." He further perceived that in the life of education, the sexes must move hand in hand; and he also saw that while religions are many and seemingly diverse, that goodness and kindness are forever one.

His faith in the immortality of the soul was firm, but whether we are to live in another world or not, he said there is no higher wisdom than to live here and now—live our highest and best—cultivate the receptive mind and the hospitable heart, "partaking of all good things in moderation."

It takes these two to make the whole. There is no virtue in poverty—no merit in rags—the uncouth qualities in Socrates were not a recommendation. Yet he was himself. But Plato made good, in his own character, all that Socrates lacked. Some one has said that Fitzgerald's Omar is two-thirds Fitzgerald and one-third Omar. In his books, Plato modestly puts his wisest maxims into the mouth of his master, and just how much Plato and how much Socrates there is in the "Dialogues," we will never know until we get beyond the River Styx.



SOCRATES was deeply attached to Athens, and he finally became the best known figure in the city. He criticized in his own frank, fearless way all the doings of the times—nothing escaped him. He was a self-appointed investigating committee in all affairs of state, society and religion. Hypocrisy, pretense, affectation, and ignorance trembled at his approach. He was feared, despised and loved. But those who loved him were as one in a hundred. He became a public nuisance. The charge against him was just plain heresy—he had spoken disrespectfully of the gods and through his teaching he had defiled the youth of Athens. Ample warning had been given him, and opportunity to run away was provided, but he stuck like a leech, asking the cost of banquets and making suggestions about all public affairs.

He was arrested, bailed by Plato and Crito, and tried

before a jury of five hundred citizens. Socrates insisted on managing his own case. A rhetorician prepared an address of explanation, and the culprit was given to understand that if he read this speech to his judges and said nothing else, it would be considered as an apology and he would be freed—the intent of the trial being more to teach the old man a lesson in minding his own business than to injure him.

But Socrates replied to his well-meaning friend, "Think you I have not spent my whole life in preparing for this one thing?" And he handed back the smoothly polished manuscript with a smile. Montaigne says, "Should a suppliant voice have been heard out of the mouth of Socrates now; should that lofty virtue strike sail in the very height of its glory, and his rich and powerful nature be committed to flowing rhetoric as a defense? Never!"

¶ Socrates cross-questioned his accusers in the true Socratic style and showed that he had never spoken disrespectfully of the gods, he had only spoken disrespectfully of their absurd conception of the gods. And here is a thought which is well to consider even yet: The so-called "infidel" is often a man of great gentleness of spirit, and his disbelief is not in God, but in some little man's definition of God—a distinction the little man, being without humor, can never see.

When Socrates had confounded his accusers, this time not giving them the satisfaction of the last word, he launched out on a general criticism of the city, and told where its rulers were gravely at fault. Being cautioned

to bridle his tongue, he replied: "When your generals at Potidæa and Amphipolis and Delium assigned my place in the battle, I remained there, did my work, and faced the peril; and think you that when Deity has assigned me my duty at this pass in life I should, through fear of death, evade it, and shirk my post?"

This man appeared at other times, to some, as an idle loafer, but now he arose to a sublime height. He repeated with emphasis all he had ever said against their foolish superstitions, and arraigned the waste and futility of the idle rich. The power of the man was revealed as never before, and those who had intended to let him go with a fine, now thought it best to dispose of him. The safety of the state was endangered by such an agitator—the question of religion is really not what has sent the martyrs to the stake—it is the politician, not the priest, who fears the heretic.

By a small majority, Socrates was found guilty and sentenced to death. Let Plato tell of that last hour—he has done it once for all:

When he had done speaking, Crito said: "And have you any commands for us, Socrates—anything to say about your children, or any other matter in which we can serve you?"

"Nothing particular," he said, "only, as I have always told you, I would have you to look to your own conduct; that is a service which you may always be doing to me and mine as well as to yourselves." * * * *

"We will do our best," said Crito. "But in what way would you have us bury you?"

"In any way that you like; only you must get hold of me, and take care that I do not walk away from you." Then he turned to us, and added with a smile: "I cannot make Crito believe that I am the same Socrates who have been talking and conducting the argument; he fancies that I am the other Socrates whom he will soon see, a dead body—and he asks, 'How shall he bury me?' And though I have spoken many words in the endeavor to show that when I have drunk the poison I shall leave you and go to the joys of the blessed,—these words of mine, with which I comforted you and myself, have had, as I perceive, no effect upon Crito. And therefore I want you to be surety for me now, as he was surety for me at the trial: but let the promise be of another sort; for he was my surety to the judges that I would remain, but you must be my surety to him that I shall not remain, but go away and depart; and then he will suffer less at my death, and not be grieved when he sees my body being burned. I would not have him sorrow at my hard lot, or say at the burial, 'Thus we lay out Socrates,' or, 'Thus we follow him to the grave or bury him;' for false words are not only evil in themselves, but they infect the soul with evil. Be of good cheer then, my dear Crito, and say that you are burying my body only, and do with that as is usual, and as you think best." ❧ ❧

When he had spoken these words, he arose and went into the bath-chamber with Crito, who bid us wait; and we waited, talking and thinking of the subject of discourse, and also of the greatness of our sorrow; he was like a father of whom we were being bereaved, and we were about to pass the rest of our lives as orphans. When he had taken the bath, his children were brought to him—and the women of his family also came, and he talked to them and gave them a few directions in the

presence of Crito; and he then dismissed them and returned to us.

Now the hour of sunset was near. When he came out, he sat down with us again after his bath, but not much was said. Soon the jailer, who was the servant, entered and stood by him, saying: "To you, Socrates, whom I know to be the noblest and gentlest and best of all who ever came to this place, I will not impute the angry feelings of other men, who rage and swear at me when, in obedience to the authorities, I bid them drink the poison—indeed I am sure that you will not be angry with me; for others, as you are aware, and not I, are the guilty cause. And so fare you well, and try to bear lightly what must needs be; you know my errand." Then bursting into tears, he turned away and went out.

Socrates looked at him and said: "I return your good wishes, and will do as you bid." Then turning to us, he said, "How charming the man is: since I have been in prison, he has always been coming to see me, and at times, he would talk to me, and was as good as could be to me, and now see how generously he sorrows for me. But we must do as he says, Crito; let the cup be brought."

"Not yet," said Crito, "the sun is still upon the hilltops, and many a one has taken the draught late, and after the announcement has been made to him, he has eaten and drunk and indulged in sensual delights; do not hasten then, there is still time."

Socrates said: "Yes, Crito, and they of whom you speak are right in doing thus, but I do not think that I should gain anything by drinking the poison a little later; I should be sparing and saving a life which is already gone: I could only laugh at myself for this. Please then to do as I say, and not to refuse me."

Crito, when he heard this, made a sign to the servant;

and the servant went in, and remained for some time, and then returned with the jailer carrying the cup of poison. Socrates said: "You, my good friend, who are experienced in these matters, shall give me directions how I am to proceed. The man answered: "You have only to walk about until your legs are heavy, and then to lie down, and the poison will act." At the same time, he handed the cup to Socrates, who, in the easiest and gentlest manner, without the least fear or change of color or feature, looking at the man with his eyes, Echecrates, as his manner was, took the cup and said: "What do you say about making the libation out of this cup to any god? May I, or not?" The man answered: "We only prepare, Socrates, just so much as we deem enough." "I understand," he said: "Yet I may and must pray to the gods to prosper my journey from this to that other world—may this, then, which is my prayer, be granted to me?" Then holding the cup to his lips, quite readily and cheerfully, he drank off the poison. And hitherto most of us had been able to control our sorrow; but now we saw him drinking, and saw too, that he had finished the draught, we could no longer forbear, and in spite of myself, my own tears were flowing fast; so that I covered my face and wept over myself, for certainly I was not weeping over him, but at the thought of my own calamity in having lost such a companion. Nor was I the first, for Crito, when he found himself unable to restrain his tears, had got up and moved away, and I followed; and at that moment, Apollodorus, who had been weeping all the time, broke out into a loud cry, which made cowards of us all. Socrates alone retained his calmness: "What is this strange outcry?" he said, "I sent away the women mainly in order that they might not offend in this way, for I have heard that a man should die in peace. Be quiet then, and have patience."

When we heard that, we were ashamed, and refrained our tears; and he walked about until, as he said, his legs began to fail, and then he lay on his back, according to the directions, and the man who gave him the poison, now and then looked at his feet and legs; and after a while, he pressed his foot hard and asked him if he could feel; and he said, "No"; and then his leg, and so upwards and upwards, and showed us that he was cold and stiff. And he felt them himself, and said: "When the poison reaches the heart, that will be the end." He was beginning to grow cold, when he uncovered his face, for he had covered himself up, and said (they were his last words), "Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius; will you remember to pay the debt?" "The debt shall be paid," said Crito; "Is there anything else?" There was no answer to this question; but in a minute or two, a movement was heard, and the attendants uncovered him; his eyes were set, and Crito closed his eyes and mouth.

Such was the end, Echecrates, of our friend, whom I may truly call the wisest, the justest, and best of all the men whom I have ever known.

Little Journeys

TO THE HOMES OF GREAT PHILOSOPHERS

SENECA

Vol. XIV. FEBRUARY, 1904. No. 2

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Little Journeys

TO THE HOMES OF

Great Philosophers

Seneca

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IF we wish to be just judges of all things, let us first persuade ourselves of this: that there is not one of us without fault: no man is found who can acquit himself; and he who calls himself innocent does so with reference to a witness, and not to his conscience.

LETTERS OF SENECA.



Seneca

S E N E C A

TRUE Americans and patriotic, who live in York State, often refer you to the life of Red Jacket as proof that "Seneca" is an Iroquois Indian word. The Indians, however, whom we call the Senecas never called themselves thus until they took to strong water and became civilized. Before that they were the Tsonnundawaonas. The Dutch traders, intent on pelts and pelf, called them the Sinnekaas, meaning the valiant or the beautiful. Then came that fateful day when Rev. Peleg Spooner, the discoverer of the Erie Canal, journeyed to Niagara Falls, and having influence with the authorities at Washington, gave to towns along the way these names: Troy, Rome, Ithaca, Syracuse, Ilion, Manlius, Homer, Corfu, Palmyra, Utica, Delhi, Memphis and Marathon. He really exhausted Grote's History of Greece and Guizot's Rome, revealing a most depressing lack of humor. This classic flavor of the map of New York is as surprising to English tourists as was the discovery to Heinrich Hudson when, on sailing up the North River, he found on nearing Albany that the river bore the same name as himself.

IN the eighteenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles we read of Paul being brought before Gallio, Proconsul of Achaia. And the accusers, clutching the bald and bow-legged bachelor by the collar, bawl out to the Judge, "This fellow persuadeth men to worship God contrary to law!"

And the little man is about to make reply, when Gallio says, with a touch of impatience, "If it were a matter of wrong or injustice, O ye Jews, reason would that I should bear with you. But if it be a question of words and names, and of your law, look ye to it, for I will be no judge of such matters!" And the account concludes, "And he drave them from the judgment seat."

That is to say, he gave Saint Paul a nolle pros. Had Gallio wished to be severe he might have put the quietus on Christianity for all time, for Saint Paul had all there was of it stowed in his valiant head and heart.

¶ Gallio was the elder brother of Seneca; his right name being Annæus Seneca, but he changed it to Junius Gallio, in honor of a patron who had especially befriended him in youth.

Gallio seems to have been a man of good, sturdy, common sense—he could distinguish between right living and a mumble of words, man-made rules, laws such as heresy, blasphemy, Sabbath-breaking and marrying one's deceased wife's sister. The Moqui Indians believe that if any one is allowed to have a photograph taken of himself he will dry up in a month and blow away. Moreover, lists of names are not wanting with memo-

randa of times and places. In America there are yet people who hotly argue as to what mode of baptism is correct, who talk earnestly about the "saved" and "lost," and will tell you of the "heathen" and those who are "without the pale." They think that the promise, "Seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you," applies only to the Caucasian race.

¶ In the earlier translations of Seneca there were printed various letters that were supposed to have passed between St. Paul and Seneca. Later editors have dropped them out for lack of authenticity. But the fact that St. Paul met Seneca's brother face to face, as well as the fact that the brother was willing to discuss right living, but had no time to waste on the Gemara and theological quibbles, is undisputed.

IT was the proud boast of Augustus that he found Rome a place of brick and left it a city of marble. Commercial prosperity buys the leisure upon which letters flourish. We flout the business man, but without him there would be no poets. Poets write for the people who have time to read. And out of the surplus that is left after securing food, we buy books. Augustus built his marble city, and he also made Virgil, Horace, Ovid and Livy possible.

Augustus reigned forty-four years, and it was in the twenty-seventh year of his reign that there was born in Bethlehem of Judea a Babe who was to revolutionize

the calendar. The Dean of Ely subtly puts forth the suggestive thought that if it had not been for Augustus we might never have heard of Jesus. It was Augustus who made Jerusalem a Roman Province; and it was the economic and political policy of Augustus that evolved the Scribes and Pharisees; and ill-gotten gains made the hypocrites and publicans possible; then comes Pontius Pilate with his receding chin.

Jesus was seventeen years old when Augustus died—Augustus never heard of Him, and the Roman's unprophetic mind sent no search-light into the future, neither did his eyes behold the Star in the East.

We are all making and shaping history, and how much, none of us know, any more than did Augustus.

Julius Cæsar had no son to take his place, so he named his nephew, Augustus, his heir. Augustus was succeeded by Tiberius, his adopted child. Caligula, successor of Tiberius, was the son of the great Roman General, Germanicus. Caligula revealed his good sense by drinking life to its lees in a reign of four years, dying without heirs—nature refusing to transmit either infamy or genius. Claudius, an uncle of Caligula, accepted the vacant place, as it seemed to him there was no one else could fill it so well. Claudius had the felicity to be married four times, and left several sons, but fate had it that he should be followed by Nero, his step-son, who called himself "Cæsar," yet in whose veins there leaped not a single Cæsarian corpuscle.

The guardian and tutor of Nero was Lucius Seneca,

the greatest, best and wisest man of his time, a fact I here state in order to show the vanity of pedagogics. Harking back once more to Augustus, let it be known that but for him Seneca would probably have never left his mark upon this bank and shoal of time. Seneca was a Spaniard, born in Cordova, a Roman Province, that was made so by Augustus—under whose kindly and placating influence all citizens of Hispania became Roman citizens—just as when California was admitted to the Union every man in the state was declared a naturalized citizen of the United States, the act being performed for political purposes, based on the precedents of Augustus, and never done before nor since in America.

Seneca was four years old when his father's family moved from Cordova to Rome; this was three years before the birth of Christ. Years pass, but the human heart is forever the same. The elder Seneca, Marcus Seneca, had ambitions—he was a great man in Cordova: he could memorize a list of two thousand words. These words had no relationship one to another, and Marcus Seneca could not put words together so as to make good sense, but his name was "Loisette": he had a scheme of mnemonics that he imparted for a consideration. He was also a teacher of elocution, and had compiled a year-book of the sayings of Horace, which secured him a knighthood. Augustus paid his colonists pretty compliments, very much as England gives out brevets to Strathcona and other worthy

Canadians, who raise troops of horse to fight England's battles in South Africa when duty calls.

Marcus Seneca made haste to move to Rome when Augustus let down the bars. Rome was the center of the art world, the home of letters, and all that made for beauty and excellence. There were three boys and a girl in the Seneca family. The elder boy, Annæus, was to become Gallio, the Roman governor, and have his name mentioned in the most widely circulated book the world has ever known; the second boy was Lucius, the subject of this sketch; the younger boy, Mela, was to become the father of Lucan, the poet.

The sister of Seneca became the wife of the Roman governor of Egypt. It was at a time when the scheming rapacity of women was so much in evidence that the Senate debated whether it should not forbid its representatives abroad to be accompanied by their wives. France has seen such times—England and America have glanced that way. Women, like men, often do not know that the big prizes gravitate where they belong—they set traps for them, lie in wait and consider prevarication and duplicity better than truth. When women use their beauty, their wit and their pink persons in politics—trouble lies low around the corner. But this sister of Seneca was never seen in public unless it was at her husband's side; she asked no favors, and presents sent to her personally by provincials were politely returned. The province praised her, and perhaps what was better, did n't know her,

and begged the Emperor to send them more of such excellent and virtuous women—from which we infer that virtue consists in minding one's own business.

¶ In making up a list of great mothers, do not leave out Helvia, mother of three sons and a daughter who made their mark upon the times. It is no small thing to be a great mother!

Women of intellect were not much appreciated then, but Seneca dedicated his "Consolations," his best book, to his mother. The very mintage of his mind was for her, and again and again he tells of her insight, her gentle wit and her appreciation of all that was beautiful and best in the world of thought. In a letter addressed to her when he was past forty, he says, "You never stained your face with walnut juice nor rouge; you never wore gowns cut conspicuously low; your ornaments were a loveliness of mind and person that time could not tarnish."

But the father had the knighthood and he called his family to witness it at odd times and sundry.

In Rome, Marcus Seneca made head as he never did in Cordova. There he was only Marcus Micawber: but here his memory feats won him the distinction that genius deserves. There is a grave question whether a verbal memory does not go with a very mediocre intellect, but Marcus said this argument was put out by a man with no memory worth mentioning.

Rome was at her ripest flower—the petals were soon to loosen and flutter to the ground, but nobody thought

so—they never do. Everywhere the Roman legions were victorious, and commerce sailed the seas in prosperous ships. Power manifests itself in conspicuous waste, and the habit grows until conspicuous waste imagines itself power. Conditions in Rome had evolved our old friend, the Sophist, the man who lived but to turn an epigram, to soulfully contemplate a lily, to sigh mysteriously, and cultivate the far-away look. These men were elocutionists who gesticulated in curves, and let the thought follow the attitude. They were not content to be themselves, but chased the airy, fairy fabric of a fancy and called it life.



THE pretense and folly of Roman society made the Sophists possible—like all sects they ministered to a certain cast of mind. Over against the Sophists there were the Stoics, the purest, noblest and sanest of all ancient cults, corresponding very closely to our Quakers, before Worth and Wanamaker threw them a hawser and took them in tow. It is a tide of feeling produces a sect, not a belief: primitive Christianity was a revulsion from Phariseeism, and a William Penn and a wan Ann Lee form the antithesis of an o'ervaulting, fantastic and soulless ritual.

The father of Seneca hung upon the favor of the Sophists: he taught them mnemonics, rhetoric and elocution, and the fact that he was a courtly Spaniard was in his favor—we dote on a foreign accent and relish the thing

that comes from afar. ¶ Marcus Seneca was getting rich. He never perceived the absurdity of a life of make-believe, but his son, Lucius Seneca, heir to his mother's discerning mind, when nineteen years old, foreswore the Sophists, and sided with the unpopular Stoics, much to the chagrin of the father.

Seneca—let us call him so after this—wore the simple white robe of the Stoics, without ornament or jewelry. He drank no wine, and ate no meat. Vegetarianism comes in waves, and it is interesting to see that in an essay on the subject, Seneca plagiarizes every argument put forth by Col. Ernest Crosby, even to mentioning a butcher as an "executioner," his goods as "dead corpses," and the customers as "cannibals." ¶ This kind of talk did not help the family peace, and the father spoke of disowning the son, if he did not cease affronting the Best Society.

Soon after, the Emperor Tiberius issued an edict banishing all "strange sects who fasted on feast days, and otherwise displeased the gods." This was a suggestion for the benefit of the Crosbyites. It is with a feeling of downright disappointment that we find Seneca shortly appearing in an embroidered robe, and making a speech wherein the moderate use of wine is recommended, also the flesh of animals for those who think they need it. ¶ This, doubtless, is the same speech we, too, would have made had we been there; but we want our hero to be strong, and defy even an Emperor, if he comes between the man and his right to eat what he wishes.

and wear what he listeth, and we blame him for not doing the things we never do. But Seneca was getting on in the world—he had become a lawyer, and his Sophist training was proving its worth. Henry Ward Beecher, in reply to a young man who asked him if he advised the study of elocution, said: "Elocution is all right, but you will have to forget it all before you become an orator." Seneca was shedding his elocution, and losing himself in his work. A successful lawsuit had brought him before the public as a strong advocate. He was able to think on his feet. His voice was low, musical and effective, and the word, "dulcis," was applied to him as it was to his brother, Gallio. Possibly there was something in ol' Marcus Micawber's pedagogic schemes, after all!

In moderating his Stoic philosophy, Seneca gives us the key to his character—the man wanted to be gentle and kind, he wished neither to affront his father nor society, so he compromised—he would please and placate. Ease and luxury appealed to him, and yet his cool intellect stood off, and reviewing the proceeding, pronounced it base. He succumbed to the strongest attraction, and attempted the feat of riding two horses at once

From his twentieth year, Seneca dallied with the epigram, found solace in a sentence, and got a sweet, subtle joy by taking a thought captive. Lucullus tells us of the fine intoxication of oratory, but neither opium nor oratory imparts a finer thrill than to successfully

drive a flock of clauses, and round up an idea, roping it in careless grace, with what my lord Hamlet calls words, words, words.

The early Christian Fathers spoke of him as "our Seneca." His writings abound in the purest philosophy—often seemingly paraphrasing Saint Paul—and every argument for directness of speech, simplicity, manliness and moderation are put forth. His writings became the rage in Rome—at feasts he read his essays on the Ideal Life, just as the disciples of Tolstoy often travel by the gorge road, and give banquets in honor of the man who no longer attends one; or princely-paid preachers glorify the Man who said to His apostles, "Take neither scrip nor purse."

Seneca was a combination of Delsarte and Emerson. He was as popular as Henry Irving, and as wise as Thomas Brackett Reed. His writings were in demand; when he spoke in public, crowds hung upon his words, and the families of the great & powerful sent him their sons, hoping he would impart the secret of success. The world takes a man at the estimate he puts upon himself. Seneca knew enough to hold himself high. Honors came his way, and the wealth he acquired is tokened in those five hundred tables, inlaid with ivory, to which at times he invited his friends to feast. As a lawyer, he took his pick of cases, and rarely appeared, excepting on appeal before the Emperor. The poise of his manner, the surety of his argument, the gentle grace of his diction, caused him to be likened to Julius

Cæsar. ¶ And this led straight to exile, and finally—death. To mediocrity, genius is unforgivable.

THERE are various statements to the effect that Claudius was a mental defective, a sort of town fool, patronized by the nobles for their sport and jest. We are also told that he was made Emperor by the Prætorian Guards, in a spirit of rollicking bravado. Men too much abused must have some merit, or why should the pack bay so loudly? Possibly it is true that in the youth of Claudius, his mother used to declare, when she wanted a strong comparison, "he is as big a fool as my son, Claudius." But then the mother of Wellington used exactly the same expression; and Byron's mother had a way of referring to the son who was to rescue her from oblivion, and send her name down the corridors of time, as "that lame brat."

Claudius was a brother of the great Germanicus, and was therefore an uncle of Caligula. Caligula was the worst ruler that Rome ever had; and he was a brother of Agrippina, mother of Nero. This precious pair had a most noble and generous father, and their gentle mother was a fit mate for the great Germanicus—these things are here inserted for the edification of folks who take stock in that pleasant fallacy, the Law of Heredity, & who gleefully chase the genealogical anise-seed trail. ¶ Caligula happily passed out without an heir, & Claudius, next of kin, put himself in the way of the Præto-

rian Guard, and was declared Emperor. ¶ He was then fifty years old, a grass-widower—twice over—and on the lookout for a wife. He was neither wise nor great, nor was he very bad; he was kind—after dinner—and generous when rightly approached. Canon Farrar likened Claudius to King James I., who gave us our English Bible. His comparison is worth quoting, not alone for the truth it contains, but because it is an involuntary paraphrase of the faultless literary style of the Roman rhetors. Says Canon Farrar: "Both were learned, and both were eminently unwise. Both were authors, and both were pedants. Both delegated their highest powers to worthless favorites, and both enriched these favorites with such foolish liberality that they remained poor themselves. Both of them, though of naturally good dispositions, were misled by selfishness into acts of cruelty; and both of them, though laborious in the discharge of duty, succeeded only in rendering royalty ridiculous. King James kept Sir Walter Raleigh, the brightest intellect of his time, in prison; and Claudius sent Seneca, the greatest man in his kingdom, into exile."

New-made kings sweep clean. The impulses of Claudius were right and just, a truthful statement I here make in pleasant compliment to a brother author. The man was absent-minded, had much faith in others, and moved in the line of least resistance. Like most students and authors, he was decidedly littery. He secured a divorce from one wife because she cleaned up

his room in his absence so that he could never find anything; and the other wife got a divorce from him because he refused to go out evenings and scintillate in society—but this was before he was made Emperor. ¶ God knows, people had their troubles then as now! ¶ To take this man who loved his slippers and easy chair, and who was happy with a roll of papyrus, and plunge him into a seething pot of politics, not to mention matrimony, was refined cruelty.

The match-makers were busy, and soon Claudius was married to Messalina, the handsomest summer-girl in Rome ❦ ❦

For a short time he bore up bravely, and was filled with the wish to benefit and bless. One of his first acts was to recall Julia and Agrippina from exile, they having been sent away in a fit of jealous anger by their brother, the infamous Caligula.

Julia was beautiful and intellectual, and she had a high regard for Seneca. Agrippina was beautiful and infamous, and pretended that she loved Claudius.

Both men were undone. Seneca's friendship for Julia, as far as we know, was of a kind that did honor to both, but they made a too conspicuous pair of intellectuals. The fear and jealousy of Claudius was aroused by his young and beautiful wife, who showed him that Seneca, the courtly, was plotting for the throne, and in this ambition Julia was a party. A charge of undue intimacy with Julia, the beloved niece and ward of the Emperor, was brought against Seneca, and he was

exiled to Corsica. Imagine Edmund Burke sent to St. Helena, or John Hay to the Dry Tortugas, and you get the idea.

The sensitive nature of Seneca did not bear up under exile as we would have wished. Unlike Victor Hugo at Guernsey, he was alone, and surrounded by savages. Yet even Victor Hugo lifted up his voice in bitter complaint. Seneca failed to anticipate that in spite of the barrenness of Corsica, it would some day produce a man who would jostle his Roman Cæsar for first place on history's page.

At Corsica, Seneca produced some of his loftiest and best literature. Exile and imprisonment are such favorable conditions for letters, having done so much for authorship, that the wonder is the expedient has fallen into practical disuse. Banishment gave Seneca an opportunity to put into execution some of the ideas he had so long expressed concerning the simple life, and certain it is that the experience was not without its benefits, and at times the grim humor of it all came to him ❧ ❧

Read the history of Greek ostracism, and one can almost imagine that it was devised by the man's friends—a sort of heroic treatment prescribed by a great spiritual physician. Personality repels as well as attracts—the people grow tired of hearing Aristides called the Just—he is exiled. For a few days there is a glad relief; then his friends begin to chant his praises —he is missed. People tell of all the noble, generous

things he would do if he were only here. ¶ If he were only here!

Petitions are circulated for his return.

The law's delay ensues, and this but increases desire. Hate for the man has turned to pity, and pity turns to love, as starch turns to gluten.

The man comes back, and is greeted with boughs and bays, with love and laurel. His home-coming is that of a conquering hero. If the Supreme Court were to issue an injunction requiring all husbands to separate themselves by at least a hundred miles from their wives, for several months in every year, it would cut down divorces ninety-five per cent, add greatly to domestic peace, render race-suicide impossible, and generally liberate millions of love vibrations that would otherwise lie dormant.

VALERIA MESSALINA lives for us as an example of female depravity, sister in crime to Jezebel, Berenice, Drusilla, Salome and Herodias. Damn'd by a dower of beauty, with men at her feet whenever she so ordered, her ambition knew no limit. This type of dictatorial womanhood starts out by making conquests of individual men, but the conquests of pretty women are rarely genuine. Women hold no monopoly on duplicity, and there is a deep vein of hypocrisy in men that prompts their playing a part, and letting the woman use them. When the time is ripe,

they toss her away as they do any other plaything, as Omar suggests the potter tosses the luckless pots to hell

When Julia and Agrippina were recalled, the act was done without consulting Messalina; and we can imagine her rage when these two women, as beautiful as herself, came back without her permission. Messalina had never found favor in the eyes of Seneca—he treated her with patronizing patience, as though she were a spoilt child.

Now that Julia was back, Messalina hatched the plot that struck them both. Messalina insisted that the wealth of Seneca should be confiscated. Claudius at this rebelled.

History is replete with instances of great men ruled by their barbers and coachmen. Claudius left the affairs of state to Narcissus, his private secretary; Polybius, his literary helper; and Pallas, his accountant. These men were all of lowly birth, and had all risen in the ranks from menial positions, and one of them at least had been sold as a slave, and afterward purchased his freedom. Then there was Felix, the ex-slave, another protege of Claudius, who trembled when Paul of Tarsus told him a little wholesome truth. These men were all immensely rich, and once, when Claudius complained of poverty, a bystander said: "You should go into partnership with a couple of your freedmen, and then your finances would be all right." The fact that Narcissus, Pallas and Polybius constituted the real govern-

ment is nothing against them, any more than it is to the discredit of certain Irish refugees that they manage the municipal machinery of New York City—it merely proves the impotence of the men who have allowed the power to slip from their grasp, and ride as passengers when they should be at the throttle.

Messalina managed her husband by alternate cajolings and threats. He was proud of her saucy beauty, and it was pleasing to an old man's vanity to think that other people thought she loved him. She bore him two sons, by name, Brittanicus and Germanicus. A local wit of the day said, "It was kind of Messalina to present her husband with these boys, otherwise he would never have had any claim on them."

But the lines were tightening around Messalina, and she herself was drawing the cords. She had put favorites in high places, banished enemies, and ordered the execution of certain people she did not like. Narcissus and Pallas gave her her own way, because they knew Claudius must find her out for himself. They let her believe that she was the real power behind the throne. Her ambitions grew—she herself would be ruler—she gave it out that Claudius was insane. Finally she decided that the time was right for a coup de grace. Claudius was absent from Rome, and Messalina wedded at high noon with young Silius, her lover. She was led to believe that the army would back her up, and proclaim her son, Brittanicus, Emperor; in which case, she herself and Silius would be the actual rulers. The

wedding festivities were at their height, when the cry went up that Claudius had returned, and was approaching to demand vengeance. Narcissus, the wily, took up the shout, and panic-stricken, Messalina fled for safety in one way and Silius in another.

Narcissus followed the woman, adding to her drunken fright by telling her that Claudius was close behind, and suggested that she kill herself before the wronged man should appear. A dagger was handed her, and she stabbed herself ineffectively in hysteric haste. The kind secretary then, with one plunge of his sword, completed the work so well begun.

A truthful account of Messalina's death was told to Claudius while he was at dinner. He finished the meal without saying a word, gave a present to the messenger, and went about his business, asking no questions, and never again mentioned the matter.

The fact is worthy of note that the name of Messalina is never once mentioned by Seneca. He pitied her vileness and villainy so much he could not hate her. He saw, with prophetic vision, what her end would be, and when her passing occurred, he was too great and lofty in spirit to manifest satisfaction.

SCARCELY had the funeral of Messalina occurred, when there was a pretty scramble among the eligible to see who should solace the stricken widower. Among other matrimonial candidates was

Agrippina, a beautiful widow, twenty-nine in June, rich in her own right, and with only a small incumbrance in the way of a ten-year-old boy, Nero by name.

¶ Agrippina was a niece of Claudius, and such marriages were considered unnatural, but Agrippina had subtly shown that, the deceased Emperor being her brother, she already had a sort of claim on the throne, and her marriage with Claudius would strengthen the state. Then she marshaled her charms past Claudius, in a phalanx and back, and so they were married. There was much pomp and ceremony at the wedding, and the high priest pronounced the magic words—I trust I use the right expression.

Very soon after her marriage, Agrippina recalled Seneca from exile. It was the infamous Messalina who had disgraced him and sent him away, and for Agrippina, the sister of Julia, to bring him back, was regarded as a certificate of innocence, and a great diplomatic move for Agrippina.

When Seneca returned, the whole city went out to meet him. It is not at all likely that Seneca had a suspicion of the true character of Agrippina, any more than Claudius—which sort of tends to show the futility of philosophy.

How could Seneca read her true character when it had not really been formed? No one knows what he will do until he gets a good chance. It is unkind condition that keeps most of us where we belong.

And even while the honeymoon,—or should we say

the harvest-moon?—was at full, Seneca was made the legal guardian and tutor of Nero, the son of the Empress, and became a member of the Royal household. This was done in gratitude, and to make amends, if possible, for the wrong of banishment inflicted upon the man by scandalously linking his name with that of the sister of the woman who was now First Lady of the Land.

Seneca was then forty-nine years of age—he had fifteen years of life yet before him, and was to gain much valuable experience, and get an insight into a side of existence he had not yet known.

Agrippina was born in Cologne, which was called, in her honor, Colonia Agrippina, and now has been shortened to its present form. Whenever you buy cologne, remember where the word came from.

Agrippina, from her very girlhood, had a thirst for adventure, and her aim was high. When fourteen, she married Domitius, a Roman noble, thirty years her senior. He was as worthless a rogue as ever wore out his physical capacity for sin in middle life, and filled his dying days with crimes that were only mental. He knew himself so well, that when Nero was born he declared that the issue of such a marriage could only breed a being who would ruin the state—a monster with his father's vices and his mother's insatiable ambition

Agrippina was woman enough to hate this man with an utter detestation, but he was rich, and so she endured

him for ten years, and then assisted nature in making him food for worms.

The intensity of Agrippina's nature might have been used for happy ends if the stream of her life had not been so early dammed and polluted. She loved her child with a clutching, feverish affection, and declared that he would some day rule Rome. This was not really such a far-away dream, when we remember that her brother was then Emperor and childless. Her thought was more for her child than for herself, and her expectation was that he would succeed Caligula. The persistency with which she told this ambition for her boy is both beautiful and pathetic. Every mother sees her own life projected in her child, and within certain bounds this is right and well.

Glimpses of kindness and right intent are shown when Agrippina recalled Seneca, and when she became the mother of the motherless children of Claudius. She publicly adopted these children, and for a time gave them every attention and advantage that was bestowed upon her own son. Gibbon says for one woman to mother another woman's children is a diplomatic card often played, but Gibbon sometimes quibbles.

Gradually the fierce desire of Agrippina's heart began to manifest itself. She plotted and arranged that Nero should marry Octavia, the daughter of Claudius. Octavia was seven years older than Nero, but the sooner the marriage could be brought about, the better —it would give her a double hold on the throne. To

this end suitors for the hand of Octavia were disgraced by false charges, and sent off into exile, and the same fate came to at least three young women who stood in the way.

But the one real obstacle was Claudius himself—he was sixty, and might be so absurd as to live to be eighty. Locusta, a famous professional chemist, was employed, and the deed was done by Agrippina serving the deadly dish herself. The servants carried Claudius off to bed, thinking he was merely drunk, but he was to wake no more.

Burrus, the blunt and honest old soldier, Captain of the Prætorian Guard, sided with Agrippina; Brittanicus, the son of Claudius, was kept out of the way, and Nero was proclaimed Emperor.

Here Seneca seems to have shown his good influence, and sent home a desire in the heart of Agrippina to serve her people with moderation and justice. She had attained her ends—her son, a youth of fifteen, was Emperor, and his guardian, the great and gentle Seneca, the man of her own choosing, was the actual ruler. She was sister to one Emperor, wife of another, and now mother of a third—surely this was glory enough to satisfy one woman's ambition!

Then there came to Rome the famed Quinquennium Neronis, when, for five years, peace and plenty smiled. It is a trite saying, that men who cannot manage their own finances can look after those of a nation, but Seneca was a business man who proved his ability to

manage his own private affairs and also succeeded in managing the exchequer of a kingdom. During his reign, gladiatorial contests were relieved of their savage brutality, work was given to many, education became popular, and people said, "The Age of Augustus has returned."

But the greatest men are not the greatest teachers. Seneca's policy with his pupil, Nero, was one of concession

A close study of the youth of Nero reveals the same traits that outcrop in one-half the students at Harvard —traits ill-becoming to grown-up men, but not at all alarming in youth. Nero was self-willed and occasionally had tantrums—but a tantrum is only a little whirlwind of misdirected energy. A tantrum is life plus—it is better far than stagnation, and usually works up into useful life, and sometimes into great art. We have some verses written by Nero in his seventeenth year that show a good Class B sophomoric touch. He danced, played in the theatricals, raced horses, fought dogs, twanged the harp, and exploited various other musical instruments. He was n't nearly as bad as Alcibiades, but his mother lavished on him her maudlin love, and allowed the fallacy to grow in his mind concerning the divinity that doth hedge a king. In fact, when he asked his mother about his real father, she hid the truth that his father was a rogue,—perhaps to shield herself, for it is only a very great person who can tell the truth—and led him to believe his paternal parent was a god,

and his birth miraculous. Now, let such an idea get into the head of the average freshman and what will be the result? A woman can tell a full-grown man that he is the greatest thing that ever happened, and it does no special harm, for the man knows better than to go out on the street and proclaim it, but you tell a boy of eighteen such pleasing fallacies, and then have fawning courtiers back them up, and at the same time give the youth free access to the strong box, and it surely would be a miracle if he is not doubly damned, and quickly, too. Agrippina would not allow the blunt old Burrus to discipline her boy, and Seneca's plan was one of concession—he loved peace. He hated to thwart the boy, because he knew that it would arouse the ire of the mother, whose love had run away with her common sense. Love is beautiful,—soft, yielding, gentle love,—but the common law of England upholds wife-beating as being justifiable and desirable on certain occasions.

¶ The real trouble was, the dam was out for Agrippina and Nero—there was no restraint for either. There was no one to teach them that the liberty of one man ends where the right of another begins. No more frightful condition for any man or woman can ever occur than this: to take away all responsibility.

When Socrates put the chesty Alcibiades three points down, and jumped on his stomach with his knees, the youth had a month in bed, and after he got around again he possessed a most wholesome regard for his teacher. If Burrus and Seneca had applied Brockway

methods to Agrippina and her saucy son, as they easily might, it would have made Rome howl with delight, and saved the state as well as the individuals.

Julius Cæsar, like Lincoln, let everybody do as they wished, up to a certain point. But all realized that somewhere behind that dulcet voice and the gentle manner, was a heart of flint and nerves of steel. No woman ever made Julius Cæsar dance to syncopated time, nor did a youth of eighteen ever successfully order him to take part in amateur theatricals on penalty. Julius Cæsar and Seneca were both scholars, both were gentlemen and gentle men: their mental attitude was much the same, but one had a will of adamant, and the other moved in the line of least resistance.



GRADUALLY, Nero evolved a petulance and impatience toward his mother and tutor, all of which was quite a natural consequence of his education. Every endeavor to restrain him was met with imprecations and curses. About then would have been a good time to apply heroic treatment, instead of halting fear and worshipful acquiescence.

The raw stock for making a Nero is in every school, and given the conditions, a tyrant-culture would be easy to evolve. The endeavor to make Nero wed Octavia, caused a revulsion to occur in his heart toward her and her brother Brittanicus. He feared that these two might combine and wrest from him the throne.

Locusta, the specialist, was again sent for and Brittanicus was gathered to his fathers.

Soon after, Nero fell into a deep infatuation for Poppæ Sabina, wife of Otho, the most beautiful woman in Rome. Sabina refused to accept his advances so long as he was tied to his mother's apron strings,—I use the exact phrase of Tacitus, so I trust no exceptions will be taken to the expression. Nero came to believe that the tagging, nagging, mushy love of his mother was standing in the way of his advancement. He had come to know that Agrippina had caused the death of Claudius, and when she accused him of poisoning Brittanicus, he said, "I learned the trick from my dear mother!" and honors were even.

He knew the crafty quality of his mother's mind and grew to fear her. And fear and hate are one. To secure Sabina he must sacrifice Agrippina.

He would be free.

To poison her would not do—she was an expert in preventatives.

So Nero, regardless of expense, bargained with Anicetus, admiral of the fleet, to construct a ship, so that when certain bolts were withdrawn, the craft would sink and tell no tale. This was a bit of daring deviltry never before devised, and by turn, Nero chuckled in glee and had cold sweats of fear as he congratulated himself on his astuteness.

The boat was built and Agrippina was enticed on board. The night of the excursion was calm, but the

conspirators, fearing the chance might never come again, let go the canopy, loaded with lead, which was over the queen. It fell with a crash; and at the same time the bolts were withdrawn and the waters rushed in

Several of the servants in attendance were killed by the fall of the awning, but Agrippina and Aceronia, a lady of quality, escaped from the debris only slightly hurt. Aceronia, believing the ship was about to sink called for help, saying "I am Agrippina." She erred slightly in her diplomacy, for she was at once struck on the head with an oar and killed. This gave Agrippina a clue to the situation and she was silent. By a strange perversity, the royal scuttling patent would not work and the boat stubbornly refused to sink.

Agrippina got safely ashore and sent word to her son that there had been a terrible accident, but she was safe. The intent of her letter being to let him know that she understood the matter perfectly, and while she could not admire the job, it was so bungling, yet she would forgive him if he would not try it again.

In wild consternation, Nero sent for Burrus and Seneca. This was their first knowledge of the affair. They refused to act in either way, but Burrus intimated that Anicetus was the guilty party and should he held responsible.

"For not completing the task?" said Nero.

"Yes," said the blunt old soldier, and retired.

Anicetus was notified that the blame of the whole

conspiracy was on him. A big crime, well carried out, is its own excuse for being; but failure, like unto genius, is unforgivable.

Anicetus was in disgrace, but only temporarily, for he towed the obstinate, tell-tale galley into deep water and sunk her at dead of night. Then with a few faithful followers he surrounded the villa where Agrippina was resting, scattered her guard and confronted her with drawn sword.

Years before, a soothsayer had told her that her son would be Emperor and that he would kill her. Her answer was, "Let them slay me, if he but reign."

Now she saw that death was nigh. She did not try to escape, nor did she plead for mercy, but cried, "Plunge your sword through my womb, for it bore Nero."

And Anicetus, with one blow, struck her dead.

Nero returned to Naples to mourn his loss. From there he sent forth a lengthy message to the Senate, recounting the accidental shipwreck, and telling how Agrippina had plotted against his life, recounting her crimes in deprecatory, sophistical phrase. The document wound up by telling how she had tried to secure the throne for a paramour, and the truth coming to some o'er-zealous friends of the state, they had arisen and taken her life.

In Rome there was a strong feeling that Nero should not be allowed to return, but this message of explanation and promise, written by Seneca, downed the opposition.

The Senate accepted the report, and Nero, at twenty-two, found himself master of the world.

Yet what booted it when he was not master of himself!

¶ From this time on, the career of Seneca was one of contumely, suffering and disgrace. This was to endure for six years, when kindly death was then to set him free

The mutual, guilty knowledge of a great crime breeds loathing and contempt. History contains many such instances where the subject had knowledge of the sovereign's sins, and the sovereign found no rest until the man who knew was beneath the sod.

Seneca knew Nero as only his Maker knew him.

After the first spasm of exultation in being allowed to return to Rome, a jealous dread of Seneca came over the guilty monarch.

Seneca hoped against hope that now Nero's wild oats were sown and the crop destroyed, all would be well. The past should be buried and remembrance of it sunk deep in oblivion.

But Nero feared Seneca might expose his worthlessness and the philosopher himself take the reins. In this Nero did not know his man: Seneca's love was literary—political power to him was transient and not worth while

It became known that the apology to the Senate was the work of Seneca, and Nero, who wanted the world to think that all his speeches and addresses were his own, got it firmly fixed in his head he would not be

happy until Seneca was out of the way. Sabina said he was no longer a boy, and should not be tagged and dictated to by his old teacher.

Seneca, seeing what was coming, offered to give his entire property to the state and retire. Nero would not have it so—he feared Seneca would retire only to come back with an army. A cordon of spies was put around Seneca's house—he was practically a prisoner. Attempts were made to poison him, but he ate only fruit, and bread made by his wife, Paulina, and drank no water excepting from running streams.

Finally a charge of conspiracy was fastened upon him, and Nero ordered him to die by his own hand. His wife was determined to go with him, and one stroke severed the veins of both.

The beautiful Sabina realized her hopes—she divorced her husband, and married the Emperor of Rome. She died from a sudden kick given her by the booted foot of her liege.

Three years after the death of Seneca, Nero passed hence by the same route, killing himself to escape the fury of the Prætorian Guard. And so ended the Julian line, none of whom, excepting the first, was a Julian.

FROM the death of Augustus to the time of Nero there was for Rome a steady tide of disintegration. The Emperor was the head of the Church, and he usually encouraged the idea that he was some-

thing different from common men—that his mission was from On High and that he should be worshiped. Gibbon, making a free translation from Seneca, says, "Religion was regarded by the common people as true, by the philosophers as false, and by the rulers as useful." And St. Augustine, using the same smoothly polished style, says in reference to a Roman Senator, "He worshiped what he blamed, he did what he refuted, he adored that with which he found fault." The sentence is Seneca's, and when he wrote it he doubtless had himself in mind, for in spite of his Stoic philosophy the life of luxury lured him, and although he sang the praises of poverty he charged a goodly sum for so doing, and the nobles who listened to him doubtless found a vicarious atonement by applauding him as he played to the gallery gods of their self-esteem, like rich ladies who go a-slumming, mix in with the poor on an equality, and then hasten home to dress for dinner.

SENECA was one of the purest and loftiest intellects the world has ever known. Canon Farrar calls him "A Seeker after God," and has printed parallel passages from St. Paul and Seneca which, for many, seem to show that the men were in communication with each other. Every ethical maxim of Christianity was expressed by this "noble pagan," and his influence was always directed toward that which he thought was right. His mistakes were all in the line of

infirmities of the will. Voltaire calls him, "The father of all those who wear shovel hats," and in another place refers to him as an "amateur ascetic," but in this the author of the Philosophical Dictionary pays Seneca the indirect compliment of regarding him as a Christian. Renan says, "Seneca shines out like a great white star through a rift of clouds on a night of darkness." The wonder is not that Seneca at times lapsed from his high estate and manifested his Sophist training, but that to the day of his death he saw the truth with unblinking eyes and held the Ideal firmly in his heart.

SO HERE ENDETH THE LITTLE JOURNEY TO THE HOME OF SENECA, WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUBBARD. BORDERS, INITIALS AND ORNAMENTS DESIGNED BY ROYCROFT ARTISTS, PRESSWORK BY LOUIS SCHELL, & THE WHOLE DONE INTO A BOOK BY THE ROYCROFTERS AT THEIR SHOP, WHICH IS IN EAST AURORA, IN THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY, IN THE YEAR MCMIV

Little Journeys

TO THE HOMES OF GREAT PHILOSOPHERS

ARISTOTLE

Vol. XIV. MARCH, 1904. No. 3

By ELBERT HUBBARD



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Little Journeys

TO THE HOMES OF

Great Philosophers

Aristotle

WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUBBARD AND DONE INTO A BOOK BY THE ROYCROFTERS, AT THEIR SHOP, WHICH IS IN EAST AURORA, NEW YORK, MCMIV

HAPPINESS itself is sufficient excuse. Beautiful things are right and true, so beautiful actions are those pleasing to the gods. Wise men have an inward sense of what is beautiful, and the highest wisdom is to trust this intuition and be guided by it. The answer to the last appeal of what is right lies within a man's own breast. Trust thyself!

ETHICS OF ARISTOTLE.



Aristotle

ARISTOTLE

THE Sublime Porte recently issued a request to the American Bible Society, asking that references to Macedonia be omitted from all Bibles circulated in Turkey or Turkish provinces. The argument of his Sublimity is that the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us!" puts him and his people in a bad light. He ends his most courteous petition by saying, "The land that produced a Philip, an Alexander the Great and an Aristotle, and that to-day has citizens who are the equal of these, needs nothing from our dear brothers, the Americans, but to be let alone."

As to the statement that Macedonia to-day has citizens who are the equals of Philip, Alexander and Aristotle, the proposition, probably, is based on the confession of the citizens themselves, and therefore may be truth. Great men are only great comparatively. It is the stupidity of the many that allows one man to bestride the narrow world like a Colossus. In the time of Alexander and Aristotle there was n't so much competition as now, so perhaps what we take to be lack of humor on the part of the Sublime Porte may have a basis in fact.

¶ Aristotle was born 384 B. C. at the village of Stagira in the mountains of Macedonia. King Amyntas used to live at Stagira several months in the year and hunt the wild hogs that fed on the acorns which grew in the gorges and valleys. Mountain climbing and hunting was dangerous sport, and it was well to have a surgeon attached to the royal party, so the father of Aristotle served in that capacity. No doubt, though, but the whole outfit was decidedly barbaric, even including the doctor's little son "Aristo," who refused to be left behind. The child's mother had died years before, and boys without mothers are apt to manage their fathers. And so Aristo was allowed to trot along by his father's side, carrying a formidable bow, which he himself had made, with a quiver of arrows at his back.

Those were great times when the King came to Stagira!

¶ When the King went back to the capital everybody received presents, and the good doctor, by some chance, was treated best of all, and little Aristo came in for the finest bow that ever was, all tipped with silver and eagle feathers. But the bow did not bring good luck, for soon after, the boy's father was caught in an avalanche of sliding stone and crushed to death.

Aristo was taken in charge by Proxenus, a near kinsman. The lad was so active at climbing, so full of life and energy and good spirits that when the King came the next year to Stagira, he asked for Aristo. With the King was his son Philip, a lad about the age of Aristo, but not so tall nor so active. The boys became fast

friends, and once when a stranger saw them together he complimented the King on his fine, intelligent boy, and the King had to explain, "the other boy is mine—but I wish they both were."

Aristo knew where the wild boars fed in gulches, where the stunted oaks grew close and thick. Higher up in the mountains there were bears, that occasionally came down and made the wild pigs scamper. You could always tell when the bears were around, for then the little pigs would run out into the open. The bears had a liking for little pigs, and the bears had a liking for the honey in the bee trees, too. Aristo could find the bee trees better than the bears—all you had to do was to watch the flight of the bees as they left the clover

Then there were deer—you could see their tracks any time around the mountain marshes where the springs gushed forth and the watercress grew lush. Still higher up the mountains, beyond where bears ever traveled, there were mountain-sheep, and still higher up were goats. The goats were so wild hardly any one but Aristo had ever seen them, but he knew they were there.

The King was delighted to have such a lad as companion for his son, and insisted that he should go back to the capital with them and become a member of the Court

Would he go?

Not he—there were other ambitions. He wanted to go to Athens and study at the school of Plato—Plato, the

pupil of the great Socrates. ¶ The King laughed—he had never heard of Plato. That a youth should refuse to become part of the Macedonian Court, preferring the company of an unknown schoolmaster, was amusing—he laughed.

The next year when the King came back to Stagira, Aristo was still there. "And you have n't gone to Athens yet?" said the King.

"No, but I am going," was the firm reply.

"We will send him," said the King to Proxenus, Aristo's guardian.

And so we find Aristo, aged seventeen, tall and straight and bronzed, starting off for Athens, his worldly goods rolled up in a bearskin, tied about with thongs. There is a legend to the effect that Philip went with Aristo, and that for a time they were together at Plato's school. But, anyway, Philip did not remain long. Aristo—or Aristotle, we had better call him—remained with Plato just twenty years.

At Plato's school Aristotle was called by the boys, "the Stagirite," a name that was to last him through life—and longer. In winter he wore his bearskin, caught over one shoulder, for a robe, and his mountain grace and native beauty of mind and body must have been a joy to Plato from the first. Such a youth could not be overlooked.

To him that hath shall be given. The pupil that wants to learn is the teacher's favorite—which is just as it should not be. Plato proved his humanity by giving his all to

the young mountaineer. Plato was then a little over sixty years of age—about the same age that Socrates was when Plato became his pupil. But the years had touched Plato lightly—unlike Socrates, he had endured no Thracian winters in bare feet, neither had he lived on cold snacks picked up here and there, as Providence provided. Plato was a bachelor. He still wore the purple robe, proud, dignified, yet gentle, and his back was straight as that of a youth. Lowell once said, "When I hear Plato's name mentioned, I always think of George William Curtis—a combination of pride and intellect, a man's strength fused with a woman's gentleness."

Plato was an aristocrat. He accepted only such pupils as he invited, or those that were sent by royalty. Like Franz Liszt, he charged no tuition, which plan, by the way, is a good scheme for getting more money than could otherwise be obtained, although no such selfish charge should be brought against either Plato or Liszt. Yet every benefit must be paid for, and whether you use the word fee or honorarium, matters little. I hear there be lecturers who accept invitations to banquets and accept an honorarium mysteriously placed on the mantel, when they would scorn a fee.

Plato's garden school, where the pupils reclined under the trees on marble benches, and read and talked, or listened to lectures by the Master, was almost an ideal place. Not the ideal for us, because we believe that the mental and manual must go hand in hand. The world

of intellect should not be separated from the world of work. It was too much to expect that in a time when slavery was everywhere, Plato would see the fallacy of having one set of men to do the thinking, and another do the work. We have n't got far from that yet: only free men can see the whole truth, and a free man is one who lives in a country where there are no slaves. To own slaves is to be one, and to live in a land of slavery is to share in the bondage—a partaker in the infamy and profits.

Plato and Aristotle became fast friends—comrades. With thinking men years do not count—only those grow old who think by proxy. Plato had no sons after the flesh, and the love of his heart went out to the Stagirite: in him he saw his own life projected.

When Aristotle had turned twenty he was acquainted with all the leading thinkers of his time; he read constantly, wrote, studied and conversed. The little property his father left had come to him; the King of Macedon sent him presents; and he taught various pupils from wealthy families—finances were easy. But success did not spoil him. The brightest scholars do not make the greatest success in life, because alma mater usually catches them for teachers. Sometimes this is well, but more often it is not. Plato would not hear of Aristotle leaving him, and so he remained, the chief ornament and practical leader of the school.

He became rich, owned the largest private library at Athens and was universally regarded as the most

learned man of his time. ¶ In many ways he had surpassed Plato. He delved into natural history, collected plants, rocks, animals, and made studies of the practical workings of economic schemes. He sought to divest the Platonic teaching of its poetry, discarded rhetoric, and tried to get at the simple truth of all subjects.

Toward the last of Plato's career this repudiation by Aristotle of poetry, rhetoric, elocution and the polite accomplishments caused a schism to break out in the Garden School. Plato's head was in the clouds at times, Aristotle's was too, but his feet were always on the earth

When Plato died, Aristotle was his natural successor as leader of the school, but there was opposition to him, both on account of his sturdy, independent ways and because he was a foreigner.

He left Athens to become a member of the Court of Hermias, a former pupil, now King of Atarneus.

He remained here long enough to marry the niece of his patron, and doubtless saw himself settled for life—a kingly crown within his reach should his student-sovereign pass away.

And the royal friend did pass away, by the dagger's route. As life insurance risks I am told that Kings have to pay double premium. Revolution broke out, and as Aristotle was debating in his mind what course to pursue, a messenger with soldiers arrived from King Philip of Macedon, offering safe convoy, enclosing transportation, and asking that Aristotle come and take charge

of the education of his son, Alexander, aged thirteen. ¶ Aristotle did not wait to parley: he accepted the invitation. Horses were saddled, camels packed and that night, before the moon arose, the cavalcade silently moved out into the desert.

THE offer that had been made twenty-four years before, by Philip's father, was now accepted. Aristotle was forty-two years old, in the prime of his power. Time had tempered his passions, but not subdued his zest in life. He had the curious, receptive, alert and eager mind of a child. His intellect was at its ripest and best. He was a lover of animals, and all outdoor life appealed to him as it does to a growing boy. He was a daring horseman, and we hear of his riding off into the desert and sleeping on the sands, his horse untethered watching over him. Aristotle was the first man to make a scientific study of the horse, and with the help of Alexander he set up a skeleton, fastening the bones in place, to the mighty astonishment of the natives, who mistook the feat for an attempt to make a living animal; and when the beast was not at last saddled and bridled there were subdued chuckles of satisfaction among the hoi polloi at the failure of the scheme, and murmurs of "I told you so!"

Eighteen hundred years were to pass before another man was to take up the horse as a serious scientific study; and this was Leonardo da Vinci, a man in many

ways very much like Aristotle. The distinguishing feature in these men—the thing that differentiates them from other men—was that great outpouring sympathy with every living creature. Everything they saw was related to themselves—it came very close to them—they wanted to know more about it. This is essentially the child-mind, and the calamity of life is to lose it.

¶ Leonardo became interested in Aristotle's essay on the horse, and continued the subject further, dissecting the animal in minutest detail and illustrating his discoveries by painstaking drawings. His work is so complete and exhaustive that nobody nowadays has time to more than read the title page. Leonardo's bent was natural science, and his first attempts at drawing were done to illustrate his books. Art was beautiful, of course—it brought in an income, made friends and brought him close to people who saw nothing unless you made a picture of it. He made pictures for recreation and to amuse folks, and his threat to put the peeping Prior into the "Last Supper," posed as Judas, revealed his contempt for the person to whom a picture was just a picture. The marvel to Leonardo was the mind that could imagine, the hand that could execute, and the soul that could see.

And the curious part is that Leonardo lives for us through his play and not through his serious work. His science has been superseded, but his art is immortal.

¶ This expectant mental attitude, this attitude of worship, belongs to all great scientists. The man divines

the thing first and then looks for it, just as the Herschels knew where the star ought to be and then patiently waited for it. The Bishop of London said that if Darwin had spent one-half as much time in reading his Bible as in studying earth-worms he would have really benefited the world, and saved his soul alive. To Walt Whitman, a hair on the back of his hand was just as curious and wonderful as the stars in the sky, or God's revelation to man through a printed book.

Aristotle loved animals as a boy loves them—his house was a regular menagerie of pets, and into this world of life Alexander was very early introduced. We hear of young Alexander breaking the wild horse, Bucephalus, and beyond a doubt Aristotle was seated on the top rail of the paddock when he threw the lariat.

Aristotle and his pupil had the first circus of which we know, and they also inaugurated the first Zoological Garden mentioned in history, barring Noah, of course.

¶ So much was Alexander bound up in this menagerie and in his old teacher as well, that in after life, in all of his travels, he was continually sending back to Aristotle specimens of every sort of bird, beast and fish to be found in the countries through which he traveled.

When Philip was laid low by the assassin's thrust it was Aristotle who backed up Alexander, aged twenty—but a man—in his prompt suppression of the revolution. The will that had been used to subdue man-eating stallions and to train wild animals, now came in to repress riot, and the systematic classification of things

was a preparation for the forming of an army out of a mob. Aristotle said, "An army is a huge animal with a million claws—it must have only one brain and that the commander's."

Alexander gave credit again and again to Aristotle for those elements in his character that went to make up success: steadiness of purpose, self-reliance, systematic effort, mathematical calculation, attention to details, and a broad and generous policy that sees the end

When Aristotle argued with Philip, years before, that horse-breaking should be included in the educational curriculum of all young men, he evidently divined football and was endeavoring to supplant it.



I THINK history has been a trifle severe on Alexander. He was elected Captain-General of Greece, and ordered to repel the Persian invasion. And he did the business once for all. War is not all fighting—providence is on the side of the strongest commissariat. Alexander had to train, arm, clothe and feed a million men, and march them long miles across a desert country. The real foe of a man is in his own heart, and the foe of an army is in its own camp—disease takes more prisoners than the enemy. Fever sniped more of our boys in blue than did the hostile Filipinos.

Alexander's losses were principally from men slain in battle; from this, I take it that Alexander knew a deal

of sanitary science, and had a knowledge of practical mathematics in order to systematize that mob of restless, turbulent helots. We hear of Aristotle cautioning him that safety lies in keeping his men busy—they must not have too much time to think, otherwise mutiny is to be feared. Still, they must not be overworked, or they will be in no condition to fight when the eventful time occurs. And we are amazed to see this, "Do not let your men drink out of stagnant pools —Athenians, city-born, know no better. And when you carry water on the desert marches, it should be first boiled to prevent its getting sour."

Concerning the Jews, Alexander writes to his teacher and says, "They are apt to be in sullen rebellion against their governors, receiving orders only from their high-priests, and this leads to severe measures, which are construed as persecution;" all of which might have been written yesterday by the Czar in a message to The Hague Convention.

Alexander captured the East, and was taken captive by the East. Like the male bee that never lives to tell the tale of its wooing, he succeeded and died. Yet he vitalized all Asia with the seeds of Greek philosophy, turned back the hungry barbaric tide, and made a new map of the Eastern world. He built far more cities than he destroyed. He set Andrew Carnegie an example at Alexandria, such as the world had never up to that time seen. At the entrance to the harbor of the same city he erected a lighthouse, surpassing far the one at

Minot's Ledge, or Race Rock. This structure endured for two centuries, and when at last wind and weather had their way, there was no Hopkinson Smith who could erect another.

At Thebes, Alexander paid a compliment to letters, by destroying every building in the city excepting the house of the poet, Pindar. At Corinth, when the great, the wise, the noble, came to pay homage, one great man did not appear. In vain did Alexander look for his card among all those handed in at the door—Diogenes, the Philosopher, oft quoted by Aristotle, was not to be seen

Alexander went out to hunt him up, and found him sunning himself, propped up against the wall in the Public Square, busy doing nothing.

The philosopher did not arise to greet the conqueror—he did not even offer a nod of recognition. "I am Alexander—is there not something I can do for you?" modestly asked the descendant of Hercules. "Just stand out from between me and the sun," replied the philosopher, and went on with his meditations.

Alexander enjoyed the reply so much that he said to his companions, and afterward wrote to Aristotle, "If I were not Alexander, I would be Diogenes," and thus did strenuosity pay its tribute to self-sufficiency.

ARISTOTLE might have assumed important affairs of State, but practical politics were not to his liking. "What Aristotle is in the world of thought I will be in the world of action," said Alexander.

¶ On all of his journeys Alexander found time to keep in touch with his old teacher at home; and we find the ruler of Asia voicing that old request, "Send me something to read," and again, "I live alone with my thoughts, amidst a throng of men, but without companions."

Plutarch gives a copy of a letter sent by Alexander wherein Aristotle is chided for publishing his lecture on oratory. "Now all the world will know what formerly belonged to you and I alone," plaintively cries the young man who sighed for more worlds to conquer, and therein shows he was the victim of a fallacy that will never die—the idea that truth can be embodied in a book. When will we ever learn that inspired books demand inspired readers!

There are no secrets. A book may stimulate thought but it can never impart it.

Aristotle wrote out the Laws of Oratory. "Alas!" groans Alexander, "everybody will turn orator now." But he was wrong, because Oratory and the Laws of Oratory are totally different things.

A Boston man of excellent parts has recently given out the Sixteen Perfective Laws of Oratory, and the Nineteen Steps in Evolution.

The real truth is, there are Fifty-seven Varieties of

artistic vagaries, and all are valuable to the man who evolves them—they serve him as a scaffolding whereby he builds thought. But woe betide Alexander and all rare-ripe Bostonians who mistake the scaffolding for the edifice.

There are no Laws of Art. A man evolves first, and builds his laws afterward. The style is the man, and a great man, full of the spirit, will express himself in his own way.

Bach ignored all the Laws of Harmony made before his day and set down new ones—and these marked his limitations, that was all. Beethoven upset all these, and Wagner succeeded by breaking most of Beethoven's rules. And now comes Grieg, and writes harmonious discords that Wagner said were impossible, and still it is music, for by it we are transported on the wings of song and uplifted to the stars.

The individual soul striving for expression ignores all man-made laws. Truth is that which serves us best in expressing our lives. A rotting log is truth to a bed of violets, while sand is truth to a cactus. But when the violet writes a book on "Expression as I have Found It," making laws for the evolution of beautiful blossoms, it leaves the Century Plant out of its equation, or else swears, i' faith, that a cactus is not a flower, and that a Night-blooming Cereus is a disordered thought from a madman's brain. And when the proud and lofty cactus writes a book it never mentions violets because it has never stooped to seek them.

Art is the blossoming of the Soul. ¶ We cannot make the plant blossom—all we can do is to comply with the conditions of growth. We can supply the sunshine, moisture and aliment, and God does the rest. In teaching, he only is successful who supplies the conditions of growth—that is all there is of the Science of Pedagogics, which is not a science, and if it ever becomes one, it will be the Science of Letting Alone, and not a scheme of interference. Just so long as some of the greatest men are those who have broken through pedagogic fancy and escaped, succeeding by breaking every rule of pedagogy, as Wagner discarded every Law of Harmony, there will be no such thing as a Science of Education.

Recently I read Aristotle's Essays on Rhetoric and Oratory, and I was pained to see how I had been plagiarized by this man who wrote three hundred years before Christ. Aristotle used charts in teaching and indicated the mean by a straight horizontal line, and the extreme by an upright dash. He says, "From one extreme the mean looks extreme, and from another extreme the mean looks small—it all depends upon your point of view. Beware of jumping to conclusions, for beside the appearance you must look within and see from what vantage ground you gain the conclusions. All truth is relative, and none can be final to a man six feet high, who stands on the ground, who can walk but forty miles at a stretch, who needs four meals a day and one-third of his time for sleep. A loss of sleep, or

loss of a meal, or a meal too much, will disarrange his point of view, and change his opinions." And thus do we see that a belief in "eternal punishment" is a mere matter of indigestion.

A certain bishop, we have seen, experienced a regret that Darwin expended so much time on earthworms; and we might also express regret that Aristotle did not spend more. As long as he confined himself to earth, he was eminently sure and right: he was really the first man who ever used his eyes. But when he quit the earth, and began to speculate about the condition of souls before they are clothed with bodies, or what becomes of them after they discard the body, or the nature of God, he shows that he knew no more than we. That is to say, he knew no more than the barbarians who preceded him.

He attempted to grasp ideas which Herbert Spencer pigeonholes forever as the Unknowable; and in some of his endeavors to make plain the unknowable, Aristotle strains language to the breaking point—the net bursts & all of his fish go free. Here is an Aristotelian proposition, expressed by Hegel to make lucid a thing nobody comprehends: "Essential being as being that meditates with itself, with itself by the negativity of itself, is relative to itself only as it is relative to another; that is, immediate only as something posited and meditated." It gives one a slight shock to hear him speak of headache being caused by wind on the brain; or powdered grasshopper wings being a cure for gout, but

when he calls the heart a pump that forces the blood to the extremities, we see that he anticipates Harvey, although two thousand years of night lie between them ❧ ❧

Some of Aristotle reads about like this Geometrical Domestic Equation. Definitions:

All boarding-houses are the same boarding-houses.

Boarders in the same boarding-house, and on the same flat, are equal to each other.

A single room is that which hath no parts and no magnitude ❧ ❧

The landlady of the boarding-house is a parallelogram —that is, an oblong figure that cannot be described, and is equal to anything.

A wrangle is the disinclination to each other of two boarders that meet together, but are not on the same floor ❧ ❧

All the other rooms being taken, a single room is a double room.

Postulates and Propositions:

A pie may be produced any number of times.

The landlady may be reduced to her lowest terms by a series of propositions.

A bee-line is the shortest distance between the Phalansterie and By Allen's.

The clothes of a boarding-house bed stretched both ways will not meet.

Any two meals at a boarding-house are together less than one meal at the Phalansterie.

On the same bill and on the same side of it there should not be two charges for the same thing.

If there be two boarders on the same floor, and the amount of the side of the one be equal to the amount of the side of the other, and the wrangle between the one boarder and the landlady be equal to the wrangle between the landlady and the other boarder, then shall the weekly bills of the two boarders be equal. For, if not, let one bill be the greater, then the other bill is less than it might have been, which is absurb. Therefore the bills are equal. Quod erat demonstrandum.



THE business of the old philosophers was to philosophize. To philosophize as a business, is to miss the highest philosophy. To do a certain amount of useful work every day, and not trouble about either the past or future, is the highest wisdom. The man who drags the past behind him, and dives into the future, spreads the present out thin. Therein lies the bane of most religions. A man goes out into the woods to study the birds: he walks and walks and walks and sees no birds. But just let him sit down on a log and wait, and lo! the branches are full of song.

Those who pursue Culture never catch up with her. Culture takes alarm at pursuit and avoids the stealthy pounce. Culture is a woman, and a certain amount of indifference wins her. Ardent wooing will not secure either wisdom or a woman — excepting in the case

where a woman marries a man to get rid of him, and then he really does not get the woman—he only secures her husk. And the husks of culture are pedantry and sciolism. The highest philosophy of the future will consist in doing each day that which is most useful. Talking about it will be quite incidental and secondary.

AFTER Alexander had completed his little task of conquering the world, it was his intention to sit down and improve his mind. He was going back to Greece and complete the work Pericles had so well begun. To this end Aristotle had left Macedonia and established his Peripatetic school at Athens. Plato was exclusive, and taught in the Garden with its high walls. Aristotle taught in the peripatos or porch of the Lyceum, and his classes were for all who wished to attend. Socrates was really the first peripatetic philosopher, but he was a roustabout. Nothing sanctifies like death—and now Socrates had become respectable, and his methods were to be made legal and legitimate. ¶ Socrates discovered the principal of human liberty; he taught the rights of the individual, and as these threatened to interfere with the state, the politicians got alarmed and put him to death. Plato, much more cautious, wrote his "Republic" wherein everything is subordinated for the good of the state, and the individual is but a cog in a most perfectly lubricated machine. Aristotle saw that Socrates was nearer right than Plato

—sin is the expression of individuality and is not wholly bad—the state is made up of individuals, and if you suppress the thinking power of the individual, you will get a weak and effeminate body politic; there will be none to govern. The whole fabric will break down of its own weight. A man must have the privilege of making a fool of himself—within proper bounds, of course. To that end learning must be for all, and liberty to both listen and teach should be the privilege of every man ❧ ❧

This is a problem that Boston has before it to-day: shall free speech be allowed on the Common? William Morris tried it in Trafalgar Square, to his sorrow; but in Hyde Park, if you think you have a message, London will let you give it. But this is not considered good form, and the "best Society" listen to no speeches in the park. However there are signs that Aristotle's outdoor school may come back. Phillips Brooks tried outdoor preaching, and if his health had not failed, he might have popularized it. It only wants a man who is big enough to inaugurate it.

Aristotle had various helpers, and arranged to give his lectures and conferences daily in certain porches or promenades. These lectures covered the whole range of human thought—logic, rhetoric, oratory, physics, ethics, politics, esthetics, and physical culture. These outdoor talks were called exoteric, and there gradually grew up esoteric lessons, which were for the rich or luxurious and the dainty. And there being money in

the esoteric lessons, these gradually took the place of the exoteric, and so we got the genesis of our modern private school or college, where we send our children to be taught great things by great men for a consideration

Will the exoteric, peripatetic school come back?

I think so.

I believe that university education will soon be free to every boy and girl in America, and this without going far from home. Esoteric education is always more or less of a sham. Our public school system is purely exoteric, only we stop too soon. We also give our teachers too much work and too little pay. Stop building war ships, and use the money to double the teachers' salaries, making the profession respectable, raise the standard of efficiency, and the free university with the old Greek Lyceum will be here.

America must do this—the Old World can't. We have the money, and we have the men and women, all that is needed is the desire, and this is fast awakening.

WHEN Alexander died, of acute success, aged thirty-two, Aristotle's sustaining prop was gone. The Athenians never thought much of the Macedonians—not much more than St. Paul did, he having tried to convert both and failed.

Athens was jealous of the power of Alexander—that a provincial should thus rule the Mother-Country was

unforgivable. It was as if a Canadian should make himself King of England!

Everybody knew that Aristotle had been the tutor of Alexander, and that they were close friends. And that a Macedonian should be the chief school-teacher in Athens was an affront. The very greatness of the man was his offense—Athens had none to match him, and the world has never since matched him, either. How to get rid of the Macedonian philosopher was the question.

And so our old friend, heresy, comes in again—a poem was found, written by Aristotle many years before, on the death of his friend, King Hermias, wherein Apollo was disrespectfully mentioned. It was the old charge against Socrates come back—the hemlock was brewing. But life was sweet to Aristotle, he chose discretion to valor, and fled to his country home at Chalcis in Eubœa

The humiliation of being driven from his work, and the sudden change from active life to exile undermined his strength, and he died in a year, aged sixty-two.

In morals the world has added nothing new to the philosophy of Aristotle: gentleness, consideration, moderation, mutual helpfulness and the principle that one man's privileges end where another man's rights begin—these make up the sum. And on them all authorities agree, and have for twenty-five hundred years.

¶ The family relations of Aristotle were most exemplary. The unseemly wrangles of Philip and his wife

were never repeated in the home of Aristotle. Yet we will have to offer this fact in the interests of stirpiculture: the inconstant Philip and the termagant Olympias brought into the world Alexander; whereas the sons of Aristotle lived their day and died, without making a ripple on the surface of history.

As in the scientific study of the horse, no progress was made from the time of Aristotle to that of Leonardo, so Hegel says there was no advancement in philosophy from the time of Aristotle to that of Spinoza.

Eusebius called Aristotle "Nature's Private Secretary." Dante spoke of him as "The Master of those who know." Sir William Hamilton said, "In the range of his powers and perceptions, only Leonardo can be compared with him."

SO HERE ENDETH THE LITTLE JOURNEY TO THE HOME OF ARISTOTLE, WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUBBARD. BORDERS, INITIALS AND ORNAMENTS DESIGNED BY ROYCROFT ARTISTS, PRESSWORK BY LOUIS SCHELL, & THE WHOLE DONE INTO A BOOK BY THE ROYCROFTERS AT THEIR SHOP, WHICH IS IN EAST AURORA, IN THE MONTH OF MARCH, IN THE YEAR MCMIV

NO MEN ARE GREATER sticklers for the arbitrary dominion of genius and talent than your artists. The great painter is not content with being sought after and admired because his hands can do more than ordinary hands, which they truly can, but he wants to be fed as if his stomach needed more food than ordinary stomachs, which it does not. A day's work is a day's work, neither more nor less, and the man who does it needs a day's sustenance, a night's repose, and due leisure, whether he be painter or ploughman. But the rascal of a painter, poet, novelist, or other voluptuary of labor, is not content with his advantage in popular esteem over the ploughman; he also wants an advantage in money, as if there were more hours in a day spent in a studio or library than in the field; or as if he needed more food to enable him to do his work than the ploughman to enable him to do his. He talks of the higher quality of his work, as if the higher quality of it was his own making—as if it gave him a right to work less for his neighbor than his neighbor works for him—as if the ploughman could not do better without him than he without the ploughman—as if the value of the most celebrated pictures has not been questioned more than that of any straight furrow in the arable world—as if it did not take an apprenticeship of as many years to train the hand and eye of a mason or blacksmith as of an artist—as if, in short, the fellow were a god, as canting brain worshippers have for years past been assuring him he is. Artists are the high priests of the modern Moloch.—*Bernard Shaw.*

Little Journeys

TO THE HOMES OF GREAT PHILOSOPHERS

MARCUS AURELIUS

Vol. XIV. APRIL, 1904. No. 4

By ELBERT HUBBARD



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Little Journeys

TO THE HOMES OF

Great Philosophers

Aurelius

WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUBBARD AND DONE INTO A BOOK BY THE ROYCROFTERS, AT THEIR SHOP, WHICH IS IN EAST AURORA, NEW YORK, MCMIV

WE are made for co-operation, like feet, like hands, like eyelids, like the rows of the upper and lower teeth. To act against one another then is contrary to nature, and it is acting against one another to be vexed and turn away. —THE MEDITATIONS.



Marcus Aurelius

MARCUS AURELIUS

ANNIUS VERUS was one of the great men of Rome. He had been a soldier, governor of provinces, judge, senator, and consul. Sixty years had passed over his head and whitened his hair, but the lines of care that were on his fine face ten years before had now given way to a cherubic double-chin, and his complexion was ruddy as a baby's. The entire atmosphere of the man was one of gentleness, repose and kindly good-will. Annius Verus was grateful to the gods, for the years had brought him much good fortune, and better still, knowledge. "Being old I shall know * * * the last of life for which the first was made!" ¶ Religion is n't a thing outside of a man, taught by priests out of a book. Religion is in the heart of man and its chief quality is resignation and a grateful spirit. Annius Verus was religious in the best sense, and his life was peaceful and happy.

And surely Annius Verus should have been content—he was a Roman Consul, rich, powerful, honored by the wisest and best men in Rome, who considered it a privilege to come and dine at his table. His villa was on Mount Cœlius,

a suburb of Rome. The house was surrounded by a big stone wall enclosing a tract of about ten acres where grew citron, orange and fig trees, and giant cedars of Lebanon lifted their branches to the clouds.

At least it seemed to little Marcus, grandson of the Consul, as if they reached the clouds. There was a long ladder running up one of these big cedar trees to a platform or "crow's-nest" nearly a hundred feet from the ground. No boy was allowed to climb up there until he was twelve years old, and when Marcus was ten, time got stuck, he thought, and refused to budge. But this was only little Marcus' idea, for he finally got to be twelve years old, and then he climbed the long ladder to the lookout in the tree and looked down on the Eternal City that lay below in the valley and stretched away over the seven hills. Often the boy would take a book and climb up there to read; and when the good grandfather missed him, he knew where to look, and standing under the tree the old man would call, "Come down, Marcus, come down and kiss your old grandfather—it is lonesome down here! Come down and read to your grandfather who loves his little Marcus!"

Such an appeal as this was irresistible and the boy, slight, slim and agile, would clamber over the side of the crow's-nest and down the ladder to the outstretched arms

The boy's father had died when he was only three months old, and the grandfather had adopted the child

as his heir, and brought Lucilla, the widowed mother, and her baby to live in his house.

Years before, the Consul's wife had passed away, and Faustina, his daughter, became the lady of the house. Lucilla and Faustina did n't get along very well together—no house is big enough for two families, some man has said. Lucilla was gentle, gracious, spiritual, modest and refined; Faustina was beautiful and not without intellect, but she was proud, domineering and fond of admiration. But be it said to the credit of the good old Consul, he was able to suffuse the whole place with love, and even if Faustina had a tantrum now and then, it did not last long.

There were always visitors in the household—soldiers home on furloughs, governors on vacations, lawyers who came to consult the wise and judicial Verus.

One visitor of note was a man by the name of Aurelius Antoninus. He was about forty years old as Marcus first remembered him—tall and straight with a full, dark beard and short, curly hair touched with gray. He was a quiet, self-contained man, and at first little Marcus was a bit afraid of him. Aurelius Antoninus had been a soldier, but he showed such a studious mind, and was so intent on doing the right thing that he was made an under-secretary, then private secretary to the Emperor, and finally he had been sent away to govern a rebellious province, and put down mutiny by wise diplomacy instead of by force of arms.

Aurelius Antoninus was inclined towards the Stoics,

although he did n't talk much about it. He usually ate but two meals a day, worked with the servants and wrote this in his diary, "Men are made for each other: even the inferior for the superior, and these for the sake of one another."

This philosophy of the Stoics rather appealed to the widow Lucilla, also, and she read Zeno with Aurelius Antoninus. Verus did not object to it—he had been a soldier and knew the advantages of doing without things and of being able to make the things you needed, and of living simply and being plain and direct in all your acts and speech. But Faustina laughed at it all—to her it was preposterous that one should wear plain clothing and no jewelry when he could buy the costliest and best; and why one should eschew wine and meat and live on brown bread and fruit and cold water, when he could just as well have spiced and costly dishes—all this was clear beyond her. Various fetes and banquets were given by Faustina, to which the young nobles were invited. She was a beautiful woman and never for a moment forgot it, and by some mistake or accident she got herself betrothed to three men at the same time. Two of these fought a duel and one was killed. The third man looked on and hoped both would be killed, for then he could have the woman. Faustina got this third man to challenge the survivor, and then by one of those strange somersaults of fate the unexpected occurred.

Faustina and Aurelius Antoninus were married.

It was a most queer mismating, for the man was plain, sincere and honorable, and she was almost everything else. Yet she had wit and she had beauty, and Aurelius had been living in the desert so long he imagined that all women were gentle and good. The Consul was very glad to unite his house with so fine and excellent a man as Aurelius; Lucilla cried for two days and more and little Marcus cried because his mother did, and neither cried because Faustina had gone away.

But grief is transient.

In a little over a year Antoninus and Faustina came back to Rome, and brought with them a little girl baby, Faustina Second. Marcus was very much interested in this baby, and made great plans about how they would play together when she got older.

Among other visitors at the house of the old Consul often came the Emperor himself. Hadrian and Verus were Spaniards and had been soldiers together, and now Hadrian often liked to get away from the cares of state, and in the evening hide himself from the office-seekers and flattering parasites in the quiet villa on Mount Cœlius—he liked it here even better than at his own wonderful gardens at Tivoli. And little Marcus was n't afraid of him, either. Marcus would sit on the Emperor's knee and listen to tales about hunting wild boars and bears, or men as wild. Then they would play tag or I-spy among the bushes and trees; and once Marcus dared the Emperor to climb the long ladder to the look-out in the big cedar. Hadrian accepted the

challenge and climbed to the crow's-nest and cut his initials in the trunk of the tree.

Instead of calling the boy Marcus Verus, the Emperor gave him the name "Verissimus," which means "the open-eyed truthful one," and this name stuck to Marcus for life.

Between Antoninus and Marcus there grew up a very close friendship. Antoninus could scale the ladder up the tall cedar, three rungs at a time, and come down hand over hand without putting his foot on a rest.

He and Marcus built another crow's-nest thirty feet above the first. They drew up the lumber by ropes, and Antoninus being sinewy and strong climbed up first, and with thongs and nails they fixed the boards in place, and made a rope ladder such as sailors make, that they could pull up after them so no one could reach them. When the kind old Emperor came to the villa they showed him what they had done. He said he would not try to climb up now as he had a touch of rheumatism. But a light was fixed in the upper lookout, drawn up by a cord, so they could signal to the Emperor down at the palace.

Then Antoninus taught Marcus to ride horseback and pick up a spear off the ground, with his horse at a gallop. This was great sport for the Consul and the Emperor who looked on, but they did not try it then, but said they would later on when they were feeling just right.

¶ And beside all this Aurelius Antoninus taught Marcus to read from Epictetus, and told him how this hunch-

back slave, Epictetus, who was owned by a man who had been a slave himself, was one of the sweetest, gentlest souls who had ever lived. Together they read the Stoic-slave philosopher and made notes from him. And so impressed was Marcus, that boy though he was, he adopted the simple robe of the Stoics, slept on a plank, and made his life and language plain, truthful and direct.

This was all rather amusing to those near him,—to all except Antoninus and the boy's mother. The others said, "Leave him alone and he'll get over it."

Faustina was still fond of admiration—the simple, studious ways of her husband were not to her liking. He was twenty years her senior, and she demanded gaiety as her right. Her delight was to tread the border line of folly, and see how close she could come to the brink and not step off. Julius Cæsar's wife was put away on suspicion, but Faustina was worse than that! She would go down to the city to masquerades, leaving her little girl at home, and be gone for three days.

When she returned Aurelius Antoninus spoke no word of anger nor reproof. Her father said to her, "Beware! your husband's patience has a limit—if he divorces you, I shall not blame him; and even if he should kill you, Roman law will not punish him!"

But long years after, Marcus, in looking back on those days, wrote, "His patience knew no limit; he treated her as a perverse child, and he once said to me, I pity and love her, I will not put her away—this were selfish.

How can her follies injure me? We are what we are, and no one can harm us but ourselves. The mistakes of those near us afford us an opportunity for self-control—we will not imitate their errors, but rather strive to avoid them. In this way what might be a great humiliation has its benefits."

Let no one imagine, however, that the tolerance of Antoninus was the soft acquiescence of weakness. After his death Marcus wrote, "Whatsoever excellent thing he had planned to do, he carried out with a persistency that nothing could divert. If he punished men, it was by allowing them to be led by their own folly—his foresight, wisdom and calm deliberation were beyond those of any man I ever knew."

The studious, direct and manly ways of Marcus were not cast aside when he put on the toga virilis, as Faustina had predicted. In spite of the difference in their ages, Antoninus and Marcus mutually sustained each other.

Little Faustina was much more like her father than her mother, and very early showed her preference for her father's society. Marcus was her playmate and taught her to ride a pony astride, just as her father had taught him. The three would often ride over to the village of Lorium, twelve miles from Rome, where Antoninus had a summer villa. At Lanuvium, near at hand, the Emperor spent a part of his time, and he would occasionally join the party and listen to Marcus recite from Cicero and Cæsar.

When Marcus was sixteen, Hadrian appointed him prefect of festivities in Rome, to take the place of the regular officer, a man of years, who was out of the city. So well did Marcus fill the place and make up his report, that when they again met, the old Emperor kissed his cheek, calling him, "My brave Verissimus," and said, "If I had a son, I would want him just like you."

¶ Not long after this the Emperor was taken violently ill. He called his counselors about his bedside and directed that Aurelius Antoninus should be his successor, and that further, Antoninus should adopt Marcus Verus, so that Marcus should succeed Aurelius Antoninus.

¶ Hadrian loved Marcus for his own sake, and he loved him too for the sake of the grandfather, his old soldier comrade, Annius Verus; and beside that he was intent on preserving the Spanish strain.

In a short time Hadrian passed away, and Aurelius Antoninus was crowned Emperor of Rome, and Marcus Verus, aged seventeen, slim, slender and studious, took the name, Marcus Aurelius.

THE new reign did not begin under very favorable auspices. There was a prejudice against the Spanish blood, and Hadrian had alienated some of the aristocrats by measures they considered too democratic.

Aurelius Antoninus knew of these prejudices toward his predecessor and he boldly met them by carrying the

ashes of Hadrian to the Senate, demanding that the dead Emperor should be enrolled among the gods. So earnest and convincing was his eulogy of the great man gone, that a vote was taken and the resolution passed without a dissenting voice. This gives us a slight clue to the genesis of the gods, and also reveals to us the the character of Antoninus. He so impressed the Senate that this honorable body thought best to waive all matters of difference and in pretty compliment they voted to bestow on the new Emperor the degree of "Pius." Antoninus Pius was a man born to rule—in little things, lenient, but firm at the right time. Faustina still had her little social dissipations, but as she was not allowed to mix in affairs of state, her pink person was not a political factor.

Marcus Aurelius was only seventeen years old: his close studies had robbed him of a bit of the robust health a youth should have. But horseback riding and daily outdoor games finally got him back into good condition. He was the secretary and companion of the Emperor wherever he went.

Great responsibilities confronted these two strong men. In point of intellect and aspiration they were far beyond the people they governed. So far, indeed, that they were almost isolated. There was a multitude of slaves and consequently there was a feeling everywhere that useful work was degrading. The tendency of the slave-owner is always toward profligacy and conspicuous waste. To do away with slavery was out of the ques-

tion—that was a matter of time and education—the ruler can never afford to get much in advance of his people. The court was infected with parasites in the way of informers and busy-bodies who knew no way to thrive excepting through intrigue. Superstitions were taught by hypocritical priests in order to make the people pay tithes; and attached to the state religion were sooth-sayers, fortune-tellers, astrologers, gamblers & many pretenders who waxed fat by ministering to ignorance and depravity. These were the cheerful parasites mentioned as "money-changers" a hundred years before, that infested the entrance to every temple.

¶ Many long consultations did the Emperor and his adopted son have concerning the best policy to pursue. They could have issued an edict and swept the wrongs out of existence, but they knew that folly sprouts from a disordered brain and so they did not treat a symptom: the disease was ignorance, the symptom, superstition. For themselves they kept an esoteric doctrine, and for the many they did what they could.

Twenty-three years of probation lay before Marcus Aurelius—years of study, work, and patient endeavor. He shared in all the honors of the Emperor and bore his part of the burden as well. Never did he thirst for more power—the responsibilities of the situation saddened him—there was so much to be done and he could do so little. Well does Dean Farrar call him "a seeker after God."

The office of young Marcus Aurelius at first was that

of Quæstor, which literally means a messenger, but the word with the Romans meant more—an emissary or an ambassador. When Marcus was eighteen he read to the Senate all speeches and messages from the Emperor; and in a few years more he wrote the messages as well as delivered them. And all the time his education was being carried along by competent instructors. ¶ One of these teachers, Fronto, has come down to us, his portrait well etched on history's tablets, because he saved all the letters written him by Marcus Aurelius; and his grandchildren published them in order to show the excellence of true scientific teaching. That old Fronto was a dear old dear, these letters do fully attest. When Marcus went away on a little journey, even to Lorium, he wrote a letter to Fronto telling about the trip—the sheep by the wayside, the dogs that herded them, the shower they saw coming across the Campagna, and incidentally a little freshman philosophy mixed in, for Fronto had cautioned his pupil to always write out a great thought when it came, for fear he would never have another. Marcus was a sprightly letter writer, and must have been a quick observer, and Fronto's gentle claims that he made the man, are worthy of consideration. As a literary exercise the daily theme, prompted by love, can never be improved upon. The way to learn to write is to write. And Fronto, who resorted to many little tricks, in order to get his pupil to express himself, was a teacher whose name should be written high. The correspondence school has many

advantages—Fronto purposely sent his pupil away or absented himself, that the carefully formulated or written thought might take the place of the free and easy conversation. In one letter Marcus ends, "The day was perfect but for one thing—you were not here. But then if you were here, I would not now have the pleasure of writing to you, so thus is your philosophy proven: that all good is equalized, & love grows through separation!" This sounds a bit preachy, but is valuable, as it reveals the man to whom it is written: the person to whom we write dictates the message.

Fronto's habit of giving a problem to work out was quite as good a teaching plan as anything we have to offer now. Thus, "An ambassador of Rome visiting an outlying province attended a gladiatorial contest. And one of the fighters being indisposed, the ambassador replied to a taunt by putting on a coat of mail and going into the ring to kill the lion. Question, was this action commendable? If so, why, and if not, why not?" ¶ The proposition was one that would appeal at once to a young man, and thus did Fronto lead his pupils to think and express.

Another teacher that Marcus had was Rusticus, a blunt old farmer turned pedagog, who has added a word to our language. His pupils were called Rusticiana, and later plain rustics. That Rusticus developed in Marcus a deal of plain, sturdy common sense there is no doubt. Rusticus had a way of stripping a subject of its gloss and verbiage—going straight to the vital point of every

issue. For the wisdom of Marcus' legal opinions Rusticus deserves more than passing credit.

For the youth, who was destined to be the next Emperor of Rome, there was no dearth of society if he chose to accept it. Managing mammas were on every corner, and kind kinsmen consented to arrange matters with this heiress or that. For the frivolities of society Marcus had no use—his hours were filled with useful work or application to his books. His father and Fronto we find were both constantly urging him to get out more in the sunshine and meet more people, and not bother too much about the books.

How to best curtail over-application, I am told, is a problem that seldom faces a teacher.

As for society as a matrimonial bazar, Marcus Aurelius could not see that it had its use. He was afraid of it—afraid of himself, perhaps. He loved the little Faustina. They had been comrades together, and played "keep house" under the olive trees at Lorium; and had ridden their ponies over the hills. Once Marcus and Faustina on a ride across the country bought a lamb, out of the arms of the shepherd, and kept it until it grew great curling horns, and made visitors scale the wall or climb trees. Then three priests led it away to sacrifice, and Marcus and Faustina fell in each others arms and rained tears down each others backs, and refused to be comforted. What if their father was an Emperor, and Marcus would be some day! it would not bring back Beppo, with his innocent lamb-like ways, and

make him get down on his knees and wag his tail when they fed him out of a pail! Beppo always got on his knees to eat, and showed his love and humility before he grew his horns and reached the age of indiscretion; then he became awfully wicked, and it took three stout priests to lead him away and sacrifice him to the gods for his own good!

But gradually the grass grew on Beppo's make-believe grave in the garden, and Fronto's problems filled the vacuum in their hearts. Fronto gave his lessons to Marcus, and Marcus gave them to Faustina—thus do we keep things by giving them away.

But problems greater than pet sheep grown ribald and reckless were to confront Marcus and Faustina. They had both been betrothed to others, years before, and this they now resented. They talked of this much, and then suddenly ceased to talk of it, and each evaded mentioning it, and pretended they never thought of it. Then they explosively began again—began as suddenly to talk of it, and always when they met they mentioned it. Folks called them brother and sister—they were not brother and sister, only cousins.

Finally the matter was brought to Antoninus, and he pretended that he had never thought about it, but in fact he had thought of little else for a long time. And Antoninus said that if they loved each other very much, and he was sure they did, why it was the will of the gods that they should marry, and he never interfered with the will of the gods, and so he kissed them both

and cried a few foolish tears, a thing an Emperor should never do.

So they were married at the country seat at Lorium, out under the orange trees as was often the custom, for orange trees are green the year 'round, and bear fruit and flowers at the same time, and the flowers are very sweet, and the fruit is both beautiful and useful—and these things symbol constancy and fruitfulness and good luck, and that is why we yet have orange blossoms at weddings and play the "Lohengrin March," which is orange trees expressed in sweet sounds.

Marcus was only twenty and Faustina could not have been over sixteen—we do not know her exact age. There are stories to the effect that the wife of Marcus Aurelius severely tried her husband's temper at times, but these tales seem to have arisen through a confusion of the two Faustinas. The elder Faustina was the one who set the merry pace in frivolity, and once said that any woman with a husband twenty years her senior must be allowed a lover or two—goodness gracious!

¶ As far as we know, the younger Faustina was a most loyal and loving wife, the mother of a full dozen children. Coins issued by Marcus Aurelius stamped with the features of his wife, and the inscription Concordia, Faustina and Venus Felix, attest the felicity, or "felixity," of the marriage.

Their oldest boy, Commodus, was very much like his grandmother, Faustina, and a man who knows all about the Law of Heredity tells me that children are

much more apt to resemble their grandparents than their father and mother.

I believe I once said that no house is big enough for two families, but this truth is like the Greek verb—it has many exceptions. In the same house with Emperor Antoninus Pius dwelt Lucilla, mother of Marcus, and Marcus and his wife. And they were all very happy—but life was rather more peaceful after the death of Faustina, the elder, which occurred a few years after her husband became Emperor.

She could not endure prosperity.

But her husband mourned her death and made a public speech in eulogy of her, determined that only the best should be remembered of one who had been the wife of an Emperor and the mother of his children. As far as we know, Antoninus never spoke a word concerning his wife except in praise, not even when she left his house to be gone for months.

It was Ouida, she of the aqua fortis ink, who said, "A woman married to a man as good as Antoninus must have been very miserable, for while men who are thoroughly bad are not lovable, yet a man who is not occasionally bad is unendurable." And so Ouida's heart went out in sympathy and condolence to the two Faustinas, who wedded the only two men mentioned in Roman history who were infinitely wise and good.

In one of his essays, Richard Steele writes this, "No woman ever loved a man through life with a mighty love if the man did not occasionally abuse her." I give

the remark for what it is worth. However, Montesqui somewhere says that the chief objection to heaven is its monotony, so possibly there may be something in the Ouida-Steele philosophy—but of this I really can't say, knowing nothing about the subject, myself.

HAPPY is the man who has no history. The reign of Antoninus Pius was peaceful and prosperous. No great wars nor revulsions occurred, and the times made for education and excellence. Antoninus worked to conserve the good, and that he succeeded, Gibbon says, there is no doubt. He left the country in better condition than he found it, and he could have truthfully repeated the words of Pericles, "I have made no person wear crape."

But there came a day when Antoninus was stricken by the hand of death. The captain of the guard came to him and asked for the password for the night. "Equanimity," replied the Emperor, and turning on his side, sank into sleep, to awake no more. His last word symbols the guiding impulse of his life. Well does Renan say, "Simple, loving, full of sweet gaiety, Antoninus was a philosopher without saying so, almost without knowing it. Marcus was a philosopher, but often consciously, and he became a philosopher by study and reflection, aided and encouraged by the older man. * * * You cannot consider the one man and leave the other out, and the early contention that Antoninus was, in

fact, the father of Marcus has at least a poetic and spiritual basis in truth."

There was much in Renan's suggestions. The greatest man is he who works his philosophy up into life—this is better than to talk about it. We only discuss that to which we have not attained, and the virtues we talk most of are those beyond us. The ideal outstrips the actual. But it is no discredit that a man pictures more than he realizes—such a one is preparing the way for others. Marcus Antoninus has been a guiding star—an inspiration—to untold millions.

Marcus Aurelius was forty years old when he became Emperor of Rome. At the age of forty a man is safe, if ever: character is formed, and what he will do or become, can be safely presaged.

More than once Rome has repudiated the man in the direct line of accession to the throne, and before Marcus Aurelius took the reins of government he asked the Senate to ratify the people's choice, and thus make it the choice of the gods, and this was done.

As Emperor, we find Marcus endeavored to carry out the policy of his predecessor. He did not favor expansion, but hoped by peace and propitiation to cement the empire and thus work for education, harmony and prosperity.

It is interesting to see how Marcus Aurelius in the year 164 was cudgeling his brains concerning problems about which we yet argue and grow red in the face. The Emperor was also Chief-Justice, and questions

were being constantly brought to him to decide. From him there was no appeal, and his decisions made the law upon which all lesser judges based their rulings. And curiously enough we are dealing most extensively in judge-made law even to-day.

One vexed question that confronted Marcus was the lessening number of marriages, with a consequent increase in illegitimate births and a gradual dwindling of the free population. He seems to have disliked this word, illegitimate, for he says "all children are beautiful blesssings—sent by the gods." But people who were legally married objected to this view, and said to recognize children born out of wedlock as entitled to all the privileges of citizenship is to virtually do away with legal marriage. As a compromise, Marcus decided to recognize all people as married who said they were married. This is exactly our common-law marriage as it exists in various states to-day.

However, a man could put away his wife at will, and by recording the fact with the nearest prætor, the act was legalized. It will thus be seen that if a man could marry at will and put away his wife at will, there was really no marriage beyond that of nature. To meet the issue, and prevent fickle and unjust men from taking advantage of women, Marcus decided that the prætor could refuse to record the desired divorce, if he saw fit, and demand reasons. We then for the first time get a divorce trial, and on appeal to Marcus, he decided that if the man were in the wrong, he must still support

the injured wife. ¶ Then, for the first time, we find women asking for a divorce. Now, nearly three-fourths of all divorces are granted to women, but at first, that a woman should want marital freedom caused a howl of merriment. Marcus was the first Roman Emperor to allow women the right of petition, and the privilege, too, of practicing law, for Capitolanus cites various instances of women coming to ask for justice, and women friends coming with them to help plead their case, and the Emperor of Rome, leaning his tired head on his arm, listening for hours with great patience. We also hear of petitions for damages being presented for failure to keep a promise to marry—the action being brought against the girl's father. This would be thought a trifle strange, but an action against a woman for breach of promise is quite in order yet.

Recently the Hon. Henry Ballard of Vermont won heavy damages against a coy and dallying heiress who had played pitch and toss with a good man's heart. The case was carried to the United States Supreme Court and judgment sustained.

The question of marriage and divorce now in the United States is almost precisely where it was in Rome in the time of Marcus Aurelius. No two states have the same marriage laws, and marriages which are illegal in one state may be made legal in another. Yet with us, any court of jurisdiction may declare any marriage illegal, or set any divorce aside. What makes marriage and what constitutes divorce are matters of

opinion in the mind of the judge. We have gone a bit further than Marcus, though, in that we allow couples to marry if they wish, yet divorce is denied if both parties desire it. The fact that they want it is construed as proof that they should not have it. We meet the issue, however, by connivance of the lawyers, who are officers of the court, and a legal fiction is inaugurated by allowing a little bird to tell the judge what decision will be satisfactory to both sides. And in states or countries where no divorce is allowed, marriage can be annulled if you know how—see Ruskin vs. Ruskin, Coleridge, J.

Our zealous New Thought friends, who clamor to have marriage made a difficulty and divorce easy, forget that the whole question has been thrashed over for three thousand years, and all schemes tried. The Romans issued marriage licenses, but before doing so a prætor passed on the fitness of the candidates for each other. This was so embarassing to many coy couples that they just waived formal proceedings and set up housekeeping. To declare these people law-breakers, Marcus Aurelius said, would put half of Rome in limbo, just as if we should technically enforce all laws it would send most members of the Legislature to the penitentiary. So the Emperor declared de facto marriage de jure, and for a short time succeeded in striking out the word illegitimate as applied to a person, on the ground that, in justice, no act of a parent could be charged up against and punished in the offspring.

MEN who make laws have forever to watch most closely and dance attendance on nature. Laws which fly in the face of nature are gently waived or conveniently forgotten. Should Chief Justice Fuller issue an injunction restraining all men from coming within a quarter of a mile of a woman, on penalty of death, we would all place ourselves in contempt in an hour; and should the army try to enforce the order, we would smother Justice Fuller in his woolsack and hang his effigy on a sour-apple tree. Law is n't worth the paper it is written on unless it embodies the will and natural tendencies of the governed. Where poaching is popular, no law can stop it. Marriage is easy, and divorce difficult, because this is nature's plan. The natural law of attraction brings men and women together, and it is difficult to separate them. Natural things are easy, and artificial ones difficult. Most couples who desire freedom only think they do: what they really want is a vacation; but they would not separate for good if they could. It is hard to part—people who have lived together grow to need each other. They want some one to quarrel with.

Cæsar Augustus, in his close study of character, introduced a limited divorce. That is, in case of a family quarrel, he ordered the couple to live apart for six months as a penalty. Quintilian says that usually before the expired time the man and woman were surreptitiously living together again, at which the court quietly winked, and finally this form of penalty had to be aban-

doned because it made the courts ridiculous. ¶ Men and women do not get married because marriage is legal, nor do they continue living together because divorce is difficult. They marry because they desire to, and they do not separate because they do not want to. The task that confronts the legislator is to find out what the people want to do, and then legalize it.

In Rome, the custom of the parties divorcing themselves was prevalent, and the courts were called upon to ratify the act, just to give the matter respectability. Below a certain stratum in society, the formality of legal marriage and divorce was waived entirely, just as it is largely, now, among our colored population in the South. During the French Revolution, the same custom largely obtained in France. And about the year 150 in Rome there was danger that the people would overlook the Majesty of the Law entirely in their domestic affairs. This condition is what prompted Marcus Aurelius to recognize as legal the common-law marriage and say if a couple called themselves husband and wife, they were. And for a time if they said they were divorced, they were. But as a mortgage owned by a man on his own property cancels the debt, and legally there is no mortgage, so if the people could get married at will and divorce themselves at their convenience, there really was no legal marriage. Thus the matter was argued. So Marcus adopted the plan of making marriage easy and divorce difficult,and this has been the policy in all civilized countries ever since.

It is very evident, however, that Marcus Aurelius looked forward to a time when men and women would be wise enough, and just enough, to arrange their own affairs, without calling on the police to ratify either their friendships or misunderstandings. He says, "Love is beautiful, and that a man and woman loving each other should live together, is the will of God, but if there comes a time when they cannot live in peace, let them part. To have no relationship is not a disgrace —to have wrong relations is, for disgrace means lack of grace—discord, and love is harmony."

Marcus Aurelius tried the plan of probationary marriages; and to offset this he also introduced the Augustinian plan of probationary divorces—that is, the interlocutory decree. This scheme has recently been adopted in several states in America with the avowed intent of preventing fraud in divorce procedure, but actually the logic of the situation is the same now as in the time of Marcus Aurelius—it postpones the final decree so as to prevent the couple from becoming the victims of their own rashness, and to give them an opportunity to become reconciled if possible.

So anxious was Marcus Aurelius to decide justly with his people that he found himself swamped with cases of every sort and description. He tried to pass upon each case by its merits, regardless of law and precedent. Then other judges construed his decisions as law, and the lesser courts cited the upper ones, until Gibbon says, "There grew up such a mass of judge-

made laws that a skillful lawyer could prove anything, and legal practice swung on the ability to cite similar cases and call attention to desired decisions."

In America we are now back exactly to the same condition. A lawyer in New York State requires over fourteen thousand law books if he would cover all the ground; and his business is to make it easy for the judge to dispense justice and not dispense with law. That is to say, before a judge can decide a case, he must be able to back up his opinion by precedent. Judges are not elected to deal out justice between man and man; they are elected to decide on points of law. Law is often a great disadvantage to a judge—it may hamper justice, and in America there must surely soon come a day when we will make a bonfire of every law book in the land, and electing our judges for life, we will make the judiciary free. We will then require our lawyers and judges to read, and pass examinations on Browning's "Ring and the Book," and none other. And if we would follow the Aurelian suggestion of remitting all direct taxes to every citizen who had not been plaintiff in a lawsuit for ten years, we would gradually get something approaching pure justice. The people must be educated to quietly and calmly decide their own disputes, and this can only be done by placing an obvious penalty on litigation. Progress in the future will consist in having less law, and fulfilment will be reached when we have no law at all—each man governing himself, and being willing that his neighbor shall do the same.

Trouble arises largely from each man regarding himself as his brother's keeper, and ceasing to be his friend. Marcus Aurelius, the wise judge, saw that most litigation is foolish and absurd—both parties are at fault, and both right. And to bring about the good time when men shall live in peace, he began earnestly to govern himself. His ideal was a state where men would need no governing. Hence his "Meditations," a book which Dean Farrar says is not inferior to the New Testament in its lofty aim and purity of conception.

Every great book is an evolution: Marcus had been getting ready to write this immortal volume for nearly half a century. And now in his fifty-seventh year he found himself in the desert of Asia at the head of the army, endeavoring to put down an insurrection of various barbaric tribes. Later, the seat of war was shifted to the North. The enemy struck and retreated, and danced around him as the Boers fought the English in South Africa.

But Marcus Aurelius had time to think, and so with no books near and all memoranda far away, he began to write out his best thoughts. At first he expressed just for his own satisfaction, but later, as the work progressed, we see that its value grew upon him, and it was his intention to put it in systematic form for posterity. And while working at this task, the exposures of field and camp, and the business of war, in which he had no heart, worked upon him so adversely that he sickened and died, aged fifty-nine.

His body was carried back to Rome and placed by the side of that of his beloved adopted father, Antoninus Pius. And so he sleeps, but the precious legacy of the "Meditations," written during those last two years of travel, turmoil and strife, is ours.

A few quotations seem in order:

Remember, on every occasion which leads thee to vexation, to apply this principle: not that this is a misfortune, but that to bear it nobly is good fortune.

Things do not touch the soul, for they are eternal, and remain immovable; but our perturbations come only from the opinion which is within. * * * The Universe is transformation; life is opinion.

To the jaundiced, honey tastes bitter; and to those bitten by mad dogs, water causes fear; and to little children, the ball is a fine thing. Why then am I angry? Dost thou think that a false opinion has less power than the bile in the jaundiced, or the poison in him who is bitten by a mad dog?

How easy it is to repel and to wipe away every impression which is troublesome and unsuitable, and immediately to be in all tranquillity!

All things come from the universal Ruling Power, either directly or by way of consequence. And accordingly the lion's gaping jaws, and that which is poisonous, and every hurtful thing, as a thorn, as mud, are after-products of the grand and beautiful. Do not therefore imagine that they are of another kind from that which thou dost venerate, but form a just opinion of the source of all.

Pass through the rest of life like one who has intrusted

to the gods, with his whole soul, all that he has, making himself neither the tyrant nor the slave of any man ❧ ❧

Never value anything as profitable to thyself which shall compel thee to break thy promise, to lose thy self-respect, to hate any man, to suspect, to curse, to act the hypocrite, to desire anything which needs walls and curtains.

I am thankful to the gods that I was subjected to a ruler and a father who was able to take away all pride from me, and to bring me to the knowledge that it is possible for a man to live in a palace without wanting either guards or embroidered dresses, or torches and statues, and such-like show; but that it is in such a man's power to bring himself very near to the fashion of a private person, without being, for this reason, either meaner in thought or more remiss in action, with respect to the things which must be done for the public interest in a manner that befits a ruler.

What more dost thou want when thou hast done a man a service? Art thou not content that thou hast done something conformable to thy nature, and dost thou seek to be paid for it? Just as if the eye demanded a recompense for seeing, or the feet for walking. As a horse when he has run, a dog when he has tracked the game, a bee when it has made the honey, so a man, when he has done a good act, does not call out for others to come and see, but goes on to another act, as a vine goes on to produce again the grapes in season.

Accustom thyself to attend carefully to what is said by another, & as much as it is possible, be in the speaker's mind ❧ ❧

Some things are hurrying into existence, and others are hurrying out of it; and of that which is coming into existence, part is already extinguished. Motions and changes are continually renewing the world, just as the uninterrupted course of time is always renewing the infinite duration of ages.

Understand that every man is worth just so much as the things are worth about which he busies himself.

Wickedness does no harm at all to the universe,—it is only harmful to him who has it in his power to be released from it.

Nothing is more wretched than a man who traverses everything in a round, and pries into the things beneath the earth, as the poet says, and seeks by conjecture what is in the minds of his neighbors, without perceiving that it is sufficient to attend to the deity within him, and to reverence it sincerely.

The prayers of Marcus Aurelius to the gods are for one thing only—that their will be done. All else is vain, all else is rebellion against the universe itself. Our form of worship should be like this: Everything harmonizes with me which is harmonious to thee, O Universe. Nothing for me is too early nor too late, which is in due time for thee. Everything is fruit to me which thy seasons bring, O Nature: from thee are all things, in thee are all things, to thee all things return.

In the morning when thou risest unwillingly, let this thought be present—I am rising to the work of a human being. Why, then, am I dissatisfied if I am going to do the things for which I exist, and for which I was brought into the world? Or have I been made for this, to lie in the bedclothes and keep myself warm? But

this is more pleasant. Dost thou exist, then, to take thy pleasure, and not for action or exertion? Dost thou not see the little plants, the little birds, the ants, the spiders, the bees, working together to put in order their several parts of the universe? And art thou unwilling to do the work of a human being, and dost thou not make haste to do that which is according to thy nature?

Judge every word and deed which are according to nature to be fit for thee, and be not diverted by the blame which follows. * * * But if a thing is good to be done or said, do not consider it unworthy of thee.

It is not fit that I should give myself pain, for I have never intentionally given pain even to another.

Since it is possible that thou mayest depart from life this very moment, regulate every act and thought accordingly. * * * Death certainly, and life, honor and dishonor, pain and pleasure, all these things equally happen to good men and bad, being things which make us neither better nor worse. Therefore they are neither good nor evil.

To say all in a word, everything which belongs to the body is a stream, and what belongs to the soul is a dream & vapor; and life is a warfare, and a stranger's sojourn, and after fame is oblivion. What then, is that which is able to enrich a man? One thing, and only one—philosophy. But this consists in keeping the guardian spirit within a man free from violence and unharmed, superior to pains and pleasures, doing nothing without a purpose, nor yet falsely, and with hypocrisy * * * accepting all that happens and all that is allotted * * * and finally waiting for death with a cheerful mind.

If thou findest in human life anything better than justice, truth, temperance, fortitude, and, in a word, than thine own soul's satisfaction in the things which it enables thee to do according to right reason, and in the condition that is assigned to thee without thy own choice; if, I say, thou seest anything better than this, turn to it with all thy soul, and enjoy that which thou hast found to be the best. But * * * if thou findest everything else smaller and of less value than this, give place to nothing else. * * * Simply and freely choose the better, and hold to it.

Men seek retreats for themselves, houses in the country, sea-shores, and mountains; and thou too art wont to desire such things very much. But this is altogether a mark of the most common sort of men, for it is in thy power whenever thou shalt choose to retire into thyself. For nowhere either with more quiet or more freedom from trouble does a man retire than into his own soul, particularly when he has within him such thoughts that by looking into them he is immediately in perfect tranquillity—which is nothing else than the good ordering of the mind.

Unhappy am I, because this has happened to me? Not so, but happy am I though this has happened to me, because I continue free from pain; neither crushed by the present, nor fearing the future.

Be cheerful, and seek not external help, nor the tranquillity which others give. A man must stand erect, not be kept erect by others.

Be like the promontory against which the waves continually break, but it stands firm and tames the fury of the water around it.

SO HERE ENDETH THE LITTLE JOURNEY TO THE HOME OF MARCUS AURELIUS, BY ELBERT HUBBARD. BORDERS, INITIALS AND ORNAMENTS DESIGNED BY ROYCROFT ARTISTS, PRESSWORK BY LOUIS SCHELL, & THE WHOLE DONE INTO A BOOK BY THE ROYCROFTERS AT THEIR SHOP, WHICH IS IN EAST AURORA, IN THE MONTH OF APRIL, IN THE YEAR MCMIV

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